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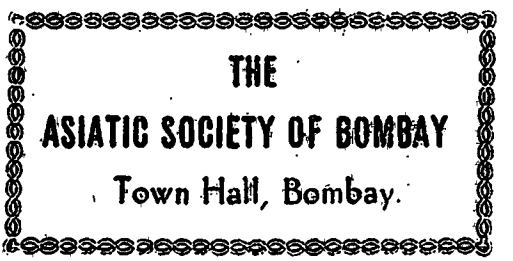

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PERICLES:

A Tale

OF

ATHENS IN THE EIGHTY-THIRD OLYMPIAD.

76492

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A BRIEF SKETCH OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY."

C. 7. Cornwallis

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE entering upon the perusal of the following pages, a brief introduction may be needful; for it is not a novel which is now presented to the reader. The individuals described, with a very few exceptions, did so act, and suffer, and think; and no other liberty has been taken than that of bringing the general law of the moral universe to bear upon some of the circumstances recorded in history, and to account for what would otherwise appear as isolated facts. Man is essentially the same in all ages, and so consequential are all his doings, that no further proof of insanity is required than a series of actions which could have no connection with each other. An isolated fact is not to be found in nature; and, therefore, the facts being recorded, I have merely endeavoured to give them the natural connection: as those who find a half erased inscription on an ancient monument endeavour to supply the context to the words which remain. In both cases it is, and must

remain a conjecture; yet sometimes so supported by probability, that we feel tempted to receive it as truth. I must leave the learned reader to decide whether I have filled up the inscription aright; those who read for amusement only will probably feel more interest in the tale than in its truth.

We of modern times have been singularly ungrateful to the Greeks; for though there is hardly any development of science which we do not owe to their early researches, which opened the mines of knowledge for after-labourers, very few have studied the people and the customs among which the human mind made such large strides; and to nine tenths of the reading world in England they are only known as a vain, turbulent, inquisitive people, who had fine sculptors and architects, but whose philosophers were mere pretenders to science, and whose language is only useful as being that of the New Testament. Yet there are many parts even of the New Testament which must be very imperfectly understood without a better knowledge than is generally possessed of the manners and customs of those among whom the great Apostle of the Gentiles had to preach the gospel. In endeavouring, therefore, to paint the Athenian as he lived and moved under his own bright sun, I have had a further object than that of merely writing an entertaining book—I have wished to make my reader understand the times and

the people. Historical facts may be found elsewhere; yet even here I have been careful in ascertaining, as far as possible, the true chronological arrangement of events, and have inserted nothing that has not historical authority, or that does not so far accord with it that it may reasonably be admitted as a necessary filling up of an hiatus. Of course many of the minor characters must be representatives of a class rather than of any individual man. Leostratos has no place in history: Pheidias, we know, had a son, but we have no further mention of him. Ariphron and Glycera are likewise imaginary personages, as well as Metrodoros, Dicaios, and other artisans and slaves, with the exception of Euangelos, the faithful steward of Pericles. Dromeas the parasite finds honourable mention in Athenæus, but it is likely that he lived at rather a later period than I have assigned to him.

All Greek scholars know the difficulties attending the chronology of the period: one date, however, that of the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, is fixed, and from that others can be confidently inferred. The last fifteen years of Pericles' life he is said to have ruled without a competitor; and Heeren hereupon fixes the ostracism of Thucydides the Elder, B. C. 444, i. e. fifteen years before the death of the great Athenian minister. The various persecutions of his friends, from which he with such

difficulty saved some, must have taken place previous to this period of uncontested power. The accusation and endeavour made by Dracontides to bring Pericles himself before the people for peculation, was consequent upon the item of "ten talents well laid out," which sum was supposed to be paid to the Spartan leaders to purchase the retreat of their forces from Attica during the time that Pericles was engaged in re-conquering Eubœa, which had revolted; and this revolt was consequent upon the defeat and death of Tolmides, the son of Tolmæus, at Coroneia, in which battle Cleinias, the father of Alcibiades, was also killed. That battle must have taken place about B. C. 447; the revolt was quelled the year following, and at the end of the civil year the accounts were delivered in; this fixes the accusation of Dracontides, B. C. 445. Cimon died before Citium, B. C. 449; so that from the period when Pericles wielded the power of the state with him, to that when he wielded it without a competitor, only five years elapsed. I think it will appear, from the above dates, that the period during which the prosecutions which form the main interest of this work *could* take place, limits itself to about two years, i. e. between B. C. 446, when Eubœa was recovered, to B. C. 444, when Thucydides, the son of Melesias was banished; and Brucker, in his laborious investigation of the chronological order of the events of

Anaxagoras' life, comes to the same conclusion that I have done as to the period of his trial.* I feel myself justified, therefore, in assuming that my arrangement of the circumstances is the true one. If in any point, however, I have differed from preceding writers, the authority and argument founded upon it will be given in the notes.

I would willingly on all occasions have given the true Greek orthography of proper names, but I feared to disgust the reader by showing him his old friends in too strange a dress: but wherever it was possible without puzzling a mere English reader, I have adhered to it. It is to be hoped that others may go even farther than I have done, and un-barbarize our mode of writing and reading the names of ancient men of renown—that Thoukudides will no longer be Thucydides, nor Kimon, Cimon; nor Aristotcles, Aristotle, &c.

One more peculiarity I must apologize for, or at least explain: I have uniformly spelt the præter of the verb *read* according to the old English fashion *redde:* following herein Bishop Horsley, Lord Byron, and some others, who have thought it wise to keep up a distinction in spelling where the sound differs (as it does in this case), as well as the sense. A few

* Clinton, in his "Fasti Hellenici," differs on this point of chronology, but the events of this period so spring out of each other that Brucker's arrangement seems the most probable.

words have necessarily been inserted in the Greek character, because they would not admit of translation; we have no gender in our adjectives, and *καλὸς* and *καλὴ* could only be rendered by *he beautiful*, and *she beautiful*, a barbarism not to be admitted. *πρὸς τῶν Θέων* might be rendered in English "for God's sake," but this would not express a Greek feeling, and *νὴ Δία*, which might be literally rendered "by Jove," would not thereby be translated; for this exclamation has something ludicrous in English, which it had not in times when those gods were honoured.

Should my present attempt succeed in drawing attention to a period of such extraordinary interest in the history of the human mind, I may perhaps at some future period resume the pen, and trace the consequences of the causes we have here seen in action; but such a work would not, any more than this, be the work of a day; and though it is easy for man to form projects, it is difficult to realise them; and life and health are too uncertain to allow any one to decide exactly how the morrow shall be employed.

London, April, 1846.

EXPLANATION OF GREEK WORDS

USED

IN THE COURSE OF THE WORK.

Acropolis.... The citadel.

Agora..... The market-place.

Agoranomoi.. Magistrates superintending the market.

Aphrodite..... The Greek Venus. Aphrodite Pandemos was a title given to the goddess of licentious love. Aphrodite Uranius was that of the goddess of heavenly or spiritual love.

Archon..... The title given to the chief magistrates of Athens, nine in number.

Aule..... An open space in the middle of the house, surrounded with a corridor, and sometimes planted as a garden.

Barathron.... A pit into which malefactors were thrown, anciently, at Athens. Afterwards a term for a common prison.

Basileus..... or King; was the title given to the second Archon.

Bema..... A raised platform, from whence the orators addressed the people of Athens.

Canephoræ... Carriers of baskets. A title given to the young women who carried the sacred baskets in religious processions.

Chorægus.... The person who bore the expense of training the chorus for the representation of a drama.

Chœnix..... A measure of about a quart.

Daric.....	A gold coin of Persia.
Despoina.....	The mistress of the house.
Dionusos.....	Bacchus.
Dionysia.....	The festivals of Bacchus.
Eupatridai...	The well-born; the nobility of Athens.
Gymnasium...	A place of exercise for youth.
Gynæceum or *Gynækonitis.*	The part of the house inhabited by the women.
Hephaistos...	Vulcan.
Hoplites.....	A heavy-armed soldier.
Logistai.....	Magistrates charged with the superintendence of the public accounts, and other duties.
Nympholept..	A person struck with madness, supposed to be inflicted by the nymphs.
Palæstra.....	A place where wrestlers and other Athletai exercised themselves.
Pnyx.....	The place where the assemblies of the people were held.
Programma..	The tablets containing the decree intended to be submitted to the people for their approbation,—which were put up in the most conspicuous place in the city.
Proedros.....	President of the council.
Prytaneion....	The building where the council of five hundred assembled. In it foreign ambassadors were lodged and entertained.
Psephism.....	A decree of the senate.
Stadium.....	A measure of about a furlong.
Stater.....	A gold coin, worth about fifteen shillings.
Stoa.....	A colonnade or piazza.
Strategos.....	General of the forces. Ten Strategoi were chosen every year.
Thesmothetai.	The general title given to the last six of the Archons.

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PERICLES.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN OF THE VICTORS.

About the third or fourth year of the eighty-third Olympiad, on a fine autumn day, a gallant fleet of triremes, decked with laurel and resounding with music, rowed into the harbour of Peiræus.* The shore was lined with eager gazers, for Athens had, on this occasion, poured forth her population to welcome back their brave fellow-citizens and successful general. Even female reserve was on this occasion forgotten; and matrons and their maids, leaving the loom and the distaff, emerged from the privacy of the gynæceum, and rushed to the shore, half-blithe, half-trembling, not knowing if the dear connections, whose departure to the doubtful struggle of war they had witnessed but a short time before, were still to be found among those who were now returning from its glorious termination. Mules harnessed to chariots standing empty, and surrounded by numerous retinues of slaves, showed that it was not the people

* See Note I.

alone who had flocked hither: noble ladies were upon the shore, mixed with leaders who had fought in their young days at Salamis, or Platæa, or Mycale, and who now, bending with age, came to hail the not unworthy sons who still maintained the honour of the Athenian arms.

On the prow of the headmost galley, little moved by the shouts which rang along the shore, and were echoed back from the fleet, stood One whose lofty and yet calm bearing, whose keen glance and expressive countenance, seemed to fit him to be, what he evidently was,—the victorious leader. The thoughtful look, nevertheless, with which he surveyed the spirit-stirring scene before him, had more of the philosopher than the warrior in it; and if a close observer might have noticed an evanescent smile half curl his lip, the expression of his countenance at that moment was more that of an almost contemptuous pity for the versatile people who had so hailed Miltiades, and so Themistocles, and yet sent the one to die in prison, and the other in banishment, than of the natural triumph of a successful commander, welcomed to his home by the enthusiastic shouts of his grateful countrymen. He stood there like one of the passionless statues of his own Pheidias;—the Thunderer, but in repose;—for it was PERICLES.

Eager hands drew the galleys to shore *, and as the crews descended from their sides, arose the buzz of tongues amid the dense multitude, each anxious to find his own son or brother; and women might be seen holding forth their children to receive the first

* See Note II.

kiss of the laurel-crowned father, almost before his feet were steady upon the shore: and old men, propped on their staves, reached out a hand to lean on the arm of the victorious son, exclaiming, while tears of joy ran down upon their white beards, "You have wiped out the shame of Coroneia then *, and taught those over-bold Eubœans that Athens has still generals and men;" while others would be telling mean time, with the pardonable exultation of age, how the Spartans, under their king Pleistōnax, had shrunk from attacking Athens while defended by the veterans that had fought with Themistocles and with Cimon.

The shout rose yet louder as the victorious general sprang lightly to earth from the prow of his galley, and "Hail to the son of Xanthippus, the conquering son of a conquering sire!" echoed along the wall of Themistocles till the joyful cry was returned from the far-distant Acropolis. He bowed a grateful recognition to the multitude, but where were the nearer and dearer friends whose voice might have made the sweetest music to his ear? Many an Athenian warrior, whilst embracing the wife of his bosom and the child of his love, looked at his commander, who moved on with the carelessness of a man who returns to a spot where he has nothing to attract him, and wondered where was the wife, and where were the children of Pericles? † The husband and the father was returned triumphant and unscathed, yet he alone, of all the warriors of Athens, had no dearer greeting than the public voice. But

* See Note III. † See Note IV.

no disappointment was visible in his countenance or his mien; and as he had at first evinced no eagerness to land, so now he calmly pointed to the temple whither the troops were preparing to convey the spoils, and motioned to the people to stand back and give them way, while he put himself at their head and prepared to lead the procession.

At this moment, a lovely child escaped from the arms of the slave who was carrying him, and rushed towards Pericles, exclaiming, "Uncle! no one told me to come, but I wanted to know how generals look when they are victorious, and I made Zopyrus bring me to see." He stood back a moment, looking proudly, first at his uncle, and then at the gallant array behind him, and then throwing himself into his arms with a blush that deepened yet the colour that exercise had given him, added, "When I am a man will not the Athenians follow *me* thus, uncle?"

"Heaven grant that they may!" was the grave answer of the statesman and the patriot as he replaced him in the arms of his attendants, while he himself moved on with the troops. But the child refused obedience to any but him whom he held it no dishonour to obey, and stamping with his little feet as the slave took his hand to lead him away, he threw himself on the ground and refused to stir. * "I *will* see the troops pass," cried he in the pretty lisp which even in manhood he never lost; "did not my father die in battle? — I want to look at the men who have been fighting to revenge him."

"Blessings on thee, brave boy!" exclaimed some

* See Note V.

of the hardy warriors who overheard him; "thou wilt lead us thyself to avenge him one of these days."

"Ay, that will I," cried the boy, rising to his feet again and trying to imitate the march of the troops; "that will I, comrades! grandpapa Xanthippus was a great general, and uncle Pericles is a great general, and I will be a great general too, some day."

The word passed on among the victorious force, and another shout arose for "the young blood of Xanthippus, — the conqueror of future fields like Mycale."

"Who is that beautiful child?" said an Ephesian stranger to an Athenian in the crowd as the procession passed on.

"Didst thou not hear the shout? It is Alcibiades the son of that Cleinias, who was killed at Coroneia with Tolmides. Pericles is his uncle and guardian, but he is the spoiled child of all Athens."

"What wilt thou give for thy son's share of the spoil, old Pheidon?" said another of the crowd to an old man standing beside the first speaker.

"Not so much as his arms cost him. I trow *that* will go to the fine buildings up yonder, and to something worse too, for aught I know. Hast thou not heard what Glycon and Dracontides say?"

"What! that Pheidias has fingered the gold so long, that it has stuck to his fingers at last?"

"Yes, and that Pericles too, for all his lofty looks, has sticky fingers as well as the rest." *

"Nay — but I do not believe that," said a third,

* See Note VI.

advancing; "since the days of Aristeides I do not think we have had a man with cleaner hands, let his enemies say what they will. His house and his table are as frugal as in the days of old."

"Don't tell me of Aristeides: Cimon was the man for me. No Athenian ever need want a good tunic while he lived. I have changed clothes with his attendants many a time in my day, as well as the rest.* I always put on a ragged dress when I expected to meet him, and I have at least half-a-dozen of his good garments hanging up still. Ay, ay, Cimon was a man; but this Pericles, with his frugality and his lofty airs, cares for nothing but stone and mortar, and leaves flesh and blood to do as they can. Why they say that if he gets the upper hand, he means to put down the plays at the Dionysia, and do away with the sacrifices."

"Indeed!" said the Ephesian, "and why so?"

"Why? because he is stingy, and grudges the cost; and because his atheistical friend Anaxagoras and the rest of that set say that the sun and moon are but stone and earth, and that the Dionysian exhibitions are scurrilous and indecent, and Zeus knows what besides. I wonder that Phœbus does not strike them dead with a pestilence."

"Ha! ha! Phœbus! and thou believest those old wives' fables still;" cried a fourth, who stood on the other side of the party who were conversing.

"Believe! yes, surely; don't we always have a pestilence whenever the gods are in an ill-humour. Look there, Pisander," continued the old man,

* See Note VII.

turning from him to his neighbour on the other side — "there is one of the pestilent fellows that would curtail our festivals. It will be poor living in Athens if they get the rule — 'Away with the theatre! no Dionysia!' hard work and lentils are good enough for such poor fellows as us. That will be the tune by-and-by, if we are not beforehand with them; but . . . let him that puts down the Dionysia look to himself, that's all I say."

"The man that dared to do so would be a good friend to Athens," said a young man, whose dress spoke him to be of a higher rank, and who till now had been an attentive listener to what was passing. "Art thou not ashamed, old as thou art, to gloat over such spectacles?"

"Ashamed? not I. Have not our forefathers done the same? and did not Dionusos himself lead his whole army into India, drinking and dancing all the way, and he himself so drunk that he could not stand, and was obliged to be supported between two?* Why, there's nobody but a god that could have conquered a country when he was drunk, and all his troops drunk too; and therefore I say Dionusos is a great deity, and deserves all honour. Oh, don't try to come over me with your talk about sobriety and decency, and all that; I know what's what, and am not to be bamboozled."

"Oh! you are of our mind, then, also," said the Ephesian; "with us nobody is allowed to be wise.† We fine all the fellows that affect to be grave and frugal, though, to say the truth, the treasury does

* See Note VIII. † See Note IX.

not overflow with the money thus collected. It is like the bull that was to be paid by the Lacedæmonian adulterer: no one has yet been so mulcted."

"Ay, ay; there would not be many such fines paid in Athens either," said Pisander; "and as for Pericles, he resembles Zeus, I fancy, in more ways than one. He has his Danae, too; and the shower of gold, they say, falls much thicker in her lap than on the walls of Minerva's temple, or of her statue either. It was a clever notion, that, of fashioning part of the statue in gold, for who can tell how much of what was paid out of the treasury went to the work? If the truth were known, Aspasia and her girls, I suspect, would be found much better overlaid with gold than the goddess's shield."

"Fie upon such ill thoughts," resumed the young man already mentioned; "it is a bad sign when men cannot believe in virtue. Who has ever convicted Pheidias of dishonest dealing? What right hast thou to assume that even if Pericles could stoop to such practices, *he* would permit it? and as for Aspasia, I say enough when I say that she is the pupil of a man whose moral virtues, even in this licentious city, have never been questioned. Would Anaxagoras sink so low as to train and instruct a courtesan? It is not to be borne that characters should be pulled down by the pestilent breath of such fellows as thee."

"Fellows! hum! Fellows can fine, and imprison, and put to death; and who shall hinder an Athenian citizen from speaking his mind?"

"Yes; and who shall hinder an Athenian citizen from selling his vote, and ruining his country? Look

at these walls,—thou art old enough to remember Themistocles,—where would the liberty of Athenian citizens have been, but for the wooden walls which outmatched the barbarians, and the stone ones which defy the Lacedemonians. But where—yes, you can fine, and imprison, and put to death—where did Themistocles end his days? The Great King, whose armament he had defeated, was a better friend to him than the people he had saved! That is your liberty!—a liberty which will one day leave you time to repent, in slavery, of your ingratitude to the men who could have saved you."

"Thou speakest boldly, youth," said the Ephesian; "and yet thou speakest well and to the purpose; and I like thee, too, for upholding our Ionians. We have always been proud of our great men and lovely women, and I am glad that there is some one in Athens who knows how to value them. Though Anaxagoras be of Clazomené, and Aspasia of Miletus, I am not ignorant of their fame; and to say truth, I came to Athens mainly with a view of seeing and hearing them. Our own Heracleitus was a great man too, though a stern one. Hast thou ever heard of him, young man?"

"Heard of Heracleitus? who has not?* and yet, had he continued in the haunts of men, and instead of retiring to the mountains to weep over the vices and miseries of the human race, had endeavoured to amend them, methinks he would have been more useful."

"True, true again; he might have moulded us

* See Note X.

to be better than we are, for his fellow citizens admired him."

"And yet there were some who could raise a clamour against him; so that at this distance we hardly know whether he retired voluntarily, or was banished: and for what? for trying to make people comprehend that a stone image, which could not make itself, was not capable of making flesh and blood."

"And who art thou, who knowest the history of Heracleitus as well as I do?"

"My father is Pheidias, the son of Charmides," replied the young man, "and I myself bear the name of my grandfather; but I have to thank Anaxagoras mainly for the knowledge which attracted thy attention. I have attended his lectures long enough to learn to think with Heracleitus; and though I sometimes try my hand in modelling a god, I am not going to believe that what my hands have made, in its turn made my hands. There is not much of logical precision in this scheme of reciprocal causation."

"I cannot understand these philosophical fancies, not I," exclaimed the incorrigible Pheidon; "I am an Athenian citizen, and that is enough for me; and we have Pallas for our protectress; and if Pericles and his people have cheated her, some mischief will come of it; and if the sacrifices are to be abridged, many a one will go to bed with an empty belly who used to sleep upon a full one. Blessings on the great Minerva, say I, and Dionusos, and Zeus, and Artemis, and Phœbus, and all the rest of them — the more the better. Festivals and sacrifices every other

day, and plenty of causes to be heard on the remaining ones, and then a poor citizen can make shift to live."

"And this then," said the Ephesian, as old Pheidon turned off with the dispersing crowd, — "this then is a specimen of an Athenian citizen! Truly, Charmides, if that be thy name, thou hast given him a right good lesson, though not a very palatable one. And so thou art the son of the man whom, next to Anaxagoras and Aspasia, I am most anxious to know. Perhaps, through thee, I may get an introduction to all three; for I judge from thy expressions that these last are also well known to thee."

"They are so," said the young man; "I have attended the lectures of both, as much on account of my father's wishes as my own: he holds them in high esteem."

"May I conclude, then, that their celebrity is well deserved?"

"If thou wilt take the judgment of one too young, perhaps, to be wholly depended on, it is. If I am not dazzled by the eloquence which both possess in an extraordinary degree — and I think I am rather convinced than dazzled — I should say that Anaxagoras has done more towards clearing our notions of the Unseen, than any of his predecessors in the Ionian school. But Aspasia's discourses are the most striking, for she applies the abstract principles of the philosopher to the science of government."

"A young woman lecturing on the science of government!" said the Ephesian; "that is an extraordinary phænomenon. Is she as beautiful, too, as fame pronounces her to be?"

"I consider her so; and what is more to the pur-

pose, perhaps, my father does so also; he often studies her features to improve his notions of divine loveliness."

"And these tales which I have heard circulating among the crowd? But I am impertinent, perhaps, in thus noticing them to a personal friend."

"By no means; I am glad to have an opportunity of removing the impression which they might otherwise have made on the mind of a stranger. As for the base slanders thus hinted against my father, I only wish that they were spoken in a way that would enable him to defend himself as he is so well able to do: and for the rest, the utter falsehood of the charges against him would make me disbelieve the whole, even if there were nothing in the personal character of the accused which could refute it: excepting always that part which relates to the popular superstitions. Anaxagoras cannot look into nature as deeply as he does, and at the same time give credence to those fables, under which, indeed, some deep truths may be hidden, but hidden too thoroughly now to be worth the trouble of the search after them. I make no excuse for saying thus much to an admirer of Heraeleitus."

"And Aspasia? if she brings her beauty to aid her eloquence, she may well have abundance of converts: or is all I have heard about her completely false?"

"I think so: beautiful as she is, I do not believe that there is any man in Athens who can boast of any further intimacy with her than may well be accorded to a pupil or a friend. Our Athenians are ready enough to vaunt their successes, when they have the least ground for so doing; yet I hear only

complaints of her insolence, as her enemies choose to call it; but no boast of her favours. Even the great man whom we have just seen, treats her on all occasions with such profound respect, that it is impossible to believe that he has ever found her forgetful of her dignity, whatever our idle profligates may say to the contrary. But it is difficult to break through established customs, even bad ones, without offending prejudices; and though my father and many more agree with her in thinking that a great part of the evils of society have their origin in the seclusion and servitude of the women of our country, and that could the system be altered, it would be attended with many advantages *, still our people are so accustomed to see none but courtesans moving abroad, and conversing with men on the general affairs of the state, that they condemn Aspasia and her pupils as thou hast heard."

"Who are her pupils, then?"

"Young girls whose parents approve her notions on these subjects, and wish their daughters to be qualified to educate their children wisely, and to be the companions and advisers, rather than the mere housekeepers, of their husbands. All are of respectable, some of noble birth, and none can be more qualified than I am to judge of their conduct; for they are frequent visitors to my father's work-rooms. Thou smilest, but I do not acknowledge the conclusion which I see thou hast formed. When mind holds its due pre-eminence, gross passions disappear."

* See Note XI.

"This is language that sounds strange in our ears; —and yet," added the Ephesian, "I feel almost inclined to say that thou art right: for in Laconia the greater liberty of the women seems to have been attended with beneficial effects. If the women had not helped to form those iron men, I think the laws of Lycurgus would hardly have been so permanent. I must see this wonder."

"Thou may'st easily do that, for she discourses to-night, and I am going to hear her. I think too my father will be there, as well as Anaxagoras; so that thou may'st meet them all at once. Return with me to Athens; we will bathe and refresh ourselves, and then go thither."

The Ephesian accepted the frank hospitality of the young man with many thanks, and they followed the last stragglers of the crowd towards Athens.

CHAP. II.

A FEMALE PROFESSOR.

His public duties over, the great Minister of Athens returned to his house to take his frugal meal; for, profusely liberal as he was in all that regarded Athens, his own house had nothing of splendour, and his table was far from luxurious.* He had not inherited by any means a large fortune from his father, and, unlike many of his contemporaries, he had disdained to increase it by any dishonourable gains: but the wise œconomy of his private expenses rendered it sufficient for all the demands upon it.

When his meal was finished, as if resolved that he would leave nothing undone that was fitting to be done, rather than as following the dictates of his heart, he moved towards the women's apartments. Hipparete†, still handsome, although the first glow of youth was past, met him at the door, but her fine features were as unmoved as those of a statue, and her look as cold. A few inquiries as to health, carelessly made, and as carelessly answered on both sides, followed; and then with the same studied courtesy which he had shown at entering, — for the son of Xanthippus respected himself too much ever to lose sight of that, — the husband departed as he came, leaving his spouse to resume her embroidery, and complain to her maids that the grandeur of Peri-

* See Plut. Vit. Peric. † See Note XII.

cles' name had ill compensated for the wealth of her first husband, Hipponicus, who kept no teasing steward like Euangelos * to superintend his affairs, and cavil at the household expenses; and the slaves, in return, complied with their mistress's mood, and told her of many second-rate families who lived in a style of far greater magnificence.

"And yet I was no mean damsel," said Hipparete in a querulous tone, "for I am of his blood, and my dower was ample. I would I had it again at my disposal, in order to bestow it more worthily;" and then calling her nurse to her, she leaned on her shoulder and bade her try to find out who that handsome man was who had gazed at her so earnestly when she last went to the Eleusinian festival.

Pericles in the meantime had returned to his own apartments; but the evening was warm, and he paced slowly for a time up and down the colonnade of the aulé † to enjoy the fresh air: then suddenly pausing he called a slave, and inquired if Anaxagoras was still in Athens.

"I saw his school open this morning as I passed," replied the man, "and I think it is likely that he is now at the house of the daughter of Axiochus. She discourses to-night, and I met many of thy friends going on that direction when I came in about half an hour ago."

"Take thy torch then, and conduct me thither also," said his master; and wrapping his robe closer about him, he followed his servant towards the house of Aspasia.

* See Plut. Vit. Peric. † See Note XIII.

A short walk took them to the abode of the fair professor of rhetoric, and a gentle knock — for Pericles never allowed even his slaves to take the airs of greatness – brought the porter to the door.* The well-known voice, and commanding figure which none could mistake, procured instant admittance; and the courteous reception extended even to the accompanying slavé, who was invited to the porter's apartment to refresh himself whilst waiting for his master.

The darkness which reigned around the exterior of the mansion was compensated by the brilliance within: the awning had been withdrawn from the aulé to admit the fresh evening air, and the stars shone brightly from the dark canopy above, contrasting well with the lamps around the colonnades, which threw their lustre over the bright hues of the fragrant blossoms which perfumed the court, and the group of bronze Naiads in the midst, from whose vases the water welled freshly, and gave a pleasant coolness to the air. But it was not the fragrance of the flowers, nor the beauty of the sculpture, nor the brilliance of the light, that rivetted the attention on entering this enchanting scene; for in the farther colonnade, on a raised seat where she half sate, half reclined, and surrounded by several young maidens whose dress and bearing showed them to be of the higher class, was seen a woman of such surpassing loveliness that she seemed more like a vision of heaven than a creature of earthly origin.† It was not merely that the features were such as a sculptor would have loved to model; it was not that her dark and jewelled hair was braided over a brow as white

* See Note XIV. † See Note XV.

and as smooth as ivory; — but it was the intelligence which spoke in every feature, — the soul which flashed from her large dark eyes, — which gave so striking a character to her beauty, and made the gazer forget himself in admiration and delight.

The assembled company made way for the victorious general, and the fair philosopher rose to receive him. "We were waiting in the hope of seeing thee, noble Pericles," said she; adding, in a lower tone, and with a slight degree of emotion, which rendered her yet more lovely, "for no one could think of any thing but thee to-night."

The Athenian leader took the proffered hand, and pressed it to his lips with an air of deep respect; and then turning to an elderly man of noble aspect, who also advanced to meet him, he repeated the same mark of homage. "My honoured teachers," said he, smiling, "to meet you both together is a pleasure I had hardly expected;" and turning to Aspasia, whose hand he again clasped, he added, "I think I can tell whose kind attention procured it for me. But now, my fair tutoress, what is to be the discourse to-night? Anaxagoras always vaunts his scholar's proficiency, and now we shall judge for ourselves if he be right."

Aspasia turned her eyes on the mild countenance of the sage, and bowing gracefully before him, begged him to choose a subject, and correct her if she erred in her treatment of it.

"Take thy place, my child," said Anaxagoras, for it was himself; "thou wast always amongst my worthiest scholars, and I fear nothing for thee. Brave men have fallen in the war which our friend

here has so gloriously concluded — speak of immortality."

"I would that I could," said the fair Ionian. "I would that I could speak of immortality as I feel it; for on this subject, methinks, the heart says more than the understanding; and yet, my honoured master, thou hast well shown, that if it be an ETERNAL MIND which has reduced all things to such fair order in this material world, man's little world within requires a power no less distinct from the corporeal one of passion, in order to reduce it to that peace and harmony which is found in a character where the reason and the feelings are rightly balanced. Anaxagoras! when I look at thy blameless life, — at thy abnegation of selfish gratifications, — at thy deep insight into the most secret powers of nature, then I feel that thy soul is immortal, and that mine must be so in its admiration of that which, were we intended to perish in the grave, would not be greatness but insanity." She caught the hand of the sage in hers, and turning to her auditory exclaimed — "Look on this calm brow! — born to affluence, he has seen ruin sweep over his native land, — has seen luxury, fortune, greatness, pass away like a dream, and yet he has breathed no sigh. In the contemplation of the Infinite he has forgotten the things of earth. — Athenians! there is something in such a mind that cannot perish: — born for the skies, it is but imprisoned here!"

"And thou too, Aspasia, thou wast born for the skies," exclaimed Pericles, gazing at her with undissembled admiration. "My Anaxagoras, turn not away from her just praise; I would have said the

same thing myself if I could have said it half as well; but when the gods speak their oracles, it is always by the mouth of a woman: and," added he, in a lower tone to the philosopher, while the murmur of applause which ran through the assembly gave the opportunity of speaking unheard by the rest, — "I wish they always chose as wise a herald, for the message is sometimes strangely spoiled in the delivery."

There was no flush of bashful shamefacedness on the cheek of the beautiful rhetorician, but her eye flashed, and there was a look almost of disdain on her brow as she replied, "Yes, a woman! but there are higher oracles yet to be made known than any Pythian priestess ever uttered; and a woman can speak them too! Athenians! a woman can grasp in her mind the fate of nations, can teach orators to sway the passions of the multitude, till the heterogeneous mass is as the mind of one man; yet in this state of Athens a woman is a slave! Yes, a slave! Lydè," added she, bending over a young and beautiful girl who sat below her on the step of her throne-like seat; and stroking back the hair on the brow of the fair girl as she looked up at her admired instructress, she continued, "and thou hast transgressed the laws of society by visiting me! thou, innocent and lovely as thou art, will be made the subject of coarse jests* because thou hast dared to put thy foot beyond the walls of the gynæceum, and to raise thy mind beyond . . . God of heaven! do

* See Aristoph. Acharn. 526, 527.

they call those thy rites! . . . beyond the mysteries of Ceres or the Dionysiac processions."

"One who does no wrong need fear none," said Lydè, with a look of proud independence. "Mistress mine! the body may be enslaved, but the mind never can, and *I* will never be a slave."

"Thou sayest well, fair child," said Anaxagoras; "and had all the women of Athens been such as thou, the laws of Solon would have been differently framed, probably."

"But are the laws of Solon immutable?" said Aspasia. "Is it not a sign of some change in the times when the wise and the great of Athens,"—and she glanced round upon her audience,—"who would have thought their wives or their daughters dishonoured if they stepped for a moment from the gynæceum into the street or the portico, are now here to listen to a female professor, surrounded by female pupils?"

"Thou sayest well, Aspasia," said Pericles; "there *is* a change. Thanks be to heaven and thee, there are women now who may teach men, ay, and make them shrink from the unequal contest in the exercises of the mind: and well I wot that he who should be fortunate enough to possess such a companion and guide, would break through more than Solon's laws in order to enjoy her society at all times and in all places. Complain not of our laws; thou art above them all, and we bow to thy authority, and seek thy instruction as eagerly as we have done that of Anaxagoras himself. Parmenides, when he visited us at the Panathenaia ten or twelve years back, made less noise in the city than thou hast

done; and truly, from his pupil Zeno* I never learned any lore worth comparing with that of thy school. I call it thine — for see — Anaxagoras resigns the place of honour to thee!"

"Flattery from the greatest man in Athens!" said the fair Milesian half to herself, while a haughty smile curled her lip; "but flattery," said she, once more addressing herself to her audience, "flattery is but a bad substitute for rights: — yes, *rights*, Athenians! — for if I am this evening to speak of the immortality of man, how can I avoid remembering, strange as the word may sound to your ears, that human nature has rights. Master!" continued she, turning to Anaxagoras, "answer me one question. Do the mare and the horse belong to the same species, and possess the same qualities?"

"Undoubtedly, my child."

"And the cow and the bull?"

"Certainly."

"Then man and woman belong to the same species, and possess the same qualities."

"The woman has the better part, my child, as far as thou art concerned: at thy age I had not thy acuteness or thy eloquence."

"Thou gavest *me* the title of flatterer just now," said Pericles, in a low tone; "what sayest thou to Anaxagoras, Aspasia?"

"That he is my dear and honoured master, and may say what he pleases," replied the fair Ionian in the same tone; and then again raising her voice and addressing her audience, she continued, — "Anaxa-

* See Note XVI.

goras has given me a subject which cannot be lightly treated, or grappled with at short notice; yet were I, like Simonides, to demand a year to consider it, I might still, at the end of that time, like him, find myself unequal to the task. If I then fail, impute it rather to the weakness of human nature, which cannot fully comprehend even itself, than to the falsehood of views which I feel to be true, even whilst unable to do them full justice. A god must descend to earth to instruct his creatures, ere man can fully hope to know clearly either his nature or his destiny. I pass over the fables of the poets: they had their beauty as allegorical expressions of the truth whilst they remained in the hands of our earlier mythologues; but that time is past, and it would be loss of time to attempt now to trace their origin, overlaid as they have been with grossness and absurdity. I leave these deified vices, therefore, in their adyta, to be hymned by the multitude, and perfumed with incense by their priests; and returning by a sound philosophy to the origin of things, I ask by whom or how was man placed upon the earth, and what is his business there? Generations pass like actors over the scene, and return no more: whence came they? whither go they? what drama do they represent? and who is the Mighty Author of it? The answer to these questions has occupied the wisest and the best in all ages and all regions, and that answer has been the same. My great fellow citizen * found it in the depths of his own heart, but he found its echo among the priests of Egypt, and the sages of the barbarians. Pythagoras

* Thales.

taught it in his schools; Xenophanes sang it in the land of his exile, and found willing hearers. All have decided that man has been placed on earth by ONE ETERNAL CAUSE, whose existence is the one truth which his mind is formed to seek; whose felicity is the one happiness which he is intended to attain; whose perfections form the one pattern which he is called upon to imitate; and, my master! am I not right? his animal life is sanctified by a divine emanation, which, as it shares not in the passions and disturbances of the corporeal frame, so it participates not in its death, but, if not degraded by base compliance with its earthly companion during its sojourn here, returns at last to the beatitude of divine existence."

Anaxagoras gave a sign of approbation as the fair orator paused, and for a moment there was a buzz of voices among the audience, as if the doctrine thus boldly propounded had not met with a ready acceptance by all. She perceived it, and proceeded, — "Are there any here to whom the opinions of Thales, of Pythagoras, of Xenophanes, not to speak of later teachers, respecting the unity of the FIRST CAUSE of all things, seem strange? I have not been initiated in your mysteries; but if Orpheus rightly explains the purport of them in his hymns, those who have been so ought not to find my doctrine singular. The fault of later ages and teachers has been, that they have made that a secret which ought to have been the guide and purifier of mankind; and thus monstrous fictions have been allowed, unreproved, to seat themselves upon the throne of truth, and claim the homage of the multitude, too ignorant to discover the

counterfeit. Yet this dethroned truth, even if it obtain no public homage, has not wholly vanished from the hearts of men. It was not for the spoils of Persia that the Athenians perilled their lives at Marathon, or staked their existence as a nation at Salamis. If animal existence were all of man, what was the use of that great struggle for the independence of Greece? They could have eaten and drunk, and increased, under the rule of a Persian satrap as well as an Athenian popular assembly; but they could not have *thought* freely, and they chose death rather than mental slavery. These men *felt* even if they did not *believe* themselves immortal; and your applause," added she, for her allusion to the triumphs of Athenian valour had caused a general murmur of approbation, "tells me that you feel it too. If, then, the great men of former ages be right, the exercises of the gymnasium are not all that man requires; the soul, too, needs to be taught the art of contending against the allurements of earth, till it becomes strong for the battle with vice, and pure enough to be associated with the Deity. And this training of the soul is one of the rights of human nature; not of man as a *sex*, but of man as a *species*, male and female; possessing, like the male and female of other animals, the like qualities and the like powers. Is it said that woman cannot sound the depths of philosophy; that her chastity requires bolts and bars to secure it? Remember the sister, the wife, and the daughters of Pythagoras, with their numerous female disciples *, and retract the unfounded slander. Heirs

* See Note XVII.

of immortality, if man be indeed immortal, Athenians! your daughters claim the rights of human nature; they, too, claim to enter the moral gymnasium which shall prepare them for their future intercourse with the Deity, by familiarising the mind with those deep communings with the Unseen and the Infinite which can alone purify and exalt it to its proper rank. Athenians! there is one right of man as a sex which you have forgotten — it is a right which the Author of nature has bestowed upon him, for it lies in the very deepest mysteries of nature itself; and that forgotten privilege — the only one that man as a sex ever yet forgot — is the right to possess a companion and a friend, bound to him by the tenderest of ties, as mother, as wife, as daughter, or as sister — a companion, whose finer organisation and more delicate perceptions fit her more especially for the kind offices of friendship, and for a clear insight into the depths of the heart. The Supreme Mind gave you an emanation of its own light, clothed in a frame too fragile to be chained to earthly toil, in order that it might always be at hand, like a good genius, to urge to noble deeds, to share in noble thoughts; and you have taken this bright emanation of the skies, and νὴ Δία! have set it to card wool and spin flax! to number baskets of figs, and bunches of raisins!"

The high-minded woman threw herself again on her seat when she had thus spoken, and her fair pupils crowded about her with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, to thank her for having so eloquently pleaded their cause. Loud applause burst from the male part of her audience, and Anaxagoras, who had stood near her whilst she spoke, now turned to her

with all the affection of a father, and exclaimed, "My noble child! Heaven grant that thy voice may reach the inmost heart of Athens!"

"If I have propounded the truth, father," replied the daughter of Axiochus, "it will not be wholly forgotten — the seeds sown will fructify in some hearts:" — and she was right; for in one corner of that brilliant assemblage stood a young man, in the humble dress of a working sculptor, who was wont, when the labour of the day was over, to assuage the thirst of a soul longing for knowledge, by drinking deep of the lore now offered to the Athenians. — The name of that youth was SOCRATES.*

Whilst the fair orator was speaking, Pericles had sitten with his head leaning on his hand, and his face concealed under the folds of his robe. Even when she ceased to speak, he did not for some moments move from his position, and when he did, those who were nearest to him thought that as the light glanced upon his cheek, a trace of moisture glistened there: he was evidently deeply moved. Rising from his seat at length, he approached her, but it was only to press her hand silently to his lips and withdraw. The departure of Pericles was the signal for the dispersion of the company, and soon the bubbling of the water from the vases of the Naiads was the only sound heard in the dwelling of Aspasia.

* See Note XVIII.

CHAP. III.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

THE sun was just beginning to tinge the mountains with his first rays, when in an obscure lane, that led into the street of the Hermai, a young man opened the shutters of his small workshop, and began his daily labour as a sculptor. The work he was engaged in was a group of the Three Graces, and a few smaller works of considerable merit were also in progress in his work-room, besides a finished Mercury, which, if it did not as yet rival the productions of Pheidias, at least, gave fair promise that the young artist, with increasing experience and practice, would not be unworthy of the age and country which, at this period, had exhibited such a galaxy of great names in the annals of the fine arts.

The figures of the group to which he was giving the finishing touches were draped and veiled; but the air of dignified modesty which he had imparted to them, and the art with which he had given to the marble the light folds of a texture like gauze, through which features of the finest mould were visible, did credit both to the mind that had conceived and the hand that had executed them; and the young sculptor occasionally walked round, and looked at his almost finished work with an air of satisfaction, as if he felt that he had realised his conception.

By degrees the shutters of the neighbouring shops were opened, and the inmates came forth from their dwellings to breathe the fresh air of the morning, or prepared their baskets to go to the Agora to purchase their daily provisions. There was soon a knot of talkers around the sculptor.

"Thou art awake early, Socrates," said a little man whose well-floured tunic showed his trade to be that of a baker. "Truly thou art an industrious youth, and deservest to prosper. Are those works of thine sold yet?"

"Yes: the Mercury, and this group that I am at work upon, are to be placed, I believe, in the Propylaia, when that work is accomplished."

"Ah, that is good! — Pericles is not sparing for the public works: — thou wilt be paid well."

"I shall be paid as much as I deserve: — I have left it to Pheidias to settle the price; for I am no good judge of my own works. If at last I may earn enough to be able to devote my time to better things, I shall be satisfied."

"But what wouldst thou do better? Thy father always said that if thou wouldst apply thou wouldst be a clever hand, and truly since his death thou hast improved not a little. Thou mayest be as great as Pheidias in time."

"I am not sure that if I could be, I should wish it. To be a great sculptor is not my ambition."

"Thou art a strange youth! Here thou hast made a group that really does thee great credit" — and the little baker walked round it, and scanned it with the eye of a man not unaccustomed to judge of works of art — "and now thou art sick of thy profession! —

Who were thy models?" continued he, again examining the group: "thy graces look like virtuous damsels, and I can fancy that I see very beautiful features under their veils. They were not done from imagination alone, I conclude."

"Not altogether, though I had not any living model before me when I designed the figures. Didst thou ever see the three young beauties in Aspasia's train? When I attended her evening lectures, they were always beside their tutoress; and my memory became so impressed with their features and deportment, that I endeavoured to transfer them to the marble, and I think I have been tolerably successful in my work."

"Aspasia's train!—I should hardly have expected an air of so much modesty in *them*. I have not seen them, but thou knowest what people say."

"Yes, and I know too what Ephoros said about thy cakes, when he set up a rival shop. He told every body that they were good for nothing, and if I had not myself tasted them sometimes, very likely I should have believed it."

"Μὰ τὸν Δία! the rascal lied like a slave; but it is clear enough why he cried down my cakes:—he wanted to sell his own."

"Likely enough; but were his own as good as thine?"

"My dear Socrates! how canst thou ask such a question?—Why his very honey was fretted and good for nothing. He bought it at half price."

"And so he told lies about thy wares, then, in order to sell his own inferior stuff?"

"Yes, by the gods, it is the way of the world. A

man of any merit in his profession is sure to be abused and slandered by those who cannot hope to arrive at the same perfection."

"Truly I think it is so, and for that reason I do not believe what people say about Aspasia's pupils, or herself either. Few can hope to rival them, and so they are abused and slandered as thou wast by Ephoros."

The little baker scratched his head in some perplexity. "Why, that is true — I did not think of it before, but it certainly is true. But yet, people do talk — and thou thyself hast seen them night after night."

"What then? Art thou the worse for my looking at thee, or thy wife either?"

The little baker scratched his head again. "Thou hast the oddest way of putting things, Socrates. I always get confounded when I begin to talk with thee."

"Nay, I do but ask questions for information, that I may be able to judge aright; for what people say is but a poor guide, as thou thyself hast acknowleged. If I had not sought for farther knowledge, I might have been led into eating Ephoros's cakes instead of thine, Dicaios."

"True, true — thou art right; and I dare say that many did eat that rascal's filthy trash in consequence of the lies that were told. I will not be so ready to listen to what people say in future; for truly those must be poor judges who ever could fancy Ephoros capable of making cakes like mine. Do I not make all the cakes for the entertainments given by Hermippos? — and Glycon too? — and there are no men

in Athens that understand good eating better, unless, indeed, it be Dromeas the parasite, and he always tells me that nobody can equal me in cake-making; and often comes to taste my new conceits when I have struck off any thing very brilliant, and the next morning I am sure to have half-a-dozen slaves coming to my shop, with — "Which is the new cake that Dromeas tasted here yesterday? my master would have a dish of them." That is a clever fellow, that Dromeas: he can tell, after the first mouthful, whether the honey used in them be from Hymettos; and will not eat them unless it be! — ha! ha! ha! I tried to cheat him once, and made a cake with spoiled honey; but, ha! ha! ha! — I laugh every time I think of it — he spat the first mouthful full in my face; and then took all the gods to witness that I had given him one of Ephoros's cakes instead of my own. Guess if I did not feast him after that."

"Dromeas clever!" said a smith, who with a half-shapen spear-head in his hand was examining the marble group which the young artist was working upon, and pointing out its beauties to the rest — "Dromeas clever! why the fellow does not know a sword from a reaping hook! — he clever! — a great, bloated, over-grown fellow, that would hide himself behind a wall if he saw a Lacedæmonian within twenty stadia; — but I must not stay prating here, my shop is full of the dinted helmets of our hoplitai already, and I must go to my work. That last campaign in Eubœa has made plenty of employment for us armourers. Oh! Pericles is the man for me! he brings off his men: now last year, Tolmides left I cannot tell how many good fellows in the field, with their

armour on; and I shall never have to repair it, or make helmets for them again. But Socrates, my lad! — hast thou heard the news? They tell me that young Cleon the tanner has grown intimate with Glycon and Hermippos since his father died, and goes to their supper parties. If old Clenaretus could rise from his ashes and see that, I wonder what he would think of it!"

"And what does he expect to gain in such company?" asked Socrates: "he may learn to spend the money his father left him a good deal quicker than the old man gained it, but I think that will be the main advantage he will reap from his new companions."

"By Hephaistos! thou sayest true, my lad, and yet that same young fellow has a fine voice, and speaks well. It is a pity he does not take the part of the people as Pericles used to do, though they tell me that since he has listened to Anaxagoras, even he is not so much our friend as he used to be."

"But what is it to be a friend to the people?" asked Socrates quietly.

"Why, Socrates, dost thou not know that? — To be a friend to the people is — to — *νὴ τὸν Δία*! to do as we wish."

"Well, and what do we wish?"

"Wish? — why — nay, I must have time to think before I can answer that question. What dost thou wish thyself, Socrates?"

"That is easily told: — I wish to grow wiser."

"Well, to be sure thou art young, and such a wish becomes a modest lad; but I think *I* should rather

wish to grow richer — less work and more pay — yes, that is what I wish."

"Then thou wouldst have Pericles make peace, and pay thee from the public treasury: for whilst there is war there will not be less work, and when there is peace the pay will be less."

"Ay, ay, that would be the thing."

"Of course many others would wish the same; so, that being the case, a further market and harbour duty * must be imposed to meet the expense, and corn would become somewhat dearer in consequence."

"That would not be what I should wish, though,"— cried the baker.

"Nor what I should wish," added a perfumer — "my wares are dear enough already. I should lose a good part of my custom if any farther harbour duties were to be levied."

"But then it seems it is not so easy to be a friend to the people as I thought; for if every one wishes a different thing, how are all to be pleased?"

"Truly I don't know," said the smith, looking somewhat perplexed; "and I don't know either that I have much cause to complain, for I have plenty of custom, and, as I said, may thank Pericles for it. He always was a good friend to us, and it may be, as thou wast saying to Dicaios just now about Ephoros's cakes — some of those who want to try their hand at cooking for the state are likely enough to cry out that his cakes are bad."

"Ha! ha! ha! that's a good hit, Metrodoros," cried the little baker: "we will go on eating

* See Note XIX.

Pericles' cakes in spite of the talkers. Long live Pericles, the friend of the people!"

"Ay, ay, health to him! and another campaign like that of Eubœa," shouted the smith.

"I wish he patronised our trade more," said the perfumer in a very submissive tone. "There is his fine hair now, that would look so beautiful if it were well anointed, will be growing grey by and by, for want of nourishment. Really it grieves me when I see it."

"Poh, poh, fool!" exclaimed the smith: "the sweat under a helmet is the best anointing for a man's hair. He has had plenty of such ointment of late: long life to him! — He is a noble warrior, and I love to look at him with his breast-plate and greaves on: but I must be gone. — I know not how it is, Socrates, but when one begins to talk with thee there is no getting away. But look, my lad, that Mercury of thine wants a touch to the leg here: he does not stand firmly enough, look here!"—and the brawny smith set his own leg in the position: "now mend that, my boy, and I say it is a good statue."

The young artist examined both. "Thou art right, Metrodoros—I will mark that muscle better—thanks for thy observation: if thou comest to-morrow, thou shall see it mended."

"That's my good lad! Truly, Socrates, thou dost wish to grow wiser, and I think thou wilt. Fare thee well now. I must to my forge."

The smith departed, and with him went the others, and Socrates was left to pursue his work alone. The sun was now pouring down a flood of light on temple and portico, and some straggling rays penetrated

even into the small narrow lane where his workshop was situated. It was then that, laying aside his chisel for a moment, he looked up at the bright azure sky, and bent his knees in an attitude of humble adoration. No words passed his lips, but his beaming eye seemed straining to penetrate the depths of ether and read its secrets.* He remained long motionless, with his eyes thus fixed on space; and it was with an effort which seemed like wrenching his soul from the contemplations that it loved, that he at last returned to his chisel: when he did so, he perceived that a young man, whose dress and bearing showed him to be of high rank, was standing gazing at him.

"I have past thy shop often, my good youth," said he, "and have always till now seen thee diligently at work — but thy contemplations now, methinks, were of a higher kind."

"Noble Criton, there is many a riddle in earth and sky that man would gladly understand, and cannot."

"And thou wouldst gladly penetrate these mysteries — is it not so?"

"It is — I myself, even, am a riddle to myself. I would that some god would really descend to earth and tell me what I am."

"I think I saw thee among the hearers of Aspasia last-night — was it her discourse which awakened these thoughts?"

"No, they lay burning here," said the young artist touching his forehead, "long, long ago, though

* See Note XX.

perhaps her breath kindled them to a more insupportable flame. Noble Criton, the thirst of the mind is worse to bear than the thirst of the body."

"And is it with such thoughts as these for companions that thou pursuest thy daily labour? It must be an irksome toil to one whose mind is so employed."

"It is only when I am longing for more knowledge than my own thoughts afford, that I find it so. At other times I can think whilst I work, and perhaps think the more profitably, because I know that if I do not, life will be too short to teach me what my destination will be after it is over. Neither the traditions of our fathers nor my own feelings allow me to think that our existence is bounded to these few years: but, alas! when I look for *arguments* whereon to found the belief I wish to embrace, I find them, like those of Aspasia last night, rather probabilities than proofs; and when with Anaxagoras I try to question nature, and see what it will tell me, again I come on probabilities, not demonstrations: and then, once more, I retire into my own mind, and ask myself if indeed such knowledge be too high for man? — and again my mind answers, No! — Noble Criton, I shall weary thee."

"Far from it — the struggles of the mind towards the light can never be uninteresting, and least of all to one whose own feelings thou hast depicted. Thou hast well described the effect of Aspasia's lecture: it awakened a thirst of the understanding that is not yet allayed. I long to find some fountain to quench it, and I find it not. But it is not usual to find these thoughts kindled in persons engaged in manual

toil: how happens it that thy mind is so much more awake than that of the mass of the commonalty?"

"I know not — I only know that the fables which I was told in my childhood did not satisfy me, and when I saw my father engaged in fashioning yon stones"—he pointed with an air of contempt towards the Hermai* which were visible at the end of the lane — "I asked myself if such were the divinities who constructed and ordered man, with all his towering aspirations — his longings for unseen good — his contempt of irrational nature. I helped to chip the stone, and I laughed when I saw it treated with reverence by the people. A sculptor *must* feel this. Look there! I have fashioned a Mercury: it is imperfect, and Metrodoros the smith has given me a lesson how to mend it by setting his own leg as a model, and the people, when I have finished it, will bow before the leg of Metrodoros the smith! and this is called religion! I cannot be so besotted as to fancy that *this* is the truth that my heart longs for."

Criton was silent a moment, but then he laid his hand on the shoulder of the young sculptor. "We must talk again of these matters," said he: "thy loss of time shall be cared for; but come to me to-morrow morning at my house in the Cerameicos, near the Agora. I will give orders for thy admission, and perhaps we may then devise better employment for thee than thy present occupation. Wilt thou come?"

"Noble Criton, I will."

The Athenian gentleman turned and departed; and when Socrates resumed his work, he saw a gold stater lying in the folds of the drapery.

* See Note XXI.

CHAP. IV.

THE SPARTAN EMBASSY.

THE complete success of Pericles in Eubœa, and the little honour gained by the invasion of Attica, had lowered the expectations of the Peloponnesians; and Pleistonax, the young Spartan king, having withdrawn from Lacedæmon on account of the large fine imposed upon him for his mismanagement of that affair, the peaceable counsels of Archidamos, the elder of the joint kings, were the more readily listened to. Notwithstanding that they were at the head of rival states, a strong personal friendship subsisted between him and the accomplished Athenian leader, and the government of Sparta was now not unwilling to avail itself of this circumstance to bring about an accommodation. Even the Ephori, who usually exercised so sharp a control over their kings, were in some measure crest-fallen since their own agent Cleandridas, who had been set as a kind of tutor over Pleistonax, had so signally betrayed his trust as to have received, as was generally supposed, a considerable sum of money for the withdrawal of the Peloponnesian army from the territory of Attica. It was determined, therefore, to send ambassadors to treat for peace; and two of the most distinguished citizens of Lacedæmon were despatched to Athens for that purpose.

It was not without a secret feeling of envy that

the Lacedæmonian ambassadors looked round them on the city with which they had just been engaged in hostilities. Pericles had at first endeavoured to make the rebuilding of the temples destroyed by the Persians a matter of common concern to all Greece, by sending envoys to the different states, inviting them to meet in a general consultation on the subject. Twenty of the most respected citizens of Athens had been despatched on this errand, and all Greece had been called upon to unite in sending deputies to a council which might unite the whole into a kind of federal republic, and where measures might be agreed on for the maintenance of peace at home, and the defence of the confederation from foreign aggression. The scheme was worthy of the great man who planned it; for all Greece would have been equally benefited by it, since it would have given security to all, even while maintaining the greatness of his own country: but the deception which had been practised by Themistocles with regard to the fortifications of Athens, had inspired a jealousy of Athenian acuteness; the plan of Pericles was supposed to be some new contrivance for the aggrandisement of that city at the expense of the rest of Greece, and the deputation returned without effecting its object.

Athens, nevertheless, was still charged with the defence of Hellas against the attempts of Persia, for it was the only state that possessed a navy sufficiently strong to cope with that of the King as he was styled, κατ' εξοχην; and the yearly contributions collected for that purpose, which had been settled so satisfactorily by Aristeides, that not one of the parties concerned had ever complained of his assessment, were paid into the Athenian exchequer. These sums had

at first, indeed, been treasured at Delos, where the sittings of the council for the general defence of Greece, and the appropriation of the treasure destined for that purpose, were held: but the insecurity of that island soon formed a sufficient pretext for removing the treasure to Athens; the sum being too large, as the Samians and others suggested, to be trusted to the insufficient guardianship of the priests of a temple.

This annual tribute — for that was the title given to it — amounted, in the first instance, to four hundred and sixty talents, and this sum was farther augmented by the commutation of service for money, which the Athenians willingly accepted, and promoted even, by claiming such a supremacy in command wherever joint forces were employed, that their allies became unwilling to serve with them. Thus two points important to Athenian greatness were gained; — an increased revenue gave the power of maintaining a larger force, and the war navies of other states were both reduced in number, and became daily less capable of effective action, from the inexpertness of the men.

The decisive victory of Cimon at the Eurymedon, so effectually broke the Persian power in those parts as to lead to a treaty, by which the king engaged to evacuate the Grecian seas, and keep at the distance of a day's journey on horseback from the coast: the security of Greece, therefore, being thus provided for, Pericles thought himself at liberty to apply the treasure, which had now accumulated both from the contributions of the other states, and the spoils of Persia, to the embellishment of Athens.

The long walls extending from the city to the ports of Peiræus and Phaleron, which had been planned by Themistocles, were put in hand, and the temples which the Persians had destroyed with all the zeal of fanaticism, were rebuilt in a style of magnificence hitherto unknown. Under the superintendence of Pheidias, whose taste and skill peculiarly fitted him for the office, Callicrates and Ictinos* had raised upon the site of the ancient Hecatompedon a structure which, by the title of the Parthenon, has won the admiration of all succeeding ages; and though so short a time had elapsed since the commencement of the work, already this splendid fabric was approaching its completion. Every where fresh buildings were in the course of erection, crowning the old Cecropian citadel like a diadem on the head of an empress, and giving to Athens the appearance of the metropolis of the civilised world.

Throughout the city every kind of handicraft was in active employ: carpenters and stone-masons, sculptors, turners, goldsmiths, were all plying their respective trades with an accuracy of art and delicacy of execution astonishing to the Spartans, who considered war the only fit occupation for a free citizen, and left what they considered menial offices to be performed by their helots. Pheidias in his workshop preparing his models, or finishing with his own delicate touch the breathing figures which had entered the place as rude blocks of marble or pieces of ivory, or directing the work of numberless inferior artisans, whose labours but prepared the way for his

* Phit. Vit. Peric.

own, was a sight that passed their comprehension; while the incessant progress of loaded wains from the port to the city; the throng of sailors of every clime; the vessels crowded in the harbours; the stir and bustle of a town where no one was idle, contrasted disagreeably enough in some respects with the cold stateliness of Sparta. Neither, though their entertainment was as usual supplied by the public in the Prytaneion * with liberal hospitality, was the reception given to the Spartans, by the people of Athens generally, such as at all to lessen the feeling of distaste which could hardly fail to grow up between two nations so dissimilar. The Athenians, thoroughly alive to the ridiculous — polished, clever, luxurious — derided the blunt plainness of the Spartans: they laughed at their broad Doric dialect, pointed at their Laconian dress, and caught every peculiarity with the most provoking acuteness of observation.

The consequence of this popular insolence was, that Pericles had not only to negotiate with a state noted for a keen regard to its own interests, and a considerable jealousy of Athens, but with men personally disgusted with their first reception. But the days were past when Spartans despised wealth; and a few presents, skilfully bestowed, soon disposed the envoys, no less than the government of Lacedæmon, to accede to terms by no means degrading to either of the belligerent parties.

The chief difficulty in the negotiation was the affair of Megara. This small state, which, though Peloponnesian in its dialect and connections, had allied itself

* See Note XXII. † See Note XXIII.

closely with Athens for many years, had, in the spring of this, broken off the connection under circumstances of peculiar aggravation. Scarcely twelve years had elapsed since Athens, the bulk of whose military force was then engaged at Ægina, had poured forth her remaining population to rescue her ally from a Corinthian invasion; and the skill of Myronides had not only saved Megara with this ill composed army of old men and boys, but had signally defeated the attacking force. The rash incursion of Tolmides into Bœotia the last year had ended in defeat and loss; and the rivals of Athens, eagerly seizing the opportunity for depressing her power, induced Eubœa to revolt. Scarcely had Pericles led his army thither, in order to reduce that island to obedience, when news arrived that Megara had followed its example, and, with singular ingratitude, put to death the greater part of that Athenian garrison which had formerly so triumphantly defended it: a small portion only had saved themselves by seizing on Nisæa, and defending themselves there till they could be relieved by their countrymen.

The citizens of Athens were not numerous enough to make such a loss a trifle: many families had to mourn dear relatives cut off in the prime of life, not with the circumstances of glorious war, but obscurely and by treachery; and the very vicinity of the two towns, which had made the Megareans acquaintances and friends, rendered this ungrateful return for former services the more deeply felt. Violence from an enemy is a matter of course; but a stab from an intimate occasions a deep resentment; and thus it fared with Athens. Scarcely had the dangers consequent

on the defeat of Coroneia been averted by the success of Pericles, when a decree for the punishment of Megara was proposed in the council of five hundred, to the purport that that ungrateful people should be excluded from the ports and markets of Athens for ever, under pain of death and confiscation of goods, should any attempt to contravene it.

It had been carried by a large majority; but as the confirmation of the assembled people was necessary to give force to the psephism of the senate for more than a year *, and this confirmation had not yet been obtained when the Spartan ambassadors arrived, they insisted strongly that this law should be allowed to die a natural death at the end of the year.

To this Pericles replied that the people of Athens had been too much and too justly incensed by the treachery and ingratitude of Megara to allow of this, unless the people of that state were willing to make ample reparation. The Spartans allowed this to be just; but added, that unless some conciliatory steps were taken on the part of Athens to show that such a reparation would be accepted, the very consciousness of having offended so deeply would prevent the Megareans from attempting it. Pericles felt the truth of this representation; and after a long debate, it was agreed that Nisæa should be restored on the part of the Athenians, and a herald sent to inform the Megareans of the measure that had been past in the senate, inviting them in conciliatory terms to take such measures as should make it needless to bring the psephism before the popular assembly. Three

* See Note XXIV.

other cities which had been taken by the Athenians were also to be restored to the Peloponnesians; and upon these terms a peace, or rather truce, for thirty years, was to be signed and recorded by the belligerents; and the Spartans, having thus concluded the chief object of their mission, returned home.

Athens had long been divided into two parties — the aristocratic and the democratic. Pericles, a friend to moderate change, and early disgusted by the profligacy of many of the aristocratic party, had placed himself at the head of the latter. Cimon, the son of the conqueror of Marathon, had been the honoured leader of the former. In the struggle for power between the two parties, which usually takes place in a country so divided, Pericles, with the overweening confidence of young ambition, had wrestled with that great leader for the mastership, and had thrown him. Cimon suffered the banishment of the ostracism, after having been tried upon a capital charge and acquitted. But the action at Tanagra taught Athens the value of the man they had banished; and his rival, with that magnanimity which marks the truly great, felt his error, and repaired it: he moved for the recall of Cimon, and this latter — who, though he possessed none of the severe virtues of his younger competitor, loved his country truly — was content, like him, to forget party differences, and think only of the public good. Three glorious years, undisturbed by faction — too short, alas! for Athens — carried that state to its highest pitch of grandeur: the small people which, fifty years before, the satrap of Sardis had never even heard of, had been able to dictate terms to the Persian monarch; and under the joint administration of

Pericles and Cimon, at home and abroad, riches and honour poured upon the Athenians.

The death of Cimon changed this happy state of things. The aristocratic party felt the need of a head, and Thucydides, the son of Melesias, his brother-in-law — a man more qualified to shine as a debater than a statesman — was unanimously elected as the future leader of the conservatives of Athens. The reign of faction recommenced; and instead of the hearty union for the public good which had subsisted between the two parties whilst Cimon acted the part of moderator, the influence of Pericles was balanced by a powerful opposition. The disasters in Bœotia, which had brought Athens to the brink of ruin, were the result. Thucydides and his short-sighted party had been but too proud of carrying a measure in spite of the opposition of the rival faction, and the warnings of Pericles's foresight were disregarded. The loss of the army, and the death of its general, were the consequences of this triumph of party spirit.

The talent and prudence of Pericles in some measure restored the fortunes of Athens; but the envy and evil industry of the opposite party were but increased by seeing that he merited the power he held, and was therefore likely to hold it long; and he in his turn, impelled to retain it by every feeling both of ambition and of patriotism, was compelled to retreat from the high position which, whilst Cimon and he acted in concert, he was able to hold, and became once more a party leader, instead of the upright and honest minister of his country. On each side, concessions were obliged to be made to the people which were neither wise nor beneficial; for it was through

them only that power could be held or won. If Pericles refused his voice to an unadvised measure, an orator of the opposite party was instantly on the alert to propose it, and win by it a paltry and transient popularity; and thus, sometimes by his own act, and sometimes in consequence of a law carried by the opposite party in spite of him, political corruption spread wider and took deeper root every day. If Pericles proposed a small daily pay to the dicasts to prevent them from being so far losers by their attendance in the courts of law as to make them almost necessarily dependent on bribes for subsistence, Callistratos was ready with a proposal no less popular, but far less prudent, that the members of the popular assembly should also be paid for their attendance *; and the democratic party was thus placed in the dilemma of having to oppose a popular measure, and thus, perhaps, lose the ascendency, or to yield, and begin a course of suicidal bribery, by allowing the people to appropriate to themselves the public treasure, till finally, when fleets and armies were needed for defence, the expenses of popular feasts, and sacrifices, and exhibitions, had so drained the exchequer † that their liberties fell an easy prey to the conqueror.

In the midst of all these difficulties, nevertheless, Pericles held the reins with a firm hand; or, even if they were snatched from him for a moment, soon recovered them, and with such consummate skill, that when Archidamos, the Spartan king, inquired of Thucydides, "Which was the better wrestler?" this latter replied, with the good-humoured wit which dis-

* See Note XXV. † See Note XXVI.

tinguished him from the more violent spirits of his party, " It is difficult to say ; for if I throw him, he gets up again directly, and persuades the by-standers that he never was down." *

Such was the state of things which Pericles, by the power of his genius, hoped to master and to remedy.

* Plut. Vit. Peric.

CHAP. V.

THE PARTHENON.

DAY dawned upon the city, and the silence of the night gave place to the bustle of a dense population. Crowds of country people were thronging to the Agora with the produce of their farms and gardens; and the braying of the laden asses; and the loud greetings of the parties as they met; and the disputes of fishermen arriving with their much-sought dainties, each contending for the best place for their display; formed a confusion of sounds such as only a southern people can produce; while occasionally the cries of a slave under the lash rose above the general clang, and showed that some master or steward rose early, and looked closely to his affairs.

Here and there some wealthy mansion displayed a gateway still twined with faded flowers, and on the pavement within, pieces of garlands, and fragments of bread trampled in the mire of beastly intemperance, showed that a numerous supper-party had met there the night before. Drowsy slaves were beginning to remove the foul testimony of the night's debauch; and here and there in the streets might be seen some young reveller who was reeling home to sleep off the consequences of his nightly orgies, his hair still garlanded with drooping roses, his shoulders uncovered, his costly robe trailing behind him in the dust, and

his fine countenance disfigured by the imbecility of drunkenness.*

Throngs of labourers were hastening to the Acropolis, where the directors of the works were awaiting them; and in a few moments more, hundreds of hammers and chisels were ringing gaily on the fabrics which formed the glory of that age, and have been the admiration of all subsequent ones. The white marble of the rising edifices glittered against the clear blue sky, while the few dark figures in active employ on the summits of the buildings merely showed that the work was still proceeding, without injuring its outline.

It is one peculiarity of a southern climate that the reflection of the sun's rays from the parts on which they impinge, is so strong that the shadows disappear; and thus the Parthenon, with its countless lines of columns, and its magnificent entablature, stood in a blaze of whiteness, as if fashioned rather from the clouds of heaven than from any earthly material.

"Good morrow, noble Glycon," said one of the overseers as an Athenian of rank approached him so redolent of perfume that his presence made itself evident to the busy men who would not otherwise have perceived him.

"The morning air is refreshing, Menon, and it is fresher here than below. We need the Persians to burn us out once in fifty years, in order to sweeten the city. Why, your works go on briskly, eh! — when will the statue of the goddess be set up for view?"

* See Note XXVII.

"It is placed in the temple already, noble sir; we are but putting the finishing hand to the cornice to-day. In a few days, I conclude, it will be open to the public."

"And the gold of the statue, Menon? Hast thou come in for some of the filings?"

"It was done under the eye of Pheidias himself, aided only by a few of his most trusted workmen."

"So! — it was a private business, then? nobody present but himself and his confidential slaves? It was paying thee but a bad compliment, methinks, after thou hadst been so long employed under him."

"Yes, truly; I think I was as well worthy of his confidence as Mus and Hermias; but" — he looked round to see that no one was listening — "though I got none of the filings, there are some who say that others did. When the darics are beaten out, no one can easily say how large a space they will cover, and — well! it is no business of mine."

"And when the darics are not beaten out they will cover a good space on the palm," said Glycon, smiling, and tossing one into the air as he spoke, and catching it again: "will it cover as much space on thy hand as mine?"

"Noble sir," said the overseer, bowing low, "thy bounty always exceeds my deserts."

"Not so, Menon," said Glycon, balancing another daric in his hand: "thou mightest easily make thy deserts outstrip my bounty; and yet I should strive to overtake them. But Pheidias does not trust thee, it seems: thou hast nothing to tell which would be of any use."

"It is true that Pheidias does not trust me, but it

does not therefore follow that I know nothing of his proceedings," said Menon, glancing at the second daric. "Do I not know how often Aspasia and her pupils come to his workshop to see the progress of the sculpture, as they say, and? — but see! yonder they come!"

"Who?"

"Pheidias and his bevy of damsels: dost thou not see them coming up the hill? It is true they dress like honest women, but no honest woman walks abroad in this fashion, so I guess who they are; their slaves behind them, too! thou may'st see, noble sir, with thine own eyes presently."

"Thou art right, Menon, I believe; it is Aspasia's figure and step: no other woman in Athens can walk as she does. By Jove! if it were Pallas herself coming to take possession of her temple, Pheidias could scarcely show her more respect, nor the goddess receive it more as her due. She is a glorious creature, that I must allow.—What? she goes to see the sculpture then? and helps to file the gold, eh?"

Menon made a sign to silence the speaker, but whispered, — "Noble sir, when time and opportunity serve, I could perhaps say something on this head."

"It is well," replied Glycon in the same tone; "time and opportunity *shall* serve."

The party which had been the subject of observation had by this time reached the summit; and Glycon having quitted the person with whom he had been speaking, stood for a moment gazing on the approaching sylph-like figures with looks of audacious admiration; then passing Aspasia, as if on his return

homewards, he caught the veil of the young girl who was just behind her, and left her face and neck uncovered. The maiden uttered a frightened cry, and clung to Aspasia, who turned round, and seeing what had happened, waved her hand to a slave who was walking behind, exclaiming at the same time, "Nicanor, correct that insolent man."

"It is the noble Glycon," said Pheidias, interposing.

"Then the noble Glycon ought to know what is due to a noble damsel," said Aspasia, throwing back her own veil to see that her orders were complied with; "no man in Athens shall insult my friends unpunished. Slaves! correct that man." But Pheidias, hastily stepping forward, laid his hand on the shoulder of the offender, and pushed him back so as to remove him beyond the reach of the already lifted staves of the servants; and having done so, reproved him with some warmth for his uncourteous action.

"Uncourteous, indeed!" replied Glycon with a sneer; "to snatch the veil from the head of a courtesan * who comes abroad only to be seen!"

"This is but adding one insult to another," said Pheidias angrily; "and I should do well to leave thee to learn manners from these men who have their staves ready. I have interposed to save thee from the disgrace of being beaten by slaves; but it is the last time that I will do thee that courtesy. I came with these noble ladies to protect them from insolence, and I will do so; thou shalt hear of this again."

* See Note XXVIII.

"Probably," replied Glycon, contemptuously; "perhaps some other things may be heard of also. I leave thee to thy good company, old man; there are enough of such in Athens to make this no act of great self-denial," and so saying, he turned from him and proceeded towards the lower town.

Pheidias stood looking after him for a moment, as if hesitating whether or not to pursue and resent his insolence; but, ere long, he retraced his steps, and again joined Aspasia and her pupils. "These young nobles grow too insolent," said he; "and I am glad that there is at least one man in Athens able and willing to curb them."

"Yes, willing," replied the fair Ionian; "but able? that I doubt. I tell thee, Pheidias, that when a people is so universally corrupt as not to believe in virtue, it is not far from destruction; and even the vigorous hand of Pericles will hardly suffice to rein in the steeds that are hurrying the chariot of the state to the brink of a precipice down which they will assuredly fall, if ever the reins fall into the hands of a less skilful driver."

"Do not think so meanly of our Athens, fair Aspasia," said the old man; "the generation that fought at Salamis is scarcely past away. Only three years have elapsed since the death of Cimon."

"All that is true; but these are not the men of Salamis, nor were those men even, the same, after the wealth of Persia had poured into their coffers. Let me add, further, what will sound strange to Athenian ears, that the men of Salamis had not virtue enough to fit them for that change of fortune."

"What? the saviours of Greece!"

"Even so, the saviours of Greece were rotten at heart. Pheidias, when thou wast fashioning thy Olympian Zeus, didst thou figure him to thyself as Homer paints him, wallowing in licentious pleasures, in order to raise thy imagination to the sublimity of that conception?"

"Μὰ Δία! no — I rather think that the hymns of Orpheus*, and the lectures of thy friend Anaxagoras, helped me to that figure, though the famous lines of Homer, where he is represented as shaking his ambrosial curls, humanised my ideas a little."

"Then thou canst not fancy that divine perfection and worse than bestial vice can consort together?"

"Assuredly not: the sculptor who would produce a work fitted for the admiration of posterity should purify even his own heart, in order to give grandeur to his conceptions. Human passion has a littleness about it which is unfit for marble; it is too transitory to be transferred to materials that are to last for ages."

"And the heroes of Salamis, Pheidias? wouldst thou carve Themistocles beside a courtesan, or Cimon in the impure embraces of his own sister, in order to give a proper notion of these men?" †

"Gods! what a notion! — No; Themistocles should stand as I saw him at the Olympic games, when assembled Greece rose to welcome him.‡ I was but a youth then, but never shall I forget his countenance and bearing at that proud moment: and, Cimon! — I am inclined to think that no instant of more heroic feeling could be found for a sculp-

* See Note XXIX.
† See Note XXX.
‡ See Note XXXI.

tor's imagination to conceive, or his hand to express, than when he gave his last commands to his weeping friends, and saved his fleet by the orders which he knew were to be executed after his death.* There must have been something of the divine calmness of a god in his countenance at that moment."

"Then true greatness and vice are incompatible?"

"They are so in the art of the sculptor."

"But does not the art of the sculptor consist in representing the most perfect models of imagined excellence?"

"Certainly; but we expect to find a more mixed character in living men."

"Then, my good friend, it appears that your Salaminian heroes had only a few splendid qualities, so mixed with great vices as to be far removed from the magnanimity which would exalt, or the purity and justice which would guide a state aright. If thou canst not *imagine* even, a god or a hero in his moments of base gratification without degrading thy conception of him, how can he practise these vices without losing his own grandeur of soul? There are more who can imitate Cimon's vices than his generalship or his disinterestedness, and the mimicry, which is the least difficult, will be preferred."

"There are some grievous truths in thy words, Aspasia."

"I know there are — but therefore it is more needful that they should be heard. What a state of manners it must be, when my young friends here, who never stir without a retinue that ought to curb

* See Note XXXII.

insolence, — from the mere fact of moving abroad to acquire better knowledge than is to be gained over the loom or the distaff, are exposed to the most disgusting calumnies. Thy countrymen refuse to their daughters and their wives the instruction of a philosopher, but they consign them to the society of their slaves! They scarcely permit them to stir beyond the walls of their apartments, but they give them freedom to join in a phallic procession!* And what can they expect from this, but that those who have strong passions will become licentious; those who have not, frivolous? All that esteem which sanctions and ennobles the intercourse between the sexes is thus lost: the wife is only the female of the two-legged unfeathered animal called man — alike unfit for the education of her children or the interchange of friendship — and the male justifies the most degrading vices under the plea that there can be no rational love excepting between persons of his own sex. Woman is banished from your society, excepting when she too is degraded to the lowest pitch, and appears as a half naked minstrel or worse†: and the result of all this — Pheidias, shall I prophesy?"

"No, Aspasia; thou hast made me blush for my countrymen enough already: let me hope rather——"

"Ah, my excellent friend, it is hard to rob thee of the only good which Epimetheus found left in his box: but when I look at Athens, I never can help thinking of the fragment of a hymn which I have heard from aged men, who had learned it from the barbarians in the army of Darius: —

* See Note XXXIII. † See Note XXXIV.

" ' They are like high-fed horses in the morning,
Every one neigheth after his neighbour's wife;
But shall I not judge for these things?' saith the Ever-existing:
' Shall I not avenge myself on such a nation as this?' "

Miletus has proved its truth; Athens will." *

Whilst Pheidias and Aspasia had been thus conversing, her pupils had followed them as they paced to and fro on the fresh brow of the hill, except Lydè the daughter of Lycon, and Chloe and Aretè the daughters of Menippos, who claiming the privilege of closer friendship and higher rank, walked at a little distance on each side, watching in mute attention, not only the words but the countenance of their admired instructress. The slaves kept behind the party and stood aside when they turned, so as to resume their places in the rear, and the attention of the hindmost of the young girls was now and then diverted from the discourse of Aspasia, by Nicanor's whispered communications to his companions, as to the sound beating he intended to have given to the saucy eupatrid if Pheidias had not interposed. But the last words of the fair Milesian were uttered in a tone that at once arrested the attention of all, and Lydè, pressing to her side, exclaimed, " Mistress mine! thy discourse terrifies me — the words of that tremendous hymn sound as if the very thunders of an avenging Deity were already rolling over our devoted heads."

" Thou sayest truly, Lydè," replied Aspasia, " these fragments of barbarian hymns which I have occasionally heard from Anaxagoras and others, have

* See Note XXXV.

made the same impression on my own mind. Homer may describe the curls of his Zeus; may talk of the nod which shakes the skies, and doubtless were he speaking of a man, the description would be that of a sublimely exalted nature, but none of these embodiments of the Deity, no, not even thine, Pheidias, ever created half such a shuddering awe in my mind as that incorporeal, unsleeping, undying intelligence, whose stern eye watches untired the vices of men till they have reached their climax, and then — in very faith, Lydè," continued she, covering her face with her hands — "I have frightened myself. Oh! there is something in that Ever-existing, that seems to crush our insect life; and yet, God of heaven!" exclaimed the beautiful Ionian, raising her eyes filled with tears towards the clear sky above, "thou hast called us into existence — thou hast not then created us for nought — thou canst not quite hate the pismires thou hast made."

There was something in her countenance at that moment so touching, so holy, that the sculptor gazed at her with the rapt attention of a man, who feels that ages of fame would repay the fixing in marble the expression of such a face at such an instant. All paused, and it was not till Aspasia spoke again, that the silence was broken.

"I have been told," continued she, "that those barbarians boasted that the fall of the Babylonian power which raised the Persian to a height so fatal to Ionia, had been foretold by the oracles of their nation, and that they believed the great Creator of all things would always sooner or later thus punish the wilful disregard of Him. Pheidias! when I

look at these splendid temples where a cold marble image receives the homage due to the Ever-existing, I think of Babylon, and all the other countries which the Persian arms have desolated. I have heard old men say, that the Persian armies halting and bending in prayer to the light of the world, as the sun arose, was the sublimest spectacle they had ever seen, and I have thought sometimes that the armies of the king had their mission from on high."

"Whence then was the mission of those who overthrew them?"

"I know not — the world is an ænigma; but yet I feel the early impression made by the traditions of my country, and I long to see the land I have adopted profit by them. I would there were no sculptured image yonder," said she, pointing to the temple now so nearly completed. "I would that it had been built over one of the altars which Epimenides constructed*, in order that we might have there worshipped the unknown Lord of all things, as he was worshipped by our simple ancestors, ere art" — she looked smilingly on Pheidias — "had flown so high as to fetch the gods down to earth."

"Thou hast almost frightened me as well as Lydè," said the sculptor; "but if the vulgar *will* require something tangible for their devotion to rest upon, we do well to give them a good model. We shall unveil the goddess soon — come and see the ceremony: Pericles will be present, and you need fear nothing even if Glycon should remember the awkward encounter of to-day. But I suspect that

* See Note XXXVI.

he had supped with Hermippos last night, and had come hither to refresh himself after the night's debauch, before the fumes of the wine had quite left his brain; so that probably he will forget it. I met more than one of the party going home this morning as I came out of my house, and they all looked as if the wine had circulated freely among them. Cratinos indeed was led between two slaves, and could hardly stand even then."

At this moment Menon approached, and bowing low to his employer, begged to know if he should have the honour of showing the noble ladies in his company the progress of the work. "The beauty of the design," added he, "is the admiration of all Athens, and the statue of Theseus is held by good judges to be one of the noblest efforts of the admirable sculptor's chisel. If you will deign to step a little to this side," continued he, addressing himself to Aspasia and her pupils, "you may see it to advantage. The noble Menippos took a view of it yesterday, and doubtless it is his pleasure that his daughters should view this noble structure also." And thus, with many profound obeisances, the master overseer led the way towards the temple, and Pheidias leaving Aspasia and her friends in his charge, proceeded to visit the other side of the building.

CHAP. VI.

THE PARASITE.

"Boy!" cried Dromeas, the parasite, as he awoke from a long and uneasy sleep, the consequence of his last night's debauch.

An awkward slave lad, dirty, and almost naked, made his appearance, still gnawing an onion.

"Hast thou been into the Agora this morning, as I bade thee?" inquired his master.

"Yes, master."

"Well; and who gives a supper to-night?"

"Pericles, I believe," said the slave.

"Pericles? brute! ass! knave!" cried the enraged parasite, starting up, and showering blows upon the face, and then upon the upraised back, of the lad, who had grown expert by practice in presenting the best place for receiving his master's frequent castigations.

"Hu! hu! hu! master, don't kill me; indeed I did see Pericles' steward, Euangelos, in the Agora buying some oysters, besides the usual water-cresses, because ——"

Another blow stopped his further speech. "Water-cresses! thou villain! dost thou imagine that I am going to sup on water-cresses?" exclaimed again the enraged Dromeas. "After supping with Hermippos, wouldst thou think of sending me to eat water-cresses with Pericles? — Pericles! that does not

know wine from water, and goes to bed sober every night! I will break thy back, beast!"

"Hu! hu! hu!" howled the slave, who, notwithstanding the beating he was undergoing, seemed to take a malicious pleasure in tormenting his master. "I did see Euangelos, though, and the Carian that was with him said that somebody — oh, master, master, thou wilt beat away my memory!"

"Well, what didst thou hear then? — Somebody? — who? — Don't talk to me of Pericles again: he does not deserve my notice."

"Somebody — hu! hu! my back is so bruised — I shall never be able to remember what I heard."

"Dost thou want another tune to be played upon thy ribs to help thy recollection?" said his master, whose choler was again beginning to rise.

"No, no, master, I shall soon remember — let me finish my breakfast, and then when I am refreshed my wits will be sharper."

"Thy breakfast, ass! whence hast thou that? I want no breakfast, and what hast thou to do with more meals than thy master?"

"Oh, master! I don't sup with you, and only get the remains of what you leave*; and truly where thou art one of the party that is not much, even at such a feast as that of last night."

"Then! there! eat thy onion then," said the master, yielding at last to his slave's obstinacy as the only means of getting the desired information; and in the mean time picking his teeth listlessly — "and now tell me where we are to sup to-night, or by all

* See Note XXXVII.

the gods of Olympus I will sell thee to the overseers of the mines * for a fool as thou art."

"Thou hast not kept me well enough to be worth their purchase, master," replied the fellow with a malicious grin; "but I will not bear malice. What say you to a supper at Glycon's?"

"At Glycon's! my dear boy, I will embrace thee for that. Nothing could suit my stomach better. Go, get my other robe from the fuller's, and give me my sandals. I will go to the bath."

"Presently — but hark in thine ear, master," and he approached, and whispered with a mysterious air, even though no one was present — "I think we could do the noble Glycon some service."

"What sayest thou? art thou mad?"

"Not at all; but as I came home I met a Paphlagonian slave of his whom I happen to be acquainted with, and we got into talk, and — ha! ha! ha! I must laugh, master — the noble Glycon was very near being beaten by Aspasia's slaves yesterday." And he again laughed long and loudly, as if enjoying the triumph of his confraternity in having dared to lift their staves against a free man and a noble. "Those slaves of Aspasia are happy fellows, master: they live well and grow strong: *they* would be worth something for the mines."

"Well, but what of all this?" exclaimed Dromeas, impatiently. "As long as Glycon gives good suppers, what care I?"

"But, master," said the slave again, sinking his voice mysteriously, "the noble Glycon does care,

* See Note XXXVIII.

and he vows vengeance against Aspasia and all her ——, and swears he will get one or two of them carried off to spite her. Now, in my humble thinking, if we could help him in this, we should have a place at the noble Glycon's table for ever after."

"Thou talkest like a fool, boy," said Dromeas, shaking his head. "Didst thou never hear of the iron and earthen pot that journeyed together? I might do Glycon's dirty jobs for him, and he would be well pleased that they were done; but then he would say that I was a bad fellow, suspected of treason against the state, and away I go into the barathron to prevent me from telling tales; and the noble Glycon tosses his mantle over his shoulder, and walks away with his head up, crying, — 'I have seen that fellow at feasts occasionally; it is surprising that these buffoons should take the slight notice they get at such times as a warrant for ill deeds. I shall be more cautious in future.' — Oh, I know how such things are done. When Ephialtes was murdered*, no one set the fellow on — oh no: he was a bad character, that Aristodicos, and had done it for his own private ends, no doubt, and deserved his punishment: — no, no, boy; thou art young in Athens, I am not."

"But, master," said the slave again, in an under tone, "the Paphlagonian told me another thing."

"Did he? then keep thy own counsel, fool! and know that the great men of Athens never do any thing wrong, till — they are found out. Go get my

* See Note XXXIX.

cloak, and trouble me no further with such nonsense."

The slave wended his way through narrow, dirty, unpaved lanes, redolent of stale fish and garlic, till he arrived at the shop of the fuller. It was the gossipping place of the slaves of all the neighbouring part of the town; and here the secrets of their masters and mistresses were freely discussed, and many a plan of intrigue was matured with profligate zeal; for to be the confidant of an amour was the sure road to good usage. Who would dare to inflict the lash on a fellow who might roar in his pain what husbands, or wives, or fathers ought not to hear?

The shop, as usual, was full of customers and idlers, all gossipping over affairs of all kinds, from the business of the state down to the last discovered intrigue. In the midst stood a woman, whose wrinkled face told of advancing age, but she was better dressed than the generality of slaves, and full of saucy repartee to all who accosted her. It was evident that she was the favoured nurse of some great lady, and presumed upon the rank of her mistress.

"Well met, Xanthias," said she, addressing the slave as he arrived: "why thou art but lean still."

"Ah, Sophrona, it was my evil genius that put me into the hands of Dromeas. I get nothing but what he hands over to me, as I stand behind him at supper; and his own appetite is so good that *that* is not much; but at the entertainment which the noble Glycon gives to-night, I hope to fare better; so Charion, get me my master's mantle, that he may have something clean to appear in. Truly, what he wore last night is not fit to be seen by daylight."

"Poor lad! and so thou art half-starved?" said the nurse, examining him with an air of contemptuous pity; "but thou hast liberty to run all the town over at any rate: hast thou never thought of mending thy condition?"

"As how, mother?"

"Canst thou not guess? well! thy master has an innocent servant, at any rate," said the old woman, with a sneer; "and so thou and he are to sup at Glycon's to-night."

"So says my master."

The nurse put her hand on his arm and drew him a little aside. "Dost thou think thou could speak a word in private to the noble Glycon?" asked she in an under tone.

"Perhaps."

"Wilt thou tell him, then, that a certain woman will meet him to-morrow morning at sunrise, behind a pillar, on the west side of the portico of the temple of Theseus?"

"And what then? Why thou art of the household of Pericles, and I thought Euangelos* was too strict to allow of such scampering about."

"Say, rather, that I am of the household of Hipparete," said Sophrona, tossing her head: "if my mistress were not more generous than my master, I should not go clad as I do. It was not so in the lifetime of her first husband, Hipponicus; poor thing! *she* has made a bad exchange, but *I* fare none the worse: am I not her nurse?"

* See Note XL.

"And if I deliver thy message for thee, what will thy generous mistress enable thee to give me?"

Sophrona grinned, and showed a daric: "do thy work well, and — but say no word to thy master."

"No, no — he has beaten me this morning: thou hast no need to fear much love between us. But what is thy business with Glycon, Sophrona?"

"Is not Glycon the finest gentleman in Athens?" replied the old woman, with a chuckling laugh which displayed her few stained teeth.

"Well, but what then?"

"What then? dolt that thou art! thou dost not half know thy business."

Xanthias looked at her withered form and wrinkled face with an air of gaping astonishment. "Sophrona, thou art a good creature; but thou in love with Glycon! why he would kick thee and me too, for sending him on such a bootless errand."

The old woman laughed till she was in a state of strangulation; but as soon as she could speak again, she bade him deliver the message without fear, and come to the same place, at the same hour on the morrow, to receive the reward; and picking up the bundle which had been the pretext for her visit, she handed it to the slave in attendance, and departed.

"Old Sophrona is merry this morning," said the master of the shop.

"Say rather she is mad," exclaimed the astonished Xanthias: "why, she has been asking me to make a secret appointment for her with the noble Glycon."

"Oh, oh! sets the wind that way?" cried the fuller, laughing: "well, well."

"Πρὸς τῶν Θεῶν! tell me what you are all

laughing at: I can understand nothing of it," exclaimed the slave.

"Thou art a simple fool," said the fuller; "and we laugh at thee."

"But why am I a fool?" asked the lad, impatiently.

"Because thou hast lived in Athens without knowing what is going on there. Dost thou fancy that these ancient nurses are kept in families for their former services merely, and run after the young fellows on their own account? Thou great baby!"

Xanthias stood with open mouth and staring eyes, as if half choked with a new idea, till his fellow slave pushed the bundle into his hands, turned him about, and bade him get home to his master, and not fill the space wanted for other customers.

"Thou wilt soon grow wiser in the hands of such a man as Dromeas," said the fuller, as he departed; "and yet," continued he, speaking to a young man who had been standing silently in one corner, "I should wish him bad luck in wishing him more wit; for it is his stupidity which makes him so good a tool. Thou sayest well, Socrates, that in this city of ours there is far less honesty than wit, and of course the scarcest article bears the highest price. This fool has not ideas enough in his head to make out that old Sophrona acts for another, and the cunning old jade knows it. He is just the fellow for carrying on a ticklish intrigue. Now will he go about wondering at old Sophrona's folly, but never think a word about Hipparete, even if he should have fifty more messages to carry between the nurse and Glycon. And so thou hast shut up thy shop and put on the philosopher's gown, Socrates! I fear thou hast made but a bad ex-

change, though indeed I have been told that thou hast the charge of the noble Criton's young son, and if so, it might not be so bad a thing. But I cannot fancy that."

"Why not?" asked the young sculptor.

"Because the child is a mere baby, and wants a nurse rather than a tutor."

"But when thou wouldst train a dog, Philoxenos, dost thou not begin with him while he is a puppy?"

"Yes, but children are not puppies. Who ever thinks of worrying a baby with learning? What can be taught to a child only just out of his nurse's arms?"

"Truly, Philoxenos, I must think about what thou art saying; for if this be so, I ought not to let Criton deceive himself, and fancy that I can do any thing towards the education of his son. Thou shouldst be a judge, too, in this matter, for thou also hast a son. How does he get on?"

"Oh, bravely, bravely. Thou wouldst laugh to see how gravely he sets about to clean the spots out of his little tunic, and then goes to his mother to be paid for it: he knows the price, too, as well as I do; and if she does not give him the money he asks, he threatens, and swears, and calls all the gods to witness, just as I should do myself if I got a bad customer. Ha! ha! ha! It was but yesterday that I heard him threaten to take her before the Thesmothetai* for refusing him his due."

"And where did he learn all this?"

"Oh, he has heard me say so: he is always about in the shop with me. I like him to see how things

* See Note XLI.

are managed, because, by and by, I hope he will be able to carry on the business, and take some of the weight off my shoulders when I grow old."

"But why shouldst thou trouble thyself with him? Why not leave him to the Carian yonder to be taught what is needful?"

"Why! thou dost not surely imagine that yonder fellow, whom I bought only a year or two ago, a grown man, has learned already to understand my business! He is a good fellow enough, but stupid and untaught."

"Thou then thinkest that thy child will learn something of the business by being constantly with thee, and seeing thy mode of carrying it on?"

"Certainly; that was the way that I learned it of my father; and he will do as I did, I doubt not."

"I think then that I may set my mind at rest about Criton's plans."

"Why so? What has that to do with my business."

"Hast thou not told me that the way to make a child expert in any business is to bring him up among those who understand it well?"

"Yes, but what then?"

"Why, Criton's business is that of a statesman and a warrior, and he wishes his son to be brought up in habits which shall fit him for succeeding to his father in his employments. If a child learns to speak of a Phrygian slave, how can it be expected that he will express himself correctly?"

"Truly, I did not think of that."

"And hast thou not generally perceived that these unfortunate people who have been reduced by fortune to but one degree above beasts of burthen, acquire

ill-habits from their mode of life? that fear makes them liars, and that hardships and the want of higher aims make them gluttonous and selfish?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Then if children are so quick in catching up all they hear and see, is there not danger that if they are placed in a nursery among persons whose language is barbarous, and whose manners are brutal and selfish*, they will become assimilated to the people they live among?"

"I suppose there is, but yet every body does so."

"And, perhaps, that is the reason why there are so few fine speakers among us, and so many, whose licentious manners are a reproach to the country. Criton probably thinks so, and wishes his child's first words to be pure Attic, and his first sentiments those of a generous and free spirit."

"Truly, Socrates, thou hast a clever way of putting things — now I had never thought of all this."

"Nay, but thou hadst thought of it; for instead of setting thy slave to teach thy son, thou hast taught him thyself. Thank the gods that they did not give thee wealth enough to ruin thy child by aping the bad customs of the rich."

* See Note XLII.

CHAP. VII.

THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE.

It is not easy to make a northern people comprehend the liveliness and excitability of a southern one, even in our own times; how then can it be possible to give a more modern reader any notion of the state of Athens, when the *chef-d'œuvre* of Pheidias, together with the incomparable Parthenon which Callicrates and Ictinos had reared under his superintendence, were to be opened to public view? Great as was the skill of this wonderful man in his own peculiar art, his architectural knowledge was not less perfect: he had selected the designs for this noble structure; and its sculptured ornaments, if not wholly by his own hand, were yet executed under his eye by his scholars; and he had laboured for a people who knew how to appreciate his admirable talents.

Yet it was not merely the *taste* of a race feelingly alive to all the beauties of art that was about to be gratified; national pride had its share in the enthusiasm with which old and young, noble and artisan, flocked to the Acropolis to gaze on the splendid monument of their death-struggle with Persia. It was hither that Cimon had marched, at the head of the knights of Athens, to deposit his useless bridle in the safe-keeping of the goddess, when he embarked with Themistocles and the fortunes of Hellas on board

the glorious fleet which fought at Salamis; and now, the temple of the protecting deity had been rebuilt with the spoils of Persia, and the grateful tribute of rescued Greece. Elated by the recent successes in Eubœa, which had wiped out the disgrace of the late defeat in Bœotia, and delivered by the political, no less than the military skill of Pericles, from the danger of Lacedæmonian invasion, the citizen of Athens saw in this splendid fane the monument of power at home and conquest abroad. The contributions of the minor republics had equipped the fleets of the Savior State which was alone capable of defending them from the attacks of the great king: and the Athenian artisan who sate in his shop — and saw the labour of his trade performed by a Carian slave, while he himself conversed with the passers-by, or gave his judgment in a court of law on some affair of distant states, — felt himself a greater man than the vassal monarchs whose contingents swelled the armies of Persia; and when he laid his head down to rest, he saw nothing but visions of future conquest and wealth floating round his pillow.

The morning was such as mornings in Greece are wont to be; not dim and grey like the November days of northern Europe, but bright and sunny, yet dewy and fresh. The oppressive heats of summer were over; the slight chill of the nights braced the frame anew, and gave back double vigour, till the mere act of moving and breathing under such a sky became an animal pleasure which almost took the mind captive. From every street and lane of the lower town — from Peiræus — from Phaleron — from Munychia, and on the other side from Eleusis

— from Acharnæ — and from all the villages and boroughs within reach of a day's journey — flowed the continuous stream of happy faces coming to enjoy the sight, and partake of the numerous sacrifices which were to be offered for the consecration of the edifice.*

Religious ceremonies were among the few occasions on which women were permitted to come abroad; the throng therefore was doubled by the accession of the female population, delighted at the novel enjoyment of the fresh air and sunny prospect; all curious and garrulous, and increasing the din of voices by shrill greetings to distant friends in the crowd, and merry laughter, and now and then cries of surprise or fright. In one part might be seen noble ladies whose cheek the sun had scarcely ever touched, gliding on, like visions of beauty, amid a retinue of bronzed slaves, whose rich dresses showed the wealth of the family they belonged to: here, was a group of men of middle age, whose distinguished bearing showed them to be of the nobility of Athens, each accompanied by some beautiful youth just budding into manhood, whose pleasure in the spectacle the maturer friend seemed anxious to enhance by kind attentions, and information: there, was a party composed in like manner, whose large retinue also showed their wealth, but whose looser air and language seemed to have banished them from the graver society of the first.† Yonder is a woman of splendid beauty, but her brow is unveiled, and the sun has given a richer tint to her complexion: her dress is adorned with gold and gems, and her hair bound with fillets

* See Note XLIII. † See Note XLIV.

of purple richly embroidered.* An old woman accompanies her, whose leering eye glances over the throng of idle youths who flutter round, like moths around a lamp, as if she were weighing the purses of each, and calculating how long they might be equal to the demands of the mercenary beauty whom she serves. Make way there!—here are the bullocks for the sacrifice, which half-naked slaves are goading with long poles up the hill towards the temple; and outcries and exclamations in half-a-dozen barbarous tongues, from the drivers, rise above the din of Attic Greek, here and there mixed with broad Doric, where a Corinthian or a Lacedæmonian stranger had mixed in the curious throng.

The beasts, frightened by the unusual scene, ran wildly among the crowd, and were repulsed again by many a sturdy rustic who knew how to use his staff on such occasions; but before them a wider space had been kept by the retinue of a lady of rank, who was herself borne in a litter sheltered from the sun. The charge of the beasts upon their rear dispersed the slaves right and left, and the litter itself had already received a rude shock, when a noble Athenian stepped forward, and with the graceful strength acquired in the gymnasium, seized the animal by the horns, which had occasioned the danger, and wrenching him round drove him forward in another direction. A loud shout of approbation followed from the bystanders; and whilst Glycon, for it was he, was recomposing his robe over his well-knit limbs, and re-adjusting his perfumed hair, a white hand beckoned

* See Note XLV.

him from the litter, and a costly veil was thrown back from a face well worth gazing upon. It was Hipparete, the wife of Pericles, who with proud courtesy thanked him for the aid he had afforded. "My husband is too much occupied on such occasions to think about me," said she; "I am fortunate, therefore, in having found a protector."

Glycon bent forward, and spoke in an under tone, and his hand, extended towards the Parthenon, seemed to point to a group already standing on the steps of the temple. Hipparete looked from her litter for a moment, then drew back with an exclamation of anger, laid her hand on the arm of Glycon, and said, hastily, "To-morrow!" Then dropping her veil, she bade the slaves proceed on their way.

The group to which Glycon, for reasons best known to himself, had directed the eyes of Hipparete was not to be mistaken. *There*, was the white head of the glorious artist on the very spot which has made his name immortal; and *there*, was the proud form of the Olympian Pericles, as his contemporaries were wont to style him; and beside him, like the goddess on the peristyle of her temple, was the brilliant Aspasia; while at no great distance was seen her company of friends and pupils, and their large retinue of slaves, evidently so placed as to protect them from incivility.

The widow of Hipponicos had found nothing which attracted her liking in the husband who had been given her by her friends at his death. She was fond of show and luxury — he was plain and frugal in his habits: she had enjoyed the wealth of her former husband — her present one was content to make

Athens great without enriching himself: she complained of the plainness of his housekeeping — he referred her to his steward Euangelos; and finding at last that there could be no community of views between them, he forsook her company and strove to forget, in the society of philosophers and statesmen, that he had such a piece of household furniture as a wife.

It was then that the fascinating Aspasia appeared in Athens as a lecturer on rhetoric and politics. Pericles was induced, by Anaxagoras, to go to hear her, and from that moment his existence acquired a new interest: he was past the age for youthful passion: a statesman beyond forty has something better to do than to hang over a white hand, or a pretty mouth uttering nonsense; but when lessons of wisdom, clothed in the most glowing eloquence, flowed from lips so fair, he would have been more or less than man if he had not listened — and — loved.

He did not call it love, nor was it such a passion as the gross manners of his times would have so named. She was his friend — his confidant: with her he rehearsed his orations to the people: to her he spoke of the destinies of Athens, and his schemes for insuring its greatness: to her he could tell his cares, his difficulties, and not unfrequently find, in her finer tact, the means of alleviating or removing them. It was by her aid that he polished and perfected that splendid eloquence which procured him the title of the Thunderer: from her he learned the proud contempt for mere popular applause or discontent, the patience under unjust blame, and the forgetfulness of injuries, which distinguished the greater

part of his political career. In her he saw his good genius: she was the very light of his life; and his delight in her society was so calm and rational withal, that though all Athens laughed at his supposed enthralment to the Ionian beauty, he treated their insinuations with contempt, and suffered them not to trouble the happiness of the most perfect friendship that can subsist on earth — that, namely, where the union of hearts is but the result of the union of soul.

Aspasia, on the other hand, found in the political knowledge, enlarged views, and scientific acquirements of Pericles, the means of improving her own mind: his confidence flattered her, his worth won her esteem; and though her shorter experience of life had not taught her the rareness of such a friend, and therefore she haply valued him less than under other circumstances she might have done, still she enjoyed the assisting in carrying out the schemes of the noblest ambition that ever animated the heart of man, and lent herself freely to the fascination of an intercourse that seemed to foreshadow the enjoyments of the blessed.

It may be well imagined that busy tongues were not wanting, to carry to Hipparete the tale of her husband's devotion to the fair Ionian, and to insinuate that the sums which might have been employed in putting his own household on a footing of greater magnificence were lavished on the proud beauty, who scorned the usual trammels of female etiquette; and yet, while trampling on what were then considered the decencies of life, by appearing among men in the daily intercourse of society, was too haughty to receive common homage, and could content herself with

none but the noblest. Envy accomplished what jealousy could not, and Glycon had miscalculated if he fancied that the latter was the passion he had roused. Hipparete cared little for the heart of her husband, but she cared for his purse: Aspasia's retinue formed the offence, and the revenge which Hipparete projected was not the usual revenge of a jealous woman: her thoughts wandered over divorces and returned dowries, and calculations of how much the repayment of hers might narrow her husband's means*, and thus punish him for his niggardliness towards her, rather than his supposed infidelity.

Glycon walked a few steps beside the litter till the last of the beasts and their drivers had past it, and then speaking a few words in a low tone to one of the slaves, he waited till the friends whom he had left behind, rejoined him, and moved on with the crowd. "We shall be too late, after all, for the unveiling of the statue, Hermippus," said he, addressing one of them. "Look yonder, Pheidias has already entered the temple with his friends. Let us make a push up the hill, and get there before this frowzy crowd fills the building"—and pushing his way, followed by the rest of his party, they soon found themselves in front of the temple, where all the chiefs of the state were assembled.

Pheidias was already beside the statue of the goddess preparing to unveil it, and on his right hand, a little advanced, so as to have a good view of it, he had placed Aspasia and her pupils. The great minister of Athens had been walking up and down among the

* See Note XLVI.

assembled nobles, conversing with his friends; but when he saw that the sculptor was about to display his work, he retired to one side, that he might not impede the view. The fire of youth was still in the eye of the artist as he drew back the veil from his *chef-d'œuvre* before the best judges in the world; and he stood there beside his finest work, a fit subject for his own chisel, with all the reverend aspect of age, but none of its decrepitude.

An involuntary exclamation of surprise and pleasure escaped the lips of his illustrious friend as the covering fell from the statue; and in a moment more a shout of applause almost rent the building, and the name of Aspasia was echoed from mouth to mouth. The fair Milesian blushed deeply, and would have drawn her veil over her face, but a general cry of "No! no!" forbade it — for there on the pedestal stood her almost breathing likeness * — the same perfect features gaining the very softness of flesh from the ivory in which they were carved; the same symmetrical figure; the same lofty demeanour: it was the lovely professor in the most inspired moment of her heart-stirring eloquence, fixed, and composed into divine repose; and for the moment all party feeling was forgotten in the admiration no less of the beauty of the work than the delicacy of the compliment: for all guessed how earnestly their victorious general's devotions would be paid before that image.

Again and again the shout of applause rose from the spectators, and a garland of laurel hastily twisted

* See Note XLVII.

was past from hand to hand up the temple, till Pericles, who saw the intention, stepped forward, and taking it himself, placed it on the silver locks of the happy old man. "It is the tribute of Athens to her greatest artist," said he; and turning to Aspasia, he added, "And those shouts are the expression of Athenian feeling: our tutelary goddess has found a fit representative in a mortal form."

Just then another garland was handed towards him, and as his eye glanced inquiringly upon the crowd below, a fresh cry of "Aspasia!" arose. He took the proffered wreath with a smile of grateful pleasure, and, turning to his fair friend, placed it on her brow with a look and manner that told at once the tale of long-repressed feelings; and again the welkin rang with the prolonged shouts of thousands, who, with all the tact of that sensitive people, had felt that no trophy that could have been erected to commemorate his exploits would have bestowed half the gratification on their triumphant commander, that was afforded him by this tribute of the Athenian people to the deepest sentiments of his heart.

The lovely confusion of Aspasia carried the enthusiasm of the spectators to its height; for she had felt the hand tremble which placed the wreath upon her brow, and the one whispered word of endearment, which had accompanied the action, had told a tale not wholly unexpected, perhaps, but at that moment overpowering. She stood blushing and irresolute; but the venerable sculptor took her hand, and leading her forward in front of the pedestal of the statue, himself returned a grateful acknowledgment to the people; while the fair Milesian, crossing

her arms over her breast, replied to the ringing applause by a low and graceful bow, and then wrapping her veil about her, returned to her companions, glad to hide under its folds the embarrassment and emotion caused by a scene so unexpected and so intoxicating.

CHAP. VIII.

POLITICS.

THE dew on the grass which hung over the banks of the Ilyssos was still glittering in the morning sun, when two noble Athenians, who had been walking there for some time, deeply engaged in conversation, were approached by a third, who was eagerly greeted by both. "Thou art late, Thucydides," said one, "Diopeithes was growing impatient."

"I was detained by Niceratos," replied the last comer: "he was so eager to talk about the scene of yesterday, that I could not get away from him for some time; and indeed I was glad to hear what he had to say about it, for truly this man is bewitching the people; and if we are not upon our guard, we may chance ere long to find ourselves under the power of another Peisistratos, who, borne to the throne on the shoulders of the commonalty, will be able to trample on the nobility at his pleasure. It is strange that every thing should so conspire towards his success: it was but last year that we carried the point against him of that unlucky Bœotian expedition, and instead of weakening his authority, we confirmed it; for the defeat and death of Tolmides, always successful till then, not only removed a dangerous rival, but confirmed the popular opinion of his foresight and skill."

"True," said Diopeithes; "but, as our friend Dracontides here suggests, his accounts are not yet rendered, and greater men than Pericles have failed to satisfy the people on that head. A heavy fine would go near to remove him from public life.* But it is not so much the authority he has contrived to get into his hands, as his innovations that I dread; for if he pursues his course unchecked, in a short time there will not be a vestige left of the old constitution of Athens. Our religion, our laws, our domestic manners, are all attacked, and in many cases successfully. If he chooses to bring his courtesans forward in public, let him do it as others do. I have no objection to that; but this man seems determined to insult our common sense by affecting an air of gravity and temperance, and in the mean time corrupting our daughters, by enticing them to the house of his Ionian mistress. Since the days of Cecrops, nothing like the exhibition of yesterday has occurred. The girls that surrounded Aspasia were of some of the noblest houses in Athens: what a state of demoralisation will our women be reduced to, if this fashion of exhibiting themselves in the streets and walks on all occasions is to be encouraged! Weak in mind and body†, if not kept within the bounds of a wholesome control, they must be the ready prey of the licentious."

"And when they interfere in politics," said Dracontides, "they are mischievous beyond what would appear possible. Every one remembers Thargelia‡;

* See Note XLVIII. † See Note XLIX.
‡ See Note L.

she brought over more states to the Medes than we were able to detach from them, even after all our victories."

"Those Ionian women are dangerous people, I acknowledge," said Thucydides, smiling sarcastically, "and surely no greater proof could be brought of the mischief already done, than that we, grave statesmen, are at this instant actually discussing the influence and actions of a woman! I had thought Pericles too keen a politician to be thus befooled."

"Nay, but he is not befooled," said Diopeithes: "Aspasia is but part of a system which he is perseveringly carrying out. It is evident, that he means to subvert the whole order of things, and by depressing the aristocracy and courting the people, to prepare the way for grasping absolute power. Ephialtes was but his tool; and we have done little in getting rid of him, if Pericles remains free to carry out his plans. He has not a private fortune sufficiently large to allow him to purchase followers enough for his purpose, he therefore bribes the people with the riches of the state; and these splendid buildings are so many lures thrown out to catch the fickle love of the multitude. The number of artisans employed, and the influx of strangers consequent upon this, create a kind of factitious prosperity, and give him the popularity which yesterday afforded such a striking proof of: — for, after all, it was to him that the wreaths and the applause were tendered, not to his tools and minions. The people knew what would be the most gratifying homage, and they offered it. Pheidias himself, whom we may presume to know the mind of his patron, has given

us a tolerably clear explanation of them: — Aspasia on the pedestal of the goddess — Pericles on her shield, and the old flatterer himself in one corner."

"What meanest thou?"

"Didst thou not notice the design upon the shield?"

"No."

"Then go and look at it: the figure of the warrior there depicted cannot be mistaken, even though the features are partly hidden by his raised arm, and the old man in the corner is Pheidias himself. Things are come to a fine pass, when the most solemn emblems of our national worship are to be thus made the means of conveying a covert flattery to an ambitious man!"

"I was not near enough to notice the figures thou sawest," replied Thucydides; "and in very truth I was what thou wilt call fool enough to lend my voice to the applause which greeted that splendid work of art. I am Athenian at heart; and I love to see my native city adorned as no other city in the world has been: and even while opposing the views of our would-be tyrant, I cannot but admire the splendour of his schemes, as well as the talent which enables him to accomplish them. No man has ever understood the Athenian people so well."

"And that makes him so dangerous. How can we wonder that the multitude is captivated, when he has made half a convert of thee?"

"He has not done that, Diopeithes; but he and I have been political rivals long enough to make me feel that we have no ordinary man to deal with. He has a tact in perceiving the exact moment for urging his designs, and a persuasive eloquence in proposing

them, and overcoming all opposition, that I have never seen equalled."

"Well! well! we shall see," said Dracontides: "when the proper time arrives, I will take care that his accounts shall undergo a strict examination, and, unless he has been more honest or more cunning than any of his predecessors, I think we shall pull him down."

Thucydides smiled at the sanguine anticipations of the young politician. "I think that thou wilt find that he is both the one and the other," said he; "but however that may be, I will give thee my best aid when the time comes; though I still think that the ostracism will be the best thing to depend on. The Athenian people easily surfeit of what they love, and begin to distrust their divinities at the moment that their admiration of them has been the most extravagant."

"The ostracism would do nothing," replied Diopeithes, gravely, "unless we could banish the whole faction at once. The national institutions of Athens are knit up with its national worship, and we shall vainly hope to preserve the one if the other is shaken. Suppose Pericles banished — the schools of Anaxagoras and of Aspasia will still be open; where, under the guise of scientific discussion, the most barefaced atheism is inculcated. I was myself among the auditors of one of the late lectures given by Aspasia, when both Anaxagoras and Pericles were present; and I was shocked and provoked at the terms in which she spoke of our most sacred rites, consecrated to us by the practice of our forefathers, and the approbation of all good men. It is the plan

of this party to set up some incomprehensible abstraction, termed by them the Deity, which they deny to have form or parts, and, finally, as it appears to me, explain away into nothing at all — in the room of the gods rendered dear to us by all our earliest associations and impressions. Let the people once become accustomed to these innovations, and we know not what may follow. At present the sacrifices help to maintain a considerable number of the poorer citizens *: take away these, and of course if these latitudinarian principles gain ground they will be discontinued, and you will leave a considerable portion of our population in a state of poverty which will make them the ready tools of the first man that will offer them pay."

"And remember," said Dracontides, "that Peisistratos came back from his banishment but to reign more absolutely than before. † Pericles will not need to seek for the goddess to accompany him; for the people have already hailed his mistress as Pallas."

"It is not without design," resumed Diopeithes, seeming scarcely to attend to the interruption, "that scientific questions are daily mooted in the schools of these teachers. Under the pretext of astronomical discoveries, the very divinity of the heavenly bodies is exposed to doubt, and the people tempted to puzzle their brains with questions which they will never understand, and which can be of no utility. What farther result can be expected from engaging artisans and women in the labyrinths of science, than that they will neglect their business, and, by quitting their proper sphere, become useless members

* See Note LI. † See Note LII.

of society — eaters rather than contributors to the general stock."

Thucydides again smiled. "If this is the characteristic of useless members of society, I am afraid we must acknowledge it to belong to a good many of our own class," said he. "What sayest thou, for instance, to Glycon and Hermippos?"

But Diopeithes, determined not to allow the course of his thoughts to be disturbed, gave no answer to the question, and doggedly resumed his harangue.

"See how Sparta holds its ground, merely because the laws of Lycurgus permit no change ——"

"I doubt, nevertheless," again interrupted the persevering Thucydides, "whether the institutions of Sparta would suit us. Our constitution, in giving a power of change, provides also a power of amelioration. It is for us to take care that this does not degenerate into licentious innovation."

"And how are we to decide what is licentious innovation," resumed Diopeithes, "if we once begin a course of change? Aristeides did away with the property qualification *, and Ephialtes limited the power of the court of Areopagus, and what have we gained by it? — that we are now debating how we are to prevent Athens from being cast at the feet of a courtesan."

"It is too late to talk of this now," said Thucydides; "we must take the laws as they are, and make the best of them: the thing might have been worse."

"Not worse than the state we are now hurrying

* See Note LIII.

to. Every man now thinks himself capable of guiding the state, and the baker lays down his loaf while he traces the course of the fleet or the army in the dust upon his counter, and gives his opinion on the skill of the commanders. It was but the other day that I heard a fellow holding forth in his shop on the defeat of Tolmides, and explaining why Pericles was averse to the expedition; and I had not gone many steps farther before I heard another fellow, who, as he was chipping away at a block of marble, was giving mathematical reasons why the sun and moon were scraps of earth and stone, without any divine power whatever; and finished by setting himself to prove that the mythology of our fathers was merely an encouragement to all kinds of vice and licentiousness. I assure thee he had a large and approving audience, and many a shrewd remark passed among the unwashed crowd, which I wish thou couldst have heard, for thou seemest less alive to the danger of our situation than I could wish." *

"Thou mistakest me, Diopeithes; I *am* alive to it, and this is the reason why I am an enemy to such measures. I acknowledge that many idle people might be left in want if the sacrifices were curtailed; but dost thou not see that by allowing this to take place, we may easily turn the unpopularity of the measure against our opponents? As for any particular zeal for this or that god, or for all Olympus put together, I cannot affect what I do not feel. They are a part of our national institutions, and as such claim respect, that is all."

* See Note LIV.

"Why, thou art half a philosopher thyself, Thucydides! a part of our national institutions! and is not that enough to claim the heartfelt homage of every good citizen? Has not our city risen and prospered under their patronage, and did not the Persians fly discomfited from the power of Phœbus at Delphi?* I am content to worship as my fathers worshipped; and I do not think that any good is gained from such curious inquiries into the origin of things. And what hold should we have on the people were we to take away the dread of Tartarus?"

"The dread of Tartarus has not done much, I think," replied Thucydides; and I believe that it is not easy to prevent such things from becoming obsolete as time creeps on. I believe, in fact, that this very mythology, which is now bound up with our public institutions, did but take the place of some other obsolete opinion, more ancient yet. It is thus that one form after another passes away, and each is good as long as it suits the needs of the age and the people. I believe that Pericles has owed a part of his popularity to his keen perception of what those needs are, and his unscrupulous endeavour to satisfy them. You have heard already my opinion as to the best mode of dealing with him; but if you think you can carry through more active measures, you shall have my aid — meantime, assure yourselves well of what ground you stand upon. Do not let us build his throne whilst endeavouring to pull it down.

* See Note LV.

Here come two men whom I neither like nor trust—we will part here."

"What! Glycon and Hermippos? they are two of our best partisans," said Dracontides.

"I should be sorry to fancy that: they are too much devoted to pleasure to make good statesmen, and too hot-headed to make wise ones. Come, Diopeithes, thou and I will leave Dracontides with his friends."

CHAP. IX.

THE SLAVE MERCHANT.

"So! we have broken up a conference," said Glycon, as he approached. "What says Thucydides to the triumph of Pericles? Why, he is become the very god of the people."

"Thucydides is for temporising, and trying to carry the ostracism, and Diopeithes and I have been urging him to more decisive measures."

"Right, right — Hermippos and I have been discussing the matter as we came along. Knowest thou that we have a good chance of proving our friend Pheidias guilty of peculation in regard to the gold employed in the statue of the goddess?"

"Indeed! what then, the fellow that gave thee some hints a few days back, has disclosed more?"

"The fellow that *I* gave some valuable hints to," said Glycon, laughing, "has found his memory greatly strengthened thereby;" and — "was not his story cleverly made up, Hermippos?"

"So well, that I hope Pheidias at least, will not escape us: but we want more stringent laws. I would undertake a sweeping accusation of the whole party, if I were not afraid that I might miss of a fifth part of the votes, and have not only to pay the thousand drachmæ on each action, but perhaps the

penalty into the bargain.* It would be a fine stroke of policy to get a law passed for the better enforcing respect towards our national worship."

"That is a good thought of thine, Hermippos," cried Glycon; "but who are we to find to carry it out? Were I to propose any such thing, our graceless citizens would laugh in my face; for all know that I trouble my head very little about Olympus."

"I will tell you who will do it," said Dracontides—"Diopeithes: he is in a perfect fever of piety and patriotism just at present, and his style of pompous declamation has such an air of sincerity about it at the same time, that he will be sure to persuade the people. At this moment he is fully persuaded that we are running headlong to destruction, and can only be saved by returning to the old world system that Aristeides and Themistocles between them contrived to kick over. Thucydides and he are gone off together to mature some plan of proceeding. I will suggest thy proposition to them, Hermippos, for it seems to promise well."

"Do so, and tell them, that if they will get a law enacted to punish impiety, I will begin a course of religious observances directly, in order to fit me for prosecuting persons less pious than myself. My first act shall be a large libation to Bacchus to-night. Eh, Glycon? and my next shall be to prepare a comedy for the next Dionysia†: besides which, I purpose a large devotion to the proper worship of Aphrodité and her son, and thus I think I shall be

* See Note LVI. † See Note LVII.

unquestionably one of the most devout men in Athens."

A long and loud laugh from all three followed this sally, and some others in the same style. "Thou art a merry fellow, Hermippos," said Dracontides, "and thy comedy will be worth hearing, I doubt not. Do not spare the great man."

"Trust me for that — and then if we can get the laugh on our side, our cause is half won: but, *πρὸς τῶν Θέων*, let me have a law against impiety to go to work with. Run after our friends yonder, and see what is to be done, and come to supper to-morrow night, that we may talk it over. Glycon will be with me, and some more of our friends."

Glycon watched the steps of Dracontides as he departed, and then turning to Hermippos, said carelessly, "Wilt thou walk with me to Peiræus, and see what fish are in the market to-day?"

"I walk to Peiræus! what? — a pretty little step of forty stadia just for a morning's exercise!"

"And why not? what canst thou do better?"

"Go to the Lyceum, and see what handsome youths I can find there. I have several times seen ΚΑΛΟΣ ΛΥΣΙΑΣ inscribed on the walls*; let us go and see if he deserves his fame."

"Not I — I have got other business on my hands."

"What? thy intrigue with Hipparete? Nay, never look astonished; dost thou imagine that I did not hear the 'to-morrow' pronounced so resolutely by a certain lady yesterday?"

"Oh that will be later in the day," said Glycon,

* See Note LVIII.

laughing; "I have something more urgent than that in hand now: — but I can take my walk by myself, so get thee gone to thy haunts; we meet again to-morrow night;" and turning off from his friend, he hastily retraced his steps towards the port.

Peiræus was then the centre of Grecian trade. Ships from every quarter resembling the still surviving remnant of the ancient trading vessel, the speronaro, filled the harbour; and along the shore, and in the different houses of entertainment, mariners of all nations were lounging and amusing themselves. Here and there the commander of some vessel that had finished its lading was summoning his people to take advantage of the fair wind, and they were seen pushing through crowds of fishermen to reach the vessel: — in another place, a vessel laden with corn had just arrived, and a throng of porters were assembled, waiting for employment in landing the cargo; and here again were some of the fashionable loungers of Athens, bargaining with captains of vessels for Median robes; and the lovers of good eating forestalling the market, by purchasing the dainties of foreign lands at the ship's side; and collectors of curiosities inspecting monkeys, and parrots, and singing birds; while in front of a low shed, not far from the shore, a slave merchant had taken his stand, and was inviting the passers by to look at his stock.

As Glycon approached, the man hailed him by his name: — "Noble sir, I have a few choice bits here, wouldst thou please to look at them? I have two young maidens from Cheronæa, that, if I do not sell them here, I purpose to carry on to the Persian

satrap at Sardis.* I have not shown them yet to any one. Wilt thou not like to look at them, noble sir? Or dost thou want a strong slave for thy farms? I have three or four that I am sure thou wouldst approve: or some skilful handicraftsmen from Egypt?" — Or — nay, noble sir, thou needest not look farther: there are no other slaves in the market today, and I can assure thee that mine are of the very best quality."

"I do not want thy slaves," said the Athenian; "but perhaps ——".

"Would thy greatness wish any of thy friends to have a first choice? I have a girl who touches the cithara so divinely that she is dog cheap at thirty minas; but then for household work I have some that I can put up at three minas; and of men and boys I have an assortment from fifty drachmas up to ten minas. Wilt thou not look at them, noble sir?"

"I tell thee I do not want thy slaves; but ——"

"Will thy excellency like to look at a young lad who for form and feature will not easily be matched. I picked him up in Eubœa," added he, lowering his tone mysteriously, "and he would be a fit cup-bearer for Jove himself."

"Hang thee for a babbling rascal, wilt thou never have done?" exclaimed Glycon impatiently. "Let me speak a word in thine ear:" the slave-dealer approached him. "Thou art of Megara, if I mistake not."

"Noble sir, I am a Rhodian by birth."

"But thou hast thy head-quarters at Nisæa, and

* See Note LIX.

if thou knowest it not already, I can tell thee, that thou wilt not be allowed to sell thy two-legged cattle here. Knowest thou not that since the slaughter of the Athenian garrison by thy countrymen, no intercourse has subsisted between the two states?"

"Noble sir, upon my faith I am not a native of Megaris, and had no hand in the revolt. I was at Cyprus at the time, and am only now returned."

"That may be, but there will not be much inquiry made as to thy citizenship: thou art known by many as a Megarean, and it was only this morning that my Paphlagonian told me that the Megarean slave-merchant was come into port. Thy cargo will be forfeited, depend on it."

"Noble sir, it would be my ruin: let me entreat thee to stand my friend."

"So I will, and I came hither on purpose. Carry off thy cargo as quickly as possible, ere thou art noticed, and having got out of the way of being known, lay to for two days—I will put three or four more slaves into thy hands, that thou shalt have for the carrying off, if thou art prompt and bold."

"I am no coward, noble sir, and am ready at thy command, if thou wilt please to explain."

"Thou shalt have thy directions to-night. Be in the shed where thou hast thy slaves now, to-night at dusk, and wait till my Paphlagonian—thou knowest him—brings thee my instructions. Thou must have six or seven stout men well armed, and a boat in readiness at the time and place he shall tell thee; and thou must take him and those he shall bring thee at the appointed time, and be off from the port before dawn. On his person thou shalt find a purse of gold

to pay thee for the danger of the enterprise. Carry them all off, so that I may never hear of them again, and visit this port no more. Thou wilt have a booty in male and female slaves that will pay thy trouble well."

"Noble sir, how can I be sufficiently grateful," cried the slave-merchant, rubbing his hands in delight; "two maidens and two men, was it not? *νὴ τὸν Ἑρμῆν*! I have not had so good a catch for some months."

"Two maidens and *three* men, my most excellent captain, for my Paphlagonian is to be included; but hearken — take care that thou sellest him at a distance: dost understand?"

"Perfectly, perfectly, most noble sir: I never trouble myself beyond my business. I am to get slaves where I can, and Sardis and Carthage are excellent markets; and, as thy nobility says, if such a decree has been past at Athens, I must keep at a distance from Peiræus in future. Health and success to thee, noble sir."

"Health and success to thee too, my most excellent dealer in human cattle; but shouldst thou be pursued, my Paphlagonian has the voice of a Stentor: it would be well not to let him hail the Athenians."

"Noble sir, I understand the whole business: thou mayst depend on me;" and a look of intelligence passed between them which seemed to have satisfied both parties of their perfect interchange of feeling.

The slave-dealer gazed at the departing figure of the perfumed and graceful Athenian with a look of professional connoisseurship which seemed to measure every limb and movement. "A pretty bit of a man

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as one could wish for in a Carthaginian market!" exclaimed he, as he watched the free step of the pupil of the gymnasium: "action and strength without too much fat; broad in the shoulders, small in the loins: I could make thirty minas of such a man as that. Humph! a ticklish business, it seems, that he has set me upon: the Paphlagonian is not to tell tales — yes, yes, I understand; the purse of gold on his person to pay my loss; all right, most noble Athenian! I wish I had such a job every day;" and with these broken sentences, and every now and then a chuckling laugh between, the fellow retired into the hut.

Glycon in the mean time returned towards Athens: fortune had so far favoured his schemes; and his step was more elastic, and his head was carried higher, as he thought of his almost accomplished revenge. He passed the loungers at the palæstra* with only a short greeting, and heard of this and the other who might be seen within, with indifference; till his gay compeers laughed, and told him he was aping Pericles.

"Nay, say rather that Pericles is aping me," said he, laughing in his turn. "His bevy of damsels is beyond any thing that even I ever attempted; and while he is employing his leisure so much to his satisfaction, I have some notion of devoting mine to the benefit of the state."

"Bravo! bravo! Glycon!" exclaimed a dozen voices at once: "we will elect thee one of our generals next year, and thou shalt make an irruption into

* See Note LX.

Laconia, and carry off fair damsels and youths for us all: no one is a better judge."

"The Laconian damsels will be more than a match for him or thee either, Archestratos," exclaimed Glaucon: "they are but one degree better than the Scythians, who are only to be won by knocking them down: why, man! they are better exercised in the palæstra than thou art!—Ugh! I would as soon cope with a wild cat as a Laconian girl."

Glycon escaped in the midst of the general laugh, and again wended his way homewards with hasty strides. Arrived at his own house, he retired to his private apartment, and called for the Paphlagonian. "How goes our business?" inquired he, as the slave appeared.

"Excellently, noble sir! I have told Euagrios of the new strange birds which I saw Pyrilampes purchase from the Phœnician captain this morning, and he has whetted the curiosity of his mistress and her damsels till they are determined to go to see them. Nicanor and he usually go out with them, but by good luck Nicanor has just now strained his foot and cannot go, and Sosias is stupid enough to be no hinderance. He is gone to Pyrilampes now to arrange the hour for to-morrow, and will tell me as he returns."

"Admirably done!" And now listen to me. I have seen the Megarean this morning: he will have a boat and men in readiness at any spot thou shalt show him. He will be in the slave-hut on the shore waiting for thee to-night at dark. The house of Pyrilampes stands so near the sea, that if Euagrios could tempt some of the girls to quit their mistress to look at some

other part of the garden — we must not think of meddling with Aspasia herself — he might get them out of the back gate, and away ere any one knew it. Go buy a parrot or a monkey, or something of that kind, and be in waiting outside the gate, so as to tempt them beyond it. Place the Megarean and his men somewhere in concealment near, with two or three thick cloaks to throw over their heads and stop their outcries, and they will be in the boat and off before they are missed: thou shalt have a handsome purse of gold in thy girdle to pay them all well; and it will pass for a Megarean outrage only. Euagrios may vow he was only looking at thy parrot, and followed them to the shore with thee, in the hope of rescuing his young ladies when the men rushed forth to seize them. The story will tell excellently, if you both keep your own counsel," and Glycon laughed with malicious glee.

The Paphlagonian laughed too, and promised himself, in secret, that much the larger part of the contents of the purse should remain in his own girdle.

CHAP. X.

AN EVENING VISIT.

THE sun was already shedding a slanting ray on the bronze Naiads whose vases were bubbling gaily in the aulé of Aspasia's residence, when the fair Milesian throwing herself on a Persian couch under the colonnade called one of her young friends to her side. "Lydè, dearest, I am weary and heart-sick," said she, "take thy lute and sing to me if thou lovest me: it will soothe and quiet my mind."

"Weary thou mayst well be after the exertion of this morning's brilliant discourse," said Lydè; "but heart-sick, mistress mine! when only yesterday saw the laurel crown placed upon thy brow by the greatest man in Athens, amid the acclamations of its assembled citizens!—shall I confess it? I envied thee that moment of triumph, and would have given a whole life of the gynæceum for that one instant."

"That thou mightest easily do, for the life of the gynæceum is but the sleep, if not the death, of the soul*: but if thou thinkest that those acclamations are the fit reward of our endeavours to be what the Deity made us to be, thou hast mistaken their worth, Lydè. I will not deny that a feeling of gratified pride may arise in the heart on such an oc-

* See Note LXI.

casion; but it is a weakness, and I am angry with myself for having yielded to it for a moment even."

"But surely it is no weakness to seek and enjoy the approbation of the great and the good. Why shouldst thou wish to be insensible to what Pheidias, old as he is, felt to his heart's core?"

"But who are the great and the good, Lydè?"

Lydè blushed and looked down. She thought of the general character of that assembled multitude, and comparing it with the more rigid morals of the school of Anaxagoras and Aspasia, she felt that her term had been ill applied.

Aspasia repeated her question — "Who are the great and the good, Lydè?"

The young girl threw her arms about her beloved teacher. "Thou hast made me ashamed of my folly in speaking so hastily," said she; "but Pericles, and Anaxagoras, and Pheidias — are they not great and good?"

"Anaxagoras would not accept the title, were we to offer it him," replied the daughter of Axiochus: "he would point to the skies, and bid us seek there something greater and better."

"But Pericles — 'the conquering son of a conquering sire,' as we heard him called when he landed from his last successful expedition into Eubœa — surely *he* is great! and then he is so kind, so good!"

"Pericles is a man subject to human failings, — curbed by the limits to human power. Was it so good and kind when he revived that law respecting the children of mixed marriages, which a few years back caused the enslavement of numbers who till then had held themselves free citizens? I grant that the

privileges accorded to the citizens of Athens required that their number should be limited; and if the children of such marriages had been debarred merely from enjoying those privileges, the measure might have been at once politic and just; but to sell those unfortunate persons! * oh, that was cruel, if voluntarily done; and if it was forced upon him, as indeed I suspect it was, then he is not great. Lydè, there is but ONE Great and Good. Let us so act as to win the applause of that ONE, and then the idle acclamations of the multitude will matter but little."

"Mistress, thou always makest me blush for my folly when I try to argue with thee; but were all our great men wrong, then, who set up the approbation of their fellow-citizens as the object of their ambition?"

"When Aristeides resigned the command to Miltiades at Marathon, what dost thou suppose was his object?"

"I conclude it was the public benefit; he thought Miltiades the most capable: am I right?"

"I think so; but he was victorious at Platæa: he might have conquered at Marathon; and how much more applause he would have received if he had!"

"Yes; but if he *had not?* thou knowest that then Athens would have been ruined."

"True; and I conclude therefore that Aristeides thought of the good of his country rather than its applause. Is not this the consequence of what we said, Lydè?"

"Oh, mistress, I see I am a very foolish girl; but

* See Note LXII.

tell me, teach me, why does not every one think as thou dost? for no sooner do I hear thee speak, than my heart seems to tell me thou art right."

Aspasia drew the fair girl closer to her, and rested her head on her shoulder. "If I could always find such confiding pupils, I might do something, perhaps, dearest! but the world is guided by the evil passions of men, and not by their better reason. The politician seeks to exalt his party: he thinks of all the good he can do when once he has got power into his hands; and persuading himself that the end sanctifies the means, he resorts to all kinds of unprincipled expedients to obtain the wished-for pre-eminence. In all party there must be leaders and subordinates: the leader satisfies his own mind with the great ends he proposes, and he does not *himself*, perhaps, give the bribe that gains him a majority of votes; or perhaps it is but a compliance with some popular measure that is required, and that once conceded, he will be all-powerful, and may curb to-morrow those he flatters to-day. Such is the language by which all party leaders satisfy their conscience, and blind themselves to the real tendency of their measures; but in the mean time, the subordinates, who do not, or perhaps cannot, comprehend these sublime designs, act immorally in a thousand different ways at the instance of their leader: *he* thinks of the great end; *they* see the turpitude of the means, and probably ere he has gained the point he was toiling to arrive at, he has encouraged such injustice and corruption among the people, that his brilliant designs are unavailing, and he is forced to employ the hardly-earned power in repressing the very evils that he had

himself generated during his struggle for it, and the great designs remain for ever in abeyance. I have seen this perpetually, yet no man grows wiser by the example of his predecessors; and laws are past, not because they are in themselves just and right, and calculated to exalt the better part of man, but because they will give a preponderance to one or the other party, no matter what the moral effect may be. Thus the struggle of party is sure to produce political immorality, and the best and the wisest come to think popular applause the legitimate end of their endeavours, because it is by this that they have hitherto been accustomed to carry their views into effect."

"What a lesson hast thou given me, Aspasia!" exclaimed a deep voice behind her; for the two friends had been so earnestly engaged in conversation, that neither of them had perceived the entrance of Pericles. "I missed thy lecture of this morning, but thou hast spoken words now which will not easily be forgotten. Our friend Pheidias was right: thou art, indeed, Pallas guiding thy votary, but in a lovelier form than ever she wore when she showed herself to Ulysses."

"Flattery! flattery!" exclaimed Aspasia: "how sick I am of this unnecessary homage; it is unworthy of thee, Pericles: a statesman and a warrior has something better to do than to repeat the idle language of the Teian poet."

"It *is* unworthy both of thee and me, Aspasia; and I know not why I transgressed so far as to use such, though not as flattery; for if ever man"— he paused, and seemed to correct himself as he looked at Lydè, who had now risen from the sofa, and stood near — "if ever man had need of those lessons of

deep wisdom which I have just heard from thee, it is myself; and I could almost think that heaven had really granted me a divine guide in thee for the benefit of Athens: I say, like Lydè, tell me, teach me, and I will become thy willing scholar."

"And learn to despise popular favour, and believe that what is *right* is what is expedient?"

"Yes I will, in despite of yesterday, though the popular voice never made sweeter music to my ear than it did then. When the *heart* of Athens speaks, Aspasia, it does not speak wrong."

"It is a pity that it speaks so seldom, then; no heart spoke for Miltiades, none for Themistocles. Aristeides, when he and his great rival clasped each other in a brother's embrace, and together planned the salvation of Athens, was a banished man*, and Cimon ——"

"Do not reproach me. When Cimon and I contended for the mastery, I was young: I was a party leader such as thou hast depicted; and I longed for power, in order to realise many a bright vision ——"

"Which has faded, and left thee only the regrets which necessarily follow the means employed by party leaders."

"Even so; but remember, whilst chronicling my faults, that I repaired them, and used the influence I had acquired for one good act at least: I used it," added he, smiling, "as thou sayest that well-meaning party leaders always do — to undo my own acts, and I brought back Cimon to his country for three glorious years†: would the time had been longer!"

* See Note LXIII. † See Note LXIV.

"And for how many years wast thou the cause that thy country lost his services?"

"Aspasia, thou art severe."

"I am but a kind surgeon probing the wound to heal it. The factions which split and palsy the power of every state in Greece ought to be viewed in their true light by its statesmen. There is not a town that has not its aristocratic and democratic party, each watching its opportunity to crush the other; and foreign foes depend on these dissensions to effect their purposes far more than on the force of their arms."

"True; but how are these factions to be quieted?"

"The problem is no easy one to solve; but I think that in this, as in all other things, the right is the expedient. It was no long time since, that Sparta was brought to the brink of ruin by the revolt of its helots. Athens dreads no such danger, and why? because the Spartans grind those unfortuate people in the very dust, while in Athens the condition of the slave is made tolerable by many indulgences. I think that if the unreasonable privileges of the aristocratical party were abridged, the discontents would be far less, and the people would submit patiently to the restraints of the law, when they saw that there was no power beyond the law. Is it not the dread of misused despotic power which makes them ungrateful to their benefactors?"

Pericles had thrown himself on a seat near the fair Ionian, and listened to her with the rapt attention of a man whose very soul is in his ears. "Speak on," said he, when she paused; "and let me listen still: thou art inspired."

"Nay, I am but a speculatist; for if thou askest me how these privileges are to be abridged, or how these improvements in law are to be effected, I must confess my ignorance. I have not knowledge enough yet of the intricacies of Athenian politics and parties to be able to go farther."

"Knowest thou not that these speculations, as thou callest them, have formed the groundwork of many of my political dreams?"

"No; but I am glad that they have done so, for I am apt to think that what Pericles dreams will come true."

At this moment Euagrios made his appearance at the entrance door. "Go, Lydè," said Aspasia; "he is come with the answer of Pyrilampes: make thine own arrangement;" and turning again to Pericles, when her pupil was departed, she added, "Why didst thou not share thy dreams with Cimon, and save Athens while it was yet possible?"

"Because, divine woman! I had not thee to curb my false ambition, and teach me to aim at higher things. But if true repentance can win from heaven a blessing on my future acts — and surely it is a mark of its favour when it has sent thee to my aid — we will yet make Athens great and happy."

Aspasia fixed her eyes upon him with melancholy earnestness. "Great and happy!" exclaimed she, "when society is corrupt to its very core? Will the idle mummery of such a pageant as was yesterday exhibited correct this wide-spread licentiousness?"

"It will not; I know it will not; but let me once grasp the reins firmly in my hand, and with the aid of Anaxagoras and thee, even this may be

amended. The heart does not respond to these pageantries: they are valued as festivals only; but once present the truth, and it will fix itself in men's affections. Something is done already; let science be more widely diffused; let females take the place in society which thou hast shown that they are so well qualified to fill; let the sublime philosophy of Anaxagoras be more fully known, and we may perhaps put things on a better footing. The festivals might be continued, even though the worship were purified. Should I ever be happy enough to realise my great dream, and unite Greece in one federal republic, of which Athens should be the head *, the light kindled here would irradiate all Hellas. The enterprise is a mighty one, but I do not despair."

"Sparta will never yield the supremacy to Athens."

"We shall have to fight for it, very possibly; but with prudence we are more than a match for the Peloponnesians, even were they united. Sparta is a remnant of the olden time: its institutions have no pliability, and they are unsuited to the age. The rude rough virtues of barbarous times can hardly be kept up amid the advancing civilisation around: the laws of Lycurgus will become obsolete; and what has Sparta then? Without science, without arts, without commerce, unyielding, cold and stern as its own iron money, its strength will rust away with no power of reproduction."

"All this is true; and wert thou gifted with the same length of life that Hesiodos assigns to mortals

* See Note LXV.

in the silver age *, these schemes might have a chance of accomplishment; but when all hangs upon thy single life, I own I am doubtful of the result. Still the object is a noble one; a fit dream for a hero. Would there were more like thee!"

"Aspasia," said the son of Xanthippus, in a tone of deep emotion, "there would be more men like me, were there more women that resembled thee. Thou wouldst call it flattery were I to tell thee all I feel; but thus much I may say, that thy influence has refined my taste, and purified my very thoughts. After enjoying thy conversation, the coarseness of our social meetings is intolerable to me, and I count the hours till I can return to hear wisdom from thy lips in its most attractive form. Under the like circumstances, others would feel as I have done; for there is something so soothing in the friendship of a woman when she has force of character sufficient to fit her for its exercise, that I can hardly figure to myself the man who would not willingly abandon the licentious merriment of his supper companions for the sake of possessing it. If thou canst ever raise the women of Athens to any thing near a resemblance to thyself, there would no longer be any occasion to complain of the corruption of society — for it would vanish."

"I shall have a hard fight with the prejudices of thy countrymen," said Aspasia, smiling, "and with those of thy countrywomen also; for it is curious, and provoking too, to see how ages of servitude debase the mind. Whatever may be the little discontents of the gynæceum, only propose an eman-

* See Note LXVI.

cipation from its fetters by a course of severe study, and your hearers turn away in disgust, or perhaps quote the Teian to prove that woman has better arms at her command than those of reason*; and will tell you, that when man, with all his boasted acquirements, can be made the slave of a fair face, it is idle to spoil the brightness of the eyes with midnight study. Whilst women glory in being fools, it is no easy matter to regenerate society by their means. However, thou seest I have found some willing to embark with me in my adventurous course, and their devotion to our cause consoles me in some measure for the obstinacy of the rest. Lydè will be fit some day to make another Pericles, if, as thou sayest, they are articles of such easy fabrication."

"The only difficulty will be, the making her another Aspasia. Nay, nay, never pout thy lip at that. I cannot always see and hear thee without some expression of admiration, but it is the admiration of deep respect and esteem. And now wilt thou forgive me if I take the liberty of a friend, and ask thee to let Pheidias and myself join thy supper party? I bade him meet me here, and after months of toil and care, I shall then have one evening of quiet enjoyment."

"Oh, that is delightful!" exclaimed the fair Ionian, with all the frankness of undisguised pleasure: "how much more enjoyable will such an evening be, than the noise and tumult of yesterday! Shall I send for Anaxagoras to join us? I never feel quite happy till that good man is of the party."

* See Note LXVII.

"I knew that; and would have engaged him to come, had I not been told that he was absent from home to-day. Thou must try to be happy without him for once, Aspasia."

"I think it will be possible," replied she, with a smile; "but see, here comes our good old friend," and she rose as she spoke, and met the sculptor as he entered, with a greeting of warm kindness.

It was a supper that night that the gods might have envied; for though simple and frugal, minds met there such as the chances of the world rarely cast together in social intercourse. Aspasia felt the natural satisfaction of a woman who sees herself both passionately loved and deeply respected by one whose love and respect would not be lightly given; and Pericles, with that tact which all who love possess, felt that his homage was valued as it deserved, and was happy. Never had the great statesman more thoroughly unbent; never had Aspasia been more brilliant: the hours passed like minutes, and when it was time to separate, there was not one of the guests that did not sigh that an enjoyment so innocent and so complete could not last for ever.

This was the first of a series of such meetings, sometimes at the house of Pheidias, sometimes at that of Aspasia; and the malignant tongues of Athens soon had the pleasure of adding a fresh slander to the stock of calumnies already current, by accusing both of drawing free women to their houses for the sake of ministering to the impure pleasures of the temperate and self-denying Pericles! *

* See Note LXVIII.

CHAP. XI.

A SUPPER PARTY.

On the following evening a party very different from that described in the last chapter met at the house of the poet Hermippos. Glycon was there, but his usual joviality seemed to have abandoned him: he took his wine-cup in silence, or if he did speak, it was but in some keen jest which flashed like lightning from a dark cloud, and he was silent and gloomy again.

"See now," exclaimed Archestratos, "it is as I said: Glycon is big with the fate of Athens, and begins to feel himself uncomfortable."

"We must send for the mother of the new prodigy whom Criton has chosen to patronise," said Hermippos.

"Who is that?" inquired Ariphron, the son of Archippos.

"What? hast thou not heard that Socrates, the son of the midwife Phænaretè, is Criton's present adoration? They walk together in philosopher's gowns, and dispute whether the blessed Phœbus himself be a hot stone which now and then cools, and requires to be put into the furnace afresh; or whether he may be a box of fire with a window in it which occasionally flaps to, and shuts out the light till some good-natured god opens it again.* Why,

* See Note LXIX.

Glycon, thou art as mute as a fish," continued the master of the feast. "Here, fellow, hand another cup of wine to thy master. Come, try the oysters — they are not bad."

"He cannot open them," said Glaucon, laughing: "he tried his hand last night in a supper with Pericles, and found the shell unyielding."

"With Pericles!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices at once.

"Why, was it not Pericles, Glycon? at any rate I saw thee enter the house and leave it again in so short a time, that I judged thou hadst either shared his water-cresses, or found the shell of his oysters hard."

At this moment a knocking was heard without, and a servant came with the announcement that Dromeas was at the door, and asked admittance.*

"Oh, by all means," exclaimed Hermippos: "he will amuse our friend here, perhaps, who seems beyond our art."

The door opened, and the jester entered with an air of saucy assurance, which told that he was wont to be well received. "So much good company, and no jester to amuse them!" exclaimed he, looking round. "Really, most noble Hermippos, thou hast been too careless of the entertainment of thy guests."

"Not a bit, my good fellow; for I knew thou wouldst be here as soon as the smell of the roast meat reached thy nostrils."

"Why in truth, most generous Hermippos, my nose is good; and as the master of the feast always

* See Note LXX.

likes to see his viands relished by his guests, I have brought an excellent appetite to make myself welcome."

"Right, right, but take a cup of wine to sharpen thy wits as well as thine appetite, for our friend Glycon here is as melancholy and silent as a Spartan. Thou must bring out thy newest jests for him."

Dromeas took the cup which was handed to him. "Verily, this is right Chian — give me another cup, fellow! — Gentlemen, I have some news for you, if you have not yet heard it."

"What? what? most wonderful Dromeas?" exclaimed the greater part of the guests. Glycon remained silent, but he looked up with an air of eager anxiety as the parasite spoke.

"See, see! said Hermippos," thou hast roused him already — now for it then."

"Worthy sir, it is too long a story to be told fasting. Give me those echini, fellow, and another cup of right Chian — hearest thou? Truly these echini are excellent, and the capers such as I meet with nowhere else. They have given me an appetite for something more solid. I could eat a thrush, methinks, with great satisfaction, or a nice tender steak now."

He was again served, and again the food disappeared with the same marvellous celerity.

"But thy news, thy news, Dromeas?" exclaimed Glaucon.

"My good sir, I cannot offend the master of the mansion so much as to pause over such excellent viands. Some onion ravioli, boy."*

* See Note LXXI.

"Verily, Dromeas, thou hast made a trade of eating till thy stomach holds thrice the quantity that satisfies other men. Why, thou unconscionable rascal, dost thou fancy that an Athenian can remain on the rack of curiosity for an hour together?"

"Patience, patience, most noble Glaucon! My story is so good, it is worth waiting for. — So, now another cup of wine, fellow. Let it be Thasian this time." He swallowed his wine, and after wiping his beard with mock gravity, he mounted on one of the couches, and, mimicking the air of Anaxagoras addressing his pupils, he began: —

"My friends, since I last addressed you, I have been considering the subject we then discussed, and I am fully of opinion, that Thasian wine ought to be drunk after Chian *, which, as it is an experiment of some consequence to the farther explanation of my views, I think it important that you should all try."

"Bravo! bravo! Dromeas! bring the cups," exclaimed Hermippos to the slaves in attendance.

"Now, gentlemen," continued Dromeas, after having swallowed his wine, "you have doubtless perceived, by the success of this experiment, that the time I have devoted to this branch of philosophy has not been mis-spent; and that there is nothing that so much contributes to good fellowship as three cups of right Chian, followed by two of Thasian, and a repetition of the same as often as the exigency of the case may require. Gentlemen, I was walking on the shore, in deep contemplation of this important point,

* See Note LXXII.

this evening, in order that I might run no hazard of misleading my pupils."

Glycon started at the word "shore," and leaned forward in eager attention; but met the eye of Dromeas fixed on him with an expression of so much meaning, that he threw himself back into his former reclining position, exclaiming, to his next neighbour, "This fellow's wit grows tiresome."

"Whilst I was weighing in my own mind," continued Dromeas, "the number of cups which might exactly effect the given purpose — gentlemen, this is a question of such difficulty that, after a calculation of many hours, I have arrived at no certain conclusion — my attention was drawn by the sound of plashing oars. I looked up, and lo! a boat was near me, and the mariners seemed to me not to be Athenians; yea, upon the whole, they had a very ugly look about them, which made me withdraw to a safer place, for truly I did not know what might be their intentions. I ensconced myself therefore behind some stones, where I thought I might abide safely, for the backs of the men were towards me, and they did not seem to perceive me."

"This is a long story, Dromeas," said Hermippos: "thy calculations have failed thee, and thou hast taken a cup too much."

"By no means, most excellent Hermippos! my story is long, and must be long, but then it is a grave matter."

"A grave matter! How long has Dromeas dealt with grave matters?" exclaimed Glycon.

"Ever since thou hast set me the example, most noble Glycon," said the parasite with a saucy grin:

"it is somewhat strange to both of us:" — a shout of laughter from the company followed this reply; and Dromeas continued: "The boat neared the shore, and then peeping out from my hiding place, I could perceive a party of people hurrying towards it. You know the pretty villa of Pyrilampes, gentlemen: it was from that side they came, and I saw that two figures, apparently women, were borne along by armed mariners. I say apparently — for their heads and persons were so involved in covering, that it was not easy to judge, but from their struggles, that they were living creatures."

"Now shall we see," exclaimed Glycon, "that this fellow has met some sailors carrying off a couple of hogs to their ship, and has kept us all on the stretch of curiosity for the last half hour on this worthy subject."

"Noble Glycon, thou wouldst play the jester better than I can — that is a stroke beyond me; but I shall not forget the hint — arrived at the shore, the booty was thrown into the boat ——"

"You see! hogs to a certainty!"

"Pah! Does any one think those unclean beasts could excite my interest? — They were beautiful women, I have no doubt: the booty was thrown in, but then began a scuffle among the men on the shore. Three of them were dressed as slaves of some wealthy family — but the armed mariners had the better; and all were tossed into the boat, which was soon bounding away under the strokes of twelve or fourteen stout rowers, towards a galley which lay at no great distance. I thought by the look of it that it was from Megara."

"Is this fact?" said one or two of the guests, beginning to look grave.

"Gentlemen, it is the perfect truth. I was so puzzled and astonished that I stood for some time on the shore gazing. I saw the boat near the vessel — the captives, for I thought I could then discover that they were bound, were handed in, and the vessel was soon under way, and making rapid progress to seaward. I was turning homewards, and had already gone some little distance, when I was suddenly seized from behind by a couple of stout slaves — plague on the fellows! I can feel their gripe on my shoulders still; and a moment after, Pyrilampes himself comes panting up to me, vowing vengeance, and threatening me with a thousand deaths, till I actually trembled to hear him. Two of his guests, daughters of noble families, he said, were missing, with their servants: he had traced footsteps to the shore: he feared they had been seized by pirates, and he doubted if I were not an accomplice. I did myself justice, as you may suppose, and told what I had seen; for which, to say truth, he was little grateful, for he called me many ill names for not giving the alarm; though, of course, had I stirred from my hiding place I should have fared like the others; and you must be aware, gentlemen, that a chœnix of dry corn *per diem* *, and hard work withal, would agree very ill with my constitution."

"In very truth, Pyrilampes ought to have beaten thee for a vile poltroon as thou art," said Ariphron, with a sudden movement of indignation. "What!

* See Note LXXIII.

stand behind a heap of stones to see Athenian citizens carried off by pirates! I could find in my heart to beat thee myself. Who were they, rascal?"

Dromeas descended from his eminence, threw himself on the couch at full length, and covered his head, exclaiming, "That there was nothing left for him but to die, if such was to be his reward for entertaining the company."

"We shall get nothing more out of him if he continues in this mood," observed Hermippos to Ariphron in a low tone; "let him tell his story. Dromeas, my good fellow," added he, addressing himself to the parasite, "take another cup to raise thy spirits, and tell the rest of thy tale."

"Most excellent Hermippos, thou always knowest the way to my heart," said Dromeas. "I accept thy kindness," and he swallowed down the proffered wine: — "thy friend would know who these damsels were — they were the daughters of Lycon and Menippos. Knowest thou not that they had betaken themselves to the house of Aspasia to learn her trade? They are no great loss, methinks."

Glycon laughed loudly. "Thou sayest well, Dromeas: there are enough strumpets left in Athens even after their number has been lessened by two — but what followed?"

"Why Pyrilampes flew about like a nympholept*, and I was haled before the Thesmothetai to describe the mariners and the vessel, and then messengers were despatched in all directions till all Phaleron and Peiræus were in an uproar. Before I departed,

See Note LXXIV.

orders had come from the great man to launch two gallies and follow the Megareans; and, doubtless, they are at this moment in full pursuit, though, to say truth, I have no great notion that they will come up with them. The vessel was well manned, and she skimmed over the waves like a sea-mew."

Glycon laughed again with malicious joy. "That Megarean captain must be a clever hand," said he. "What? he cleared all then? left none behind to tell the tale? Eh?"

"None but myself, and truly I hold myself another Teucer to have thus escaped behind the Telamonian shield. If it had not been for that lucky heap of stones, nobody would ever have known any thing about the matter."

"This will prove a bad business for Megara," observed Ariston, who had listened with much attention to the tale: "the more so, if the report that reached me this evening be true, that Anthemocritos, who was despatched with an account of the decree of the council in consequence of the revolt, has been murdered on his way.* Truly these Megareans are arrived at a pitch of insolence that requires to be chastised."

"Is the programma up yet?" inquired Glaucon.

"Not yet: I think it was promised to the Spartan ambassadors that the psephism should not be brought before the people for confirmation till the Megareans had had time to deliberate upon it. But if all this be true, I have no doubt that we shall see it up to-morrow, or the day after. If our herald has been

* See Note LXXV.

assassinated on his way, no terms can be kept with Megara any longer, and we shall probably see the decree considerably strengthened in consequence of these outrages."

"We shall have a splendid oration from Pericles on the occasion," said Ariphron. "He will be indignant, and with reason. I will go to the assembly of the people on purpose to give my vote for bringing that impudent little state to order. When the King dares not come within reach of Greece by sea or land*, it is too bad to be pecked at by a sparrow."

"Gentlemen, you are grave," said Hermippos, addressing the little knot of friends who had leaned over to confer with each other. — "Here, boy, call in the musicians: we will not have our entertainment spoiled by the idle exploit of the Megareans; and as it happens, we shall have a very proper revenge, for one of the women I have engaged is Simætha, the Megarean guitar player, whom our people carried off when they marched to relieve the garrison in Nisæa. — Come hither, Simætha," said he, addressing himself to a woman whose slight clothing, and unabashed look, marked her profession, and who at that moment entered with a guitar in her hand: — "hast thou heard that thy countrymen take thy loss so ill, that they have carried off two of our Attic girls by way of reprisal? † Thou must exert thyself, to show that they have not over-rated thee, or thou wilt be sent back again in exchange to starve at Megara. Sing us a song to amuse my friends."

* See Note LXXVI. † See Note LXXVII.

The girl looked round her with a saucy toss of her head; and seating herself on one of the couches, began to tune the strings of her instrument, answering at the same time, "May-be the friends can entertain one another better than I can. I see the walls covered every where with καλὸς Lysias *, and καλὸς Hermodoros; but I no where see any καλὴ. Shall I sing you a song of how Jupiter won Ganymed? or will you have a dithyrambic in honour of Bacchus? It would be appropriate, for yonder lies Silenus," continued she, glancing at Dromeas.

"Well hit, girl!" said Glycon: "I will hug thee for that, and write καλὴ Simætha on the walls all the way I go to-morrow morning."

"The man that hugs me must put his hand in his purse first," said the girl, giving him at the same time a smart slap on the cheek; and bounding into the middle of the room she began her song, accompanying it with pantomimic action. The company laughed, and applauded, and called on Dromeas to perform his part.

"But we must have the ass," cried Hermippos: "Silenus is nothing without his ass. Here, boy! go fetch us one."

"Spare yourselves that trouble," cried Simætha, interrupting her song: "yonder are two" — and she pointed to the two graver guests who had already been and were still engaged in political conversation."

"Bravo, bravo! Simætha!" was exclaimed on all sides; and Dromeas throwing off his mantle and tunic, to fit himself for the appropriate representative

* See Note LXXVIII.

of the drunken god, and snatching some ivy from that with which the columns of the saloon were ornamented, he twined it round his head, and threw one leg over the shoulder of Ariphron as he reclined, as if he were preparing to mount. This was too much to be borne; and the young man seizing the foot of the parasite, by a dexterous twist, overthrew his ponderous bulk upon the floor; and rising at the same time, he beckoned to his friend Ariston, who also rose and joined him.

"We are not wanted here," said Ariphron: "there are asses and satyrs enough present to satisfy all needs, without requiring us to swell the number," and the two friends left the apartment.

Their departure, however, was not allowed to damp the spirit of the carouse. Dromeas was again set upon his feet, more wine was called for, and another cup or two of right Chian enabled him to do his part to perfection. Other singing girls yet more succinctly attired, were introduced; and a scene of riot ensued, which, as none of the guests remembered much about it the next morning, it will be neither profitable nor very possible to describe. Some fell upon the couches and snored away the fumes of the debauch, while some reeled homewards with the assistance of their slaves, disturbing the more quiet inhabitants with their drunken songs, and fancying that every laden ass which the countrymen were driving in for the early market, was the ass of Silenus.

CHAP. XII.

ATHENS IN COMMOTION.

THE morning of the following day was one of extraordinary excitement even among that most excitable people. Glycon's plans had been so well laid, and so well executed, that no one entertained the least suspicion of the real author of the outrage, which was universally supposed to have been an act of Megarean piracy; and knots of citizens began to gather together in the most frequented parts as the morning advanced, discussing anxiously the event of the evening before. No tidings had yet been heard either of the piratical vessel or the galleys sent in pursuit; and conjecture wearied itself in assigning causes and consequences for what had occurred.

Scarcely had the council met in the senate-house when Lycon and Menippos entered the hall: both were distinguished citizens; the latter had served in the late affairs as the lieutenant of Pericles, the former had seen his only son fall by his side in the campaign of the last summer — and both bore upon their bodies the honourable scars of many a well-foughten field. To see those heads now bowed down with grief which had never stooped before an enemy; to hear the man who had borne the death of his son in the defence of Athens with patience, because in his eyes it was a hallowed cause, now with bitter

sorrow claiming from his country a fitting vengeance for the dishonour of his daughter, was enough to waken the sympathy of all present; and when he concluded the narrative of his wrong with a passionate burst of tears, exclaiming: — "When my son was sacrificed for Athens, I had a daughter on whose bosom I could weep," — the assembled senators dissolved also into tears, and putting aside the customary form *, the Proedros at once called upon the council to give their opinion on the measures proper to be adopted for the chastisement of the Megareans.

Charinos, who had first proposed the decree against Megara, whose execution had been delayed at the request of Sparta, had already risen to speak, when a sound of cries and lamentations from without caught his attention, and he paused, while all eyes were turned in anxious expectation towards the door. A moment more, and the stately form of Pericles appeared: behind him, borne on the shoulders of six men, was a mangled corpse, in whose stiffened hand the consecrated baton of the herald was still clenched. The general advanced in silence to the middle of the hall, and signed to the bearers to deposit their burthen there; then extending his right hand towards the senators, whilst with the left he pointed to the bloody corse, he exclaimed, in that deep tone to which the heart of Athens had long thrilled — "Athenians! there lies the messenger of peace! By virtue of my office, I have summoned an assembly of the people for to-morrow — be it your care to prepare a fitting psephism" — and with the same stately bearing as had

* See Note LXXIX.

distinguished his entrance, he turned and left the assembly.

The men who had brought in the body were now called upon to give their evidence as to what they knew of the death of the herald; and they stated, that having been engaged in their field labours, they had suddenly heard cries of distress; and on running to the spot, they found the unfortunate man, whose body was now before them, lying on the ground mortally wounded: three armed men had retreated as they approached, and taken the road across the Megarean frontier. The wounded man had still sense enough to speak a few words; and the first he had uttered was — "Megareans." On being asked if they were the assassins, he had signed in the affirmative; and with the expression, that "the Athenian people would revenge his death," — on his lips, he groaned and expired: they had borne his body to Athens in compliance with his wish.

This last outrage put the finishing hand to the indignation already excited; and the decree which Charinos had been about to propose to the senate *, but with some additional clauses to increase its severity, was unanimously past; and to this was added, that the body of the herald should be buried at the public expense at the Thriasian gate †, thus to form a perpetual memorial of Megarean perfidy.

The psephism having been thus past, the programma was hastily put up in the Agora for the information of the people, and soon numbers were gathered round the tablet ‡ — those who were able to

* See Plut. Vit. Peric. † Ibid.

‡ See Note LXXX.

read explaining its contents to those who were not. From the luxurious nobleman down to the hard-handed artisan, there was no man in Athens who did not feel the pride of an unconquered nation: for since Cecrops first established himself on the rock of the Acropolis, no conquering lord had ever given laws to the Athenians. The tide of Dorian conquest had ebbed back from the territory of Attica; and when the great king poured his myriads like locusts over the land, it was the land only that he occupied: Athens was floating within its wooden walls, and soon showed the invader that it was still great and free. From Marathon to the Eurymedon Athenians had fought triumphantly in every land and every sea; and their glories were too recent to be forgotten by any one; to find themselves therefore outraged and insulted by a petty state, carried the popular indignation to the highest pitch; and towards evening, when the work of the day was over, the Agora was thronged with hundreds who came to hear the programma read, and to vent their excited feelings.

A young man apparently from the country, but whose language and accent were more polished than his garb seemed to promise, had stationed himself near the programma, and from time to time he repeated it with a loud voice to the fresh comers, with an explanation of the outrages which had occasioned it; and at each repetition a deep hum of mingled voices was heard, pouring forth threats and execrations against the insolent Megareans. None seemed to know the reader, and some wondered how a mere youth should take such an interest in politics; but these observations, though repeated within his hear-

ing, seemed to pass unheeded: he still kept his place, and still when he saw a fresh party approaching he repeated the words of the psephism, and added in an indignant tone, — "Men of Athens, two noble virgins have been stolen by Megarean pirates: — your herald has been slain by Megarean assassins!"

Glycon, who had by this time slept off the effects of his last night's debauch, when he heard from his slaves of the universal excitement, began to feel uneasy at the share he had had in the business; and leaving his couch, he proceeded to the house of Hermippos, who, like himself, had just risen. Dracontides was with him, and was in earnest discourse. "I tell thee," said he, as Glycon entered, "that I have never seen Athens in such a state of excitement; and if Pericles can fix upon us the imputation of having afforded any encouragement to Megara by our discourse with the Spartan ambassadors when they were here, I would not give an obolus for the life of any one on whom he may choose to set the hounds." But Hermippos, who felt himself guiltless in this respect, and who was still stupified with the effects of the wine he had drunken, merely stretched his limbs heavily, and yawned.

Not so Glycon — anxiety had thoroughly sobered him. "That fellow is drunk still," said he, addressing Dracontides: "leave him to recover his senses, and let us go and see what is going on. It may be as well not to let Pericles and his party have things all their own way."

"Ay, ay — go you two — very good," said Hermippos, yawning stupidly: — "I cannot think about this — ugh! — to-night."

"Thucydides said well, νὴ Δία!" exclaimed Dracontides in much displeasure, "when he told me that I depended too much on thee. Come, Glycon, we will leave him to go to sleep again, for that is all he is fit for," and so saying, they sallied forth, and turned their steps towards the Agora.

As they went on, the crowd grew more and more dense, and every where they had the mortification of hearing the name of Pericles in the mouths of all. "If Pericles had not been thwarted last year, we should never have been in all these difficulties," cried one. "Ay," said another, "when he and Cimon had the management, things went on very differently." "And why should he be thwarted?" demanded another: "cannot *we* say he shall not be interfered with?"

"So! so!" said Dracontides to his companion in a low tone: "the tyranny is in the course of preparation: we must be prompt."

"Who would have thought that such a trifle would have excited such a storm? but it was that unlucky job of the herald coming at the same time."

"Why, to say truth, I must allow that there is cause, and we have been remiss in letting the matter fall into other hands; but Lycon and Menippos belong to the opposite party, and the bustle was begun before I even heard of it. When did it first come to thy ears?"

Glycon hesitated for a moment, but presently recovering himself, answered, "Dromeas brought the intelligence last night whilst we were drinking with Hermippos. I did not think much about it till now."

By this time they had reached the Agora, and still

the fair youth stood beside the programma; and as he saw their approach, he proclaimed it afresh with his customary indignant explanation of its cause.

Glycon laughed scornfully. "The virgin companions of Aspasia! ha! ha! ha! My good youth, thou art from the country, it is evident. — Who is the lad?" added he, turning to a person near him: "he has a fair face" — and he vented a coarse jest as to the cause of his thus exhibiting himself.

The youth, thus insulted, stepped forward: "Thou art *not* from the country, undoubtedly," said he, confronting with his slight form the well-knit limbs of the pupil of the gymnasium, "for in the country we are not wont to use such language. Thou wouldst know my name, it seems: I am Lysicles, the son of Mnesarchos; but thanks be to Heaven I have not frequented places where I was likely to meet such company as thee."

The blood mounted to Glycon's face; but Dracontides catching his arm drew him back, saying, "Thou art wrong: it is a brave youth — we must not breed a tumult now."

The crowd, meantime, who had heard what passed, applauded loudly; and two or three stout fellows ranged themselves on either hand of Lysicles, as if determined to prevent him from being insulted.

"The people are mad," said Glycon to his friend. "Thou saidst well that thou hadst never seen the like. Let us go to Thucydides, and consult with him as to what is to be done to-morrow."

"Thucydides will tell us that we must temporise; and perhaps just now it would be the best plan; for we might as well oppose the sea as the people of

Athens in such a mood as this. If we support the measures of Pericles to-morrow, we shall escape the imputation of factious opposition, and occupy a better position for our ulterior operations."

"True, true: the right Chian, as Dromeas calls it, has left my brains muddy still, or I might have thought of that. But who is this youth who seems to have constituted himself the public crier?"

"I have been told that his father farms his estate himself, and lives in the country*; but this boy, I believe, has been one of the pupils of Anaxagoras and his set; probably of Aspasia also, and hence resents particularly the outrage of the Megareans."

"Oh, ho! a young admirer, eh? and the Megareans have carried off his love! ha! ha! ha! poor boy! I pity him: he will know better by and by" — and again he laughed mockingly.

Philoxenos, the fuller, was standing near, and overheard the last words. "Truly, Socrates," said he, addressing his young friend who stood near him, and who, though now in more prosperous circumstances, had not cast off his former acquaintance — these eupatridai are such a profligate set, that they think all the world as bad as themselves. That is a brave youth, and an innocent one, and they laugh at him. I would there were more as good as him. The conquerors of Marathon were made of such stuff as that. — That is right, Metrodoros," added he, as the herculean form of the smith was seen pushing forward to join the self-formed body guard of young Lysicles; — "Don't let the brave boy be trampled on."

* See Note LXXXI.

"The best way to prevent that is to join him in sufficient numbers," — said Socrates. "I remember speaking with him no long time ago, when I was attending one of Aspasia's lectures. I have seen him too at the house of Anaxagoras. Come, let us add to the circle;" — and they, too, attached themselves to the self-constituted guard.

Lysicles recognised Socrates as he approached, and advanced to meet him. "Who was that bold bad man who addressed me just now?" said he. "He seems to think that his rank and his strength give him a licence to affront whom he pleases."

"It is Glycon, the son of Aristocrates. He is one of those who imagine, that by practising Cimon's vices very diligently, they may compass Cimon's greatness."

"It is a good thing to live in the country, I believe;" — said Lysicles: "I had heard of Cimon's greatness, but not of his vices."

"And, therefore, thou wilt strive for his greatness without his vices?"

"I should not care for his greatness, if I had but power to do justice," — said the youth. "I have heard the wisdom of Heaven from the lips of that divine woman, under whose instruction we first met, and I cannot bear to hear her and her friends slandered."

"Alas, Lysicles!" said Socrates, "the wisdom of Heaven is such a stranger upon this earth, that men flout at it as a foreigner when they chance to meet with it. It is only recognised by some few who are fresh enough from their former country to remember what they heard there."

"May I never grow older, then!" said the youth. "I would always understand and love that stranger wisdom as I do now. When I look at, and hear, that divinity in human form, it seems to me that I am wiser for many days after. But look!—yonder is a messenger—he is from Peiræus, surely. Perhaps the galleys have been successful, and she will weep no longer, as I saw her weep this morning when she announced to her assembled pupils that her grief disabled her from lecturing. Oh, if I could but carry the tidings of joy!"—and the youth's fine countenance was lighted up with a flash of animation, which again died away in a deep blush as he saw the penetrating eyes of Socrates fixed upon him.

The messenger approached, but it was soon apparent that he brought no satisfactory tidings: for the people who questioned him as he passed, turned from him with looks of disappointment. "Ask him, dear Socrates, ask him," cried Lysicles—"my heart beats so that I cannot." But the question brought only a confirmation of the apprehended tidings. One of the galleys was returned. During the night they had wholly lost sight of the Megarean vessel; and after an ineffectual endeavour to recover traces of it in the ports of Megaris, they had returned with the news of their ill success. The other still continued the almost hopelsss quest.

A large tear rolled down the burning cheek of young Lysicles; but soon recovering himself, he again read the programma with a loud voice, adding in a tone that trembled with emotion, "Two noble virgins have been carried off by Megarean pirates from the shore of Attica. The herald of peace has

been slain by Megarean assassins!—Men of Athens! they must be revenged!"—and a shout that rang on the ear of Glycon like a sentence of death, answered the stirring appeal.

"Let us go," said he to Dracontides: "they are drunk with rage, and, by Jove! they are not to be trusted."

CHAP. XIII.

THE PNYX.

THE sun's first rays had just glanced on the peaks of Hymettus, when the citizens of Athens, wrapped in their cloaks, and with their staves in their hands *, began to take their places in the Pnyx; and among the earliest there was young Lysicles, whose excited feelings had brought him to that spot for the first time.

Almost at the same moment arrived the smith Metrodoros, who had formed one of his guard the evening before — and the burly artisan immediately took his place beside the youth. "We do not see many here with so little beard as thine on their chins, said he: "knowest thou the age for admission, my good youth?" †

"Yes; I have just reached it."

"Ay? thou lookest younger; but no matter: when thou gettest a manly beard, thou wilt not shame it; and meantime, I should like to see the fellow that will dare to harm thee whilst I stand here. Hurrah for the psephism! say I: it will put many a drachma into my pouch. I had three helmets and breastplates brought to my shop last night, and to-night, if the decree passes, there is not a Hoplités in Athens but will be seeking for Metrodoros. Thou

* See Note LXXXII. † See Note LXXXIII.

hast lived in the country, my good youth, and may-be thou dost not know me; but when thou makest thy first campaign, come to me, and *νὴ τὸν Ἥφαιστον*! thou shalt have the best breastplate in my possession for nothing; and if any man can make thee such another, show him to me, that's all."

"And was it for the sake of thy trade that thou wast so earnest yesterday?" asked Lysicles, with an air of disappointment.

"Yes, surely: dost thou imagine that I care any thing about a couple of idle wenches that run about the streets here and there, and get caught up for their pains?"

Lysicles drew back, vexed and disgusted: his young heart had not yet learned the selfishness of the world, and this bold avowal of it sounded to his ears like treason against human nature. These were not *his* feelings or *his* motives: was Socrates then right, and was it only while the soul was fresh from the land of its birth that it could despise the littlenesses of its present abode? He turned to his neighbour on the other side: he was a countryman like himself, and he looked for disinterestedness and public spirit from him. "Wast thou in Athens yesterday?" said he.

"Yes, truly," replied the countryman: "I was just about to return home when the programma was put up in the Agora, and that was the cause why I came hither so early. I was determined to be in time to vote for the decree."

"That was well done: if Athens is thus true to itself, we shall surely obtain our object: the Mega-

reans will never dare to retain noble damsels in captivity when they see the threatened vengeance."

"Why, as for the damsels," said the countryman, "I am not so very much concerned about them — they are but two after all, and there are women enough to be had all the world over: but the decree is a good and a wise one, nevertheless, and I mean to support it, for, νὴ Δία! these Megarean fellows undersell us in our own markets; and now that peace is made again, if it had not been for this lucky piece of business, we should not have got prices worth coming to Athens for. But now, if the Megareans are shut out, my farm will be worth half as much more; and so I have taken good care to get most of my neighbours here in time to vote for the decree. Never fear, good youth; thou art a countryman, too, I see: we will carry the decree, and sell at our own prices."

"Alas!" thought Lysicles, as he drew back — "more selfishness! and these are the people by whom laws are past; and it is to these base motives that a legislator must address himself! oh, I will live in the country, and visit the Pnyx no more."

By this time the early stragglers were joined by the great body of citizens, and every seat excepting those reserved for the generals and president was immediately filled. There was no need that the Logistai should send their men to compel attendance on this occasion, for seldom had the Pnyx been so crowded; so great was the throng, indeed, that those who bore the sacrificial blood for the lustration, were obliged to take the widest possible circuit in order to include the numbers present.

Thucydides and his friends had taken their places

early; but Pericles, according to his usual practice of not making his presence cheap, had not yet arrived, and murmurs of discontent were heard among the people when they saw all places filled but his.

"Know ye not," said Diopeithes, as the frequent inquiry of "Where is Pericles?" met his ear — "know ye not that Pericles always waits till the sacrifices and the other religious ceremonies are over, before he takes his place? Since he has been a pupil of Anaxagoras some say that he has ceased to believe in the gods."

"Ay?" said an old man near. "That is what I have heard before. Pheidon here was telling me that they are intending to do away with the sacrifices altogether, but I would not believe him."

"But now thou seest that others know it as well as I," said Pheidon; "but I will always stand up for the honour of Dionusos, blessed be his name! and as long as I have a hand to hold up, it shall be held up for the old customs of Athens."

"Right, right, my good friend!" said Diopeithes. "I am glad to hear such true Athenian sentiments; the time may come, and before long, that may put them to the test."

"Come when it may it is all one to me: old Pheidon is not to be cheated. I hate all these new-fangled ways, for my part: and as for those girls that have been carried off, why it served them right for not staying at home where they were safe: only inasmuch as they are Athenian citizens, I say we must bring the Megareans to order: *νὴ τὸν Δία!* carry off Athenian citizens, indeed!" but at this moment he was interrupted by loud acclamations, and

the commanding figure of Pericles was seen making his way through the crowd to the place reserved for him.

Wrapped closely in his robe, which seemed worn more for covering than for ornament, the dark and thickly-curled hair, unblanched as yet either by toil or age, shadowing his lofty brow, and giving him that peculiar appearance which won him the title of the Olympian Zeus, the great minister of Athens strode forward with a stately step, acknowledging occasionally, but with an air of lofty dignity, the warm greeting of his fellow-citizens. Having taken his place, with a wave of his hand he quieted the greetings of the assembly, and signed to the president, who had been chosen before his arrival, and was already seated, to begin the business of the day.

The public crier now stepped forward, and redde with a loud voice the psephism of the senate to the effect that — "The Megareans having been guilty of massacring the Athenian force placed in their country for its protection, carrying off Athenian citizens, and slaying the herald Anthemocritos sent to them with a message of peace, a decree has been made in the senate — First, that from this time forth, for ever, no Megarean citizen shall appear in any port or market of Athens under penalty of confiscation of goods, and death to the offender. Secondly, that the body of the herald Anthemocritos shall be buried at the public expense beside the Thriasian gate, as a monument of the vengeance due. Thirdly, that the generals of the state shall be charged with the fitting measures for the chastisement of the Megareans;" — and having concluded the psephism, he added, "Whatever citizen

of Athens above the age of fifty desires to speak on this subject may now be heard."*

Thucydides alone, of all the orators there present, had reached the specified age, and he accordingly approached the bema. A council of the aristocratic party had been held the night before, and it had been then resolved that in the present state of popular excitement it was inexpedient to oppose the decree presented by the senate to the people for their confirmation; and that it would be a wiser plan to throw their rival off his guard by entering fully into his views, and even pushing yet farther the severity of the chastisement to be inflicted on the Megareans. Thucydides himself had at first been indisposed to this, as being an impolitic compliance with the popular fury, but it had been so strongly urged by his party that he had yielded, and he now, in a speech of much art, endeavoured to propitiate the people by great apparent candour; giving all due credit to the military skill and prudence of his rival, but so enlarging on the personal affront which had been offered to him by this outrage on his friends, that it might possibly strike any one who reflected afterwards on his words, that he considered the whole business as a private rather than as a public insult. "Athenians," said he, "the decree of the senate has not gone far enough: it empowers the generals to take measures for the chastisement of the Megareans, but it leaves the nature of this chastisement so uncertain, that it places your commander in the disagreeable predicament of appearing to revenge a

* See Note LXXXIV.

private wrong with a severity which the state has not authorised. Let the generals be required to make two incursions yearly into the territory of Megaris, and let them, at their election, take an oath so to do, and thus no doubt will remain as to our sentiments on this head." After a few further observations, he descended amid loud plaudits; and but for the anxiety of the people to hear their favourite orator, probably the decree, with this addition, would have been passed by acclamation: but the crier having now proclaimed that all who wished to speak were free to do so, a cry arose for Pericles.

Thus called upon, he arose from his seat, and with a firm, but deliberate step, ascended the bema. As he turned and fronted the people, he was received with redoubled shouts of applause, repeated again and again, as with a graceful, but yet dignified gesture, he acknowledged the homage thus paid to his services and to himself. No people were ever so captivated by personal appearance as the Athenians; and as their great statesman stood before them there, the model for a sculptor, in all the grace and vigour of matured manhood, with an eye and a bearing that seemed to fit him to command the world, they felt a national pride in having at their head one whose very aspect marked him for something above the common race of men. He paused awhile, to allow the storm of plaudits to subside, and then gently waving his hand to procure silence, he addressed himself to the assembly in that deep, yet ringing tone, which gave such peculiar effect to his oratory, by making his words audible to all without any apparent effort.

"Athenians!" said he, "we are on this day met

to deliberate on the wrongs we have received from the Megareans; wrongs such as Athens has never yet suffered to pass unpunished, never can suffer to pass unpunished, if she wishes to preserve her proper place amid the states of Greece. You have already heard from the last speaker that I am in some measure personally interested in this affair, since one of the outrages we have now to notice has been offered to persons with whom I am connected by the ties of intimate friendship. I am therefore well pleased that another should have spoken before me on this occasion; for I am thus freed from the danger of being, on the one hand, led into undue severity by the strength of my feelings, or, on the other, betrayed into lukewarmness by my distrust of them. I have had time to collect my thoughts, to weigh well the measures proposed, and their possible consequences; and I am now fitted to stand as a moderator between the indignation of the present moment and the repentance of the future.

"You will wonder, perhaps, at this phrase; but I use it advisedly; for when did ever a great people act in hasty anger without very soon repenting it? But national repentance avails little when a deed is done which cannot be undone.

"Megara is too puny a state to undertake a war against Athens single-handed: its late revolt was encouraged and protected by the Peloponnesian league, which the late peace has just broken up; so much so, that it was with difficulty that Lacedæmon was induced so far to abandon its small ally, as to acknowledge that we had a right to demand reparation for

the treacherous massacre of our force in that country. If, then, we proceed with unmeasured severity, the Megareans, hopeless of withstanding our force, will again turn their eyes towards Peloponnesus for assistance; the jealousy felt of our increasing power will give weight to their appeal; and a fresh war will be the consequence, ere the wounds of the last are well healed over.

"Athenians! if you suppose that, by adopting the severe resolutions proposed by the preceding speaker, you will gratify me personally, I beseech you to abandon that idea. Had I a friend who placed his private feelings before the good of Athens, that individual would be my friend no longer. Consider rather what may maintain the honour of the state, without injuring its prosperity by engaging it in a fresh war. Exclude the Megareans from your ports and markets: it is but a just retribution for treachery and ingratitude; and even the Spartan envoys allowed that, unless due reparation were made, our decree was just. Our herald has been murdered, and the door is thus closed against peaceful intercourse; we may well, therefore, with arms in our hands, demand satisfaction for the wrong, and here, too, the Spartans must feel with us: for it is well known that when, in the heat of a just indignation, their fathers cast into a well the heralds of the great king, who had in his name demanded earth and water, bidding them there take what they claimed, the then government of that state dared not ask for the blessing of Heaven on their arms till they had signally expiated their sacrilege. Two men were found willing to die for Sparta; and though the king, with a

kind of barbarian magnanimity, refused the sacrifice, and spared their lives, that Sparta might still labour under the guilt incurred, the proceeding sufficiently showed the sense they entertained of a herald's sanctity. Megara has tendered no reparation; we are justified therefore, in the eyes of its friends, even if we take measures to compel it. Free citizens of Athens have been carried off — it is but just to enforce their restoration by reprisals.

"Such, men of Athens! is my view of the case. Our cause is at present so just that the tale may be told before assembled Greece, and none can blame the chastisement we are about to inflict; but let us not, by a law which it would be dishonourable to revoke, and dangerous to continue, bind ourselves to a perpetual enmity, lest, by pushing the punishment too far, it should recoil on our own heads."

Thucydides looked at his friends as Pericles descended from the bema. "What think you now of the business?" said he. "I could almost believe the man honest, and feel inclined to join with him like my lamented brother; for, in truth, his advice is good and wise. I will oppose him no further to-day at least. His proposition will be carried by acclamation, you may hear — and, in truth, it deserves to be so."

"I will oppose it then," said Glycon with asperity; "I, at least, am not to be imposed on by his specious disinterestedness."

"Nay, nay, Glycon," said Dracontides, "let us not throw away our advantage. Be quiet for to-day; our turn will come," — and without waiting for his

friend's reply, he joined his voice to the general plaudit.

It was presently announced by the president that the psephism of the senate was confirmed by the people; it was accordingly ordered to be engraved on a brazen tablet, and hung up in the usual place.

Metrodoros, the smith, found his hopes realised that night: for many a Hoplités at his return home took down his dinted arms to see how far they were fit for a fresh encounter; and swords were ground, and spear-heads sharpened, and the smith's hammer rang upon many a helmet and breast-plate destined once more to shelter proud courage and veteran skill.

And why did young Lysicles sigh so heavily as he took his solitary way homewards through the Acharnian gate? For the first time he had looked on the glorious form, and heard the persuasive tones, of the Olympian Pericles: his first feelings had been those of enthusiastic admiration, and no voice had joined more heartily in the general acclamation than his: but now that he could review in silence the events of the last two days, he became painfully sensible of his own littleness, and he felt as if he were an insect crushed under the foot of a giant. "I may stand in a corner and listen to heavenly wisdom from the lips of the goddess," thought he, "but her eye will glance lightly over my undistinguished youth, to rest on a more worthy object. She will never know that Lysicles would lay down his life willingly if his last hour could be cheered by one word of kind recognition. Would that I had been trampled down in

the crowd yesterday!" He went home to hear from his parents the details of the farm and the store-room, and to doubt for a time, in the hopelessness and weariness of heart that had come over him, whether the animal was not better than the spiritual life.

CHAP. XIV.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

WHILE Athens was thus convulsed by the events of the last few days, where were the unfortunate victims of treacherous revenge? The plans of Glycon had been executed by the agents he had selected with a zeal and skill worthy of a better cause. Euagrius the slave, who knew well that Lydè and Areté were the especial favourites of Aspasia, and who measured his expected reward by the extent of the distress that was caused, had contrived to tempt the unsuspicious girls back into the garden of Pyrilampes, after she had entered the saloon to repose herself, and was engaged in conversation with the master of the mansion and his sister, who was also among her friends. The Paphlagonian was in waiting with a monkey, whose antics diverted them so much, that the slave-merchant had been able to bring his men behind them unobserved; and they were muffled, snatched up, and carried off ere they were well aware of what had happened. Sosias, too, whose simplicity might have given the alarm, was seized upon by two stout fellows who thrust a cloth in his mouth to prevent his outcries, and the party hurried towards the shore; Euagrius and the Paphlagonian following close, with a show of resistance, in order to give a fair colour to the affair in case they should be seen.

The helpless girls and the slave Sosias were quickly handed into the boat, and left to the charge of the sailors; but the Megarean, with his six men, was still upon the shore, and the Paphlagonian was called upon for the pay. He handed over a purse in which he had placed a small portion of the sum he had received from his master; but whilst in the act of doing so, at a sign from the captain both he and Euagrius were felled to the ground from behind; and when they recovered their senses, they found themselves lying bound in the bottom of the boat, which was flying over the waves towards the ship, impelled by the strokes of six stout pair of oars.

"Thou art a perjured rascal," exclaimed the Paphlagonian, as soon as he saw clearly his situation: "when my master misses me, he will make thee pay dearly for thy treachery."

"I shall pay myself so well, that I can afford it if he does," replied the Megarean, laughing scornfully; "but I have the pleasure to tell thee, most worthy Paphlagonian, that thy master knows and has planned the whole; and I have executed his orders to the letter, even to the possessing myself of that weighty girdle of thine so well stored with the darics of the noble Glycon, who estimated thy honesty well when he told me that I should find the money he had entrusted to thee for my payment, secreted about thy person."

"Villain! Glycon dares not treat me so. I, who know all his secrets!"

"True, my most dear friend, thou hast been in his confidence, and therefore he has no mind that thou shouldst blab. That master of thine ought to

have been the captain of a slave vessel himself, so cleverly does he understand the arranging these matters."

The Paphlagonian gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, while Euagrius, who saw himself entrapped, and likely to suffer the penalty of his treachery in a far harder slavery than he had endured in the household of Aspasia, wept bitterly, and called on all the gods to forgive and protect him.

By this time they had arrived at the vessel which was lying-to, awaiting them; and the boat's crew quickly conveyed their booty on board. The young girls, who had listened to what was passing in stupified astonishment, were now uncovered, and permitted once more to breathe freely, though their hands were still bound. The first glance showed them at once the horror of their situation. Dizzy, half-suffocated, and terrified at the rude figures she saw around her, Aretè leaned her head on the bosom of her companion, and sobbed aloud; but Lydè, though pale and trembling, shed no tear. Her eyes were raised to heaven, and she murmured, half unconscious that she had given utterance to her thought — "There, then, I must look for something wiser, greater, better . . . thither our being tends. . . . Oh, Aspasia dear, dear mistress and friend, if I had but one word from thee to enlighten my mind! All seems so dark. — Aretè, dearest! do not weep thus: it breaks my heart to hear thee" — but the poor child still sobbed convulsively on the bosom of her elder companion.

The captain had by this time disposed safely of his other captives, and he now approached the young girls, with a view of affording the consolation he had

so often found effectual on other occasions; for it was essential to his profit that his female captives should be in good health, and appear to advantage when he arrived at the place of sale. Lydè raised her head as he drew near, and looked at him steadily, as he, with some embarrassment, began to assure them of his respectful service.

"We have been carried off by violence," said Lydè: "there is little respect in that. What then is the object proposed? If ransom, give us the means of communicating with our friends: the respectful treatment thou promisest will, of course, enhance the sum."

"Pretty lady," replied the Megarean, "I have a fairer lot in store for you — riches and luxury such as you dream not of in Athens, but such as your beauty well deserves. In Athens a woman is but a household drudge, but in Persia she reigns ——"

"In Persia!" exclaimed Lydè, with an involuntary shudder.

"Yes: — it is not every one that I could give such hopes to; but with regard to you two I am confident that I do not deceive myself: you will be honoured with the notice of the great king himself. Don't be frightened, little dear," continued he, seeing that Areté's sobs were redoubled by this address: "I have carried many a pretty girl to Sardis*; but I always treat them so well that they arrive there as blooming as roses: not a hair of your head shall be injured, and I am but your servant till I place you in better hands."

* See Note LXXXV.

"Thanks, thanks!" said Lydè, who had promptly taken her resolution; "how soon shall we arrive at our destination?"

"There, now," cried the Megarean, delighted to find his rhetoric effectual with one at least: "I knew you would be obliged to me; I cannot speak exactly as to the time, for it depends on the weather, but I trust it will not be very long. At this season sometimes we get troublesome gales; but never fear — we have plenty of ports to run into, and we shall get there at last; and in the mean time you will be treated like princesses, such as you will shortly be."

"Before we arrive at Sardis, we shall be satisfied with our fate I doubt not," said Lydè: "when I have had time to explain our prospects to my friend she will be better contented."

The pale cheek, hoarse voice, and knit brow with which these words were spoken would have given a clue to the real meaning of these expressions, had the slave-merchant been a philosopher; but he had been accustomed to see only the wild passions of ungoverned minds, and he doubted not but that his fair captive was dazzled, as others had been, by the prospect of wealth and state which he had held out. Grecian damsels were in request at the Persian court, and in his earnest assurances of the honours that awaited them, he spoke his own firm expectations. Accordingly, in order to give an earnest of the respectful treatment they were to expect, with his own hands he loosened their bands, placed refreshments before them, and withdrew to some distance that he might be no hinderance to their conference.

Lydè now threw her freed arms round her young companion, who had again sunk upon her bosom, and leaning over her said, in a low but firm voice, "Areté, thou hast heard our fate — art thou content?"

"Oh no, no!" cried the weeping girl; "I would rather die."

"Hush, hush! — we shall be overheard," said Lydè in a yet lower tone. "Areté, canst thou be firm and do as I do?"

"What? go to Sardis?"

"No!"

Areté raised her head, and looked in the face of her friend, and that look of intelligence between the two young girls decided their fate. She bent her head again upon the bosom of her friend, and answered in the same low tone, "I can and will do as thou dost, dearest Lydè!"

Lydè had not wept before, but now a faintness came over her, and a few large tears rolled down, and glistened among the dark tresses of the fair girl whom she still held clasped in her arms, and whose early doom she knew was sealed in that short sentence. No word passed between them, but they felt that they understood each other; and in the very depth of their fearful resolve they found courage and even tranquillity. Areté ceased to sob; and as they leaned on each other, silent and motionless, they felt that this world had closed upon them, and strange and solemn thoughts of that throne of the Ever Existing, to which the disembodied spirit would wend its way, filled their minds with sensations which in that short space did the work of years.

The vessel bounded merrily over the waves, urged

by the oars of twenty pairs of stout rowers, timing their strokes to a song which at another time and under other circumstances might have sounded sweet; but to the ears of the captives it was but the dirge of liberty and hope. The sun was already sinking towards the horizon, and small bright clouds were floating in the pale blue sky, appearing like messengers of heaven sent to tell of other and brighter worlds. Lydè gazed, till her eyes filled with tears, not of sorrow, but of awful anticipation. "All is so much brighter than earth," said she, musingly. "How dark do yonder mountains look compared with those brilliant streaks! Areté! such will be our course — dark on earth, to rise brighter beyond it."

At this moment a stir was visible among the mariners, and the voice of the captain was heard encouraging the rowers to greater exertions by promises of reward. "They are pursuing us, but night is at hand, and then we shall easily give them the slip; yonder go the sun's rays: I know all these seas like my own house, and before morning we shall be out of reach." Almost at the same moment the Paphlagonian, who had been bound in the forward part of the vessel, set up a cry of joy: the captain turned: — "Whose voice was that?" he demanded.

"Mine," said the Paphlagonian: "would'st thou have me weep when I see deliverance at hand?"

"No; but when death is at hand, perhaps thou mightest think thy joy out of place. Thy master is a man of his word. I have counted the gold pieces in thy girdle, and found the tale correct, and I am a man of my word also. I promised that thou should'st tell no tales" — he drew a dagger from his vest as he

spoke — "and when thou meetest him in Tartarus, thou mayst tell him that I kept my promise."

The bound wretch writhed in his chains to escape the blow, but it was dealt by too sure a hand: a short cry and a bubbling of blood upon the deck was all that told of the deserved fate of the betrayer.

"All right! all right!" exclaimed the captain, as he coolly wiped his dagger and replaced it in his vest: "it is growing dusk already, and we shall soon be out of danger."

It was with a feeling of almost suffocating suspense that the young girls watched the progress of two vessels in the distance, which were evidently pursuing the Megarean, though without gaining much upon him, so great had been the exertions of his crew for the last half hour; but darkness came on with the rapidity common to those climates, and soon even their anxious eyes could no longer discern them. Presently two points of light marked the place of the pursuing vessels; but, alas! these lights no longer accurately followed the course of the Megarean. All was dark on board; and it became evident that by steering in a different direction as soon as the daylight ceased, the wary captain had deceived his pursuers: the lights take a westerly direction — they grow fainter — they vanish.

The two young girls clasped one another then in a long embrace. "They will be weary soon, and will sleep," said Lydè; "and then — here is wine and bread — let us refresh ourselves, Areté — we must not flag now."

When the captain approached them with coverings to shelter them from the cold night air, he found

them draining the cup of wine which he had placed beside them. "Ah! this is right," said he: "why you will arrive at Sardis in such full bloom that I shall hear of your being among the concubines of the great king himself within three months. There, now, little dears, lie down and sleep: if the wind holds fair, in less than four days we shall be at the mouth of the Cayster;" and carefully spreading skins and carpets for their use, he again withdrew.

The young girls covered themselves under a carpet, keeping one corner only open for observation; but they could discern the dark figure of the captain keeping watch at no great distance, and the regular plash of the oars told that all were still awake and active.

"Let them weary themselves," said Lydé: "they will sleep at last, or if not, there is yet time before us. Areté, I am now content: we had embraced a course which would hardly have been without sorrow; one moment will now close all, and we shall be what we were made to be — bright immortal beings, sailing hand in hand through yon empyrean heights, like those clouds which seemed like celestial chariots sent to convey us to a better land. The next day that dawns upon us will be in that happier home."

"Not happier than our home in Athens," said Areté with a sigh.

"Yes, happier, dearest! Have we not seen our dear mistress sad amid all her brilliant triumphs? Oh how freshly I remember her conversation of last night, when she bade me recollect that there was but One great and good: thou wast not by, Areté;

I would thou hadst been, for her words would have strengthened thee as they have me."

"It was not needed, Lydè," said the affectionate girl: "where thou goest I will go; only promise me to hold my hand to the last."

Lydè loosened a small chain from her neck, and passing it round her wrist said, "This shall insure it; in life and in death we will be together!"

"Oh now I am satisfied: I was afraid of being alone in that deep sea, but now, Lydé, oh, I am sure I shall not shrink."

The first dawn was just beginning to colour the eastern sky when the cessation of the plash of the oars told the young girls that the moment they had been watching for had arrived. They looked round; the captain was lying wrapped in his mantle on the deck in a profound sleep; even the helmsman was nodding at his post: all was yet dark, and they crept silently from their coverings towards the ship's side: with noiseless steps they glided towards the prow, and then pausing for an instant, Lydè pressed her lips on the forehead of the fair child, and bound her robes tightly round her, taking the same precaution herself. "Now, Areté," whispered she — "a firm step, and a spring without faltering, and we are free — free as Athenian maidens should be: give me thy hand," — and she bound their two wrists together with the chain; then holding by a rope, they mounted the most projecting part.

"Now, dearest, art thou ready?"

Areté pressed her hand — it was her answer: the slumbering rowers heard a plash in the waves, which broke their rest for an instant, and the helmsman

roused himself; but all was silent again, and they sank back into heavy sleep: the bark drifted on.

That evening some fishermen cast their drag near the shore, beside the promontory of Sunium; and when with difficulty they had drawn it in, were astonished at finding the bodies of two young girls entangled in the net; their hands bound together by a golden chain; their fingers interclasped even in death. The dress and ornaments spoke them to be Athenians of rank; and the poor men were yet in consultation what was to be done, when a galley, apparently of Athenian build, hove in sight. They immediately made signals as well as they were able, and two of them, jumping into another skiff, rowed off towards the vessel which had seen their signals, and was now making for the shore. It was one of those which had been sent from Peiræus the evening before, and was that in which Pyrilampes himself had embarked, and resolutely pursued his course even when his companion galley had returned homewards after their ineffectual inspection of the Megarean ports.

The fishermen's tale was soon told; and Pyrilampes, almost convinced that he should there find the fatal termination of his quest, threw himself at once into the skiff, and bade them carry him to the spot. There, on the shore, lay the two fair girls, so gently composed, that but for the ashy paleness of death they might have been thought asleep: the right arm of Lydè was still firmly clasped round the waist of Areté; the arm of Areté was round the neck of Lydè: their decently-composed dress, their hair still braided and bound with the golden fillets which they

had worn the evening before; the gold chain still twisted round their small wrists; all told of a resolutely prepared and peaceful death; there had evidently not been one struggle for life. Pyrilampes bent over them: — the dress, the features, were not to be mistaken, and his quest was over. Many a time had he seen death in the field or on the waves — but thus bereft of all its proud circumstances, with only its sad silence — its marble beauty — he had not seen it; and the warrior of many a battle bowed his head and wept over the fair flowers that lay cropped at his feet.

A rude bier was quickly constructed by the kind-hearted fishermen, and a few wild winter flowers were sought to interweave in the garland with which Athenian feeling was wont to decorate the bridal of death.* Pyrilampes himself, with gentle care, as if they could still have been sensible of respect, aided in laying them on the bier, placed the garland on the brow of each, and then casting his own mantle over them, committed the charge to his own men, who had by this time landed, and after handsomely rewarding the poor fishermen, returned to his galley, and steered at once with his sad freight for Phaleron, where he intended to land on account of its proximity to his own house. Baffling winds, however, delayed his course, and the next day was far advanced ere the vessel arrived in the port.

Pericles, on leaving the assembly of the people, had proceeded to the house of Aspasia, which was nearer to the Pnyx than his own, and he was still

* See Note LXXXVI.

sitting with her engaged in sad and serious conversation, when a slave of Pyrilampes, who had sought him in vain at his home, came thither in search of him, and delivering a sealed tablet into his hand withdrew.

"There is ill news there," said Aspasia, on seeing his countenance darken as he redde it. "What is it?"

He put the tablet into her hand. "I would not do thus with any other woman," said he; "but thou hast the courage and judgment of a man; why should I conceal any thing from thee? Thy pupils have shown themselves worthy of thee, and of the free land that gave them birth."

The daughter of Axiochus pressed her hand to her brow as she redde the contents of the tablet: but Pericles had rightly measured her power of mind: neither tears nor lamentations escaped her; and when she had concluded she only said, "I must see them once more." She was rising to go when he stopped her. "What wilt thou?" said he.

"I must go to Phaleron — I would take my last leave" — but her voice faltered, and she stopped short.

"Thou wilt not go alone, Aspasia?" said Pericles, anxiously.

"Why not?"

"Because — it is useless to try to disguise it any longer — because thou art dearer to me than my life: I shudder to think that thou thyself might'st have been the prey of the corsair, and never again shalt thou run that hazard. My chariot — my trustiest

servants — shall be at thy command, if I cannot attend thee myself, but ——"

"Oh no, Pericles! this cannot be — the general, the statesman employed in attendance on a mere teacher of rhetoric! well might the Athenians complain."

"I care not if they do;" and going to the door, he bade the slave who was waiting for him, return home and order his chariot to be brought thither*; and having given a few further directions, he returned to his fair friend, and seating himself beside her, said, "Thou wouldst go to Phaleron — I have therefore sent for my chariot to conduct thee thither. I have been too passive, and I reproach myself for it; but the world shall now see that thou art not to be insulted with impunity. Nay, no remonstrance," added he, gently laying his hand over her lips; "thou shalt guide me in all else, but not in this."

Aspasia, who had already seen many symptoms of danger gathering round her, yielded to the grave earnestness of her friend, whose happiness, it was evident, was become so dependent on her well-being, that to risk any thing would have been cruelty to him: she suffered herself therefore to be placed in the chariot beside him; and Pericles, having himself carefully arranged furred skins and coverlets for her comfort, took the reins in his own hand, and, bidding the slaves accompany the chariot, took the road towards the Phalerian gate.

The loungers in the Cerameicus, and about the shops, as he passed, saw with astonishment the

* See Note LXXXVII.

stately Pericles, who so rarely showed himself in public, and never before with such ostentation, now conducting a female in his chariot; and they returned home to tell the tale, and exult somewhat that he too, like other men, had his weak side, and needed not to hold his head so high.

CHAP. XV.

THE AGORA.

AT the first peep of dawn the country people from the districts around Athens began to throng to the city; and ere long you might see them established in the Agora, either under the canvass-covered stalls, whose shelter was needed for the more delicate commodities, or beside the laden ass, which stood patiently flapping his long ears, and waiting till some buyer should relieve him of his load; or humbler yet, the peasant sat upon his own back load, which he had thrown upon the ground, while he wiped his brow with the border of his tunic.

Yonder are the charcoal men from Acharnæ*, waiting for the arrival of the cooks from the kitchens of the lovers of good eating, who will speedily relieve them of their bulky commodity; and near them are gardeners with strings of onions and turnips, and all the variety of vegetables which the Athenians delighted in. A vile smell floats on the air — you turn your head — there are the sellers of salt fish, opening their baskets and busily arranging their contents, sure of very soon finding customers among the numbers who will ere long throng the market; and not far off is a vendor of small birds for the tables of the rich, carefully arranging them on a slender pole which he has raised on two forked sticks under an awning.

* See Note LXXXVIII.

Amid this varied scene, important official-looking men are moving up and down, attended by clerks with writing materials: they are the Agoranomoi *, collecting the market dues from the assembled dealers, and noting down the sums received; and every now and then a muttered curse in very good attic follows their retreating steps.

In the centre of the Agora was a kind of rude camp, and now, wild-looking men, with blue eyes and foreign features, and clad in garments differing from those of the people, are beginning to issue from the tents †, and greet one another in a barbarous tongue, which sounds strange amid the silvery tones of the attic Greek, while they help each other to bind on the quiver, which is the badge of their office. These are the Scythian bowmen — the police force of Athens — whose rough simplicity affords many a laugh to the lively and keen-witted citizens.

The sun is up, and now buyers of all sorts enter: first by twos and threes — they are early rising, pains-taking men, who cannot afford to lose their time: but soon every street and lane that opens into the Agora pours forth its flood of human beings, and the wild-looking bowmen have no small difficulty in preserving order; and many a stroke from the slacked bow falls upon the shoulders of the unruly crowd, whose short, strait-cut hair, and single sleeve, show them to consist of the slaves from different families, who are coming to make or to carry home the purchases for their masters, whose rank may be guessed from the size of the basket provided for that purpose.

* See Note LXXXIX. † See Note XC.

The Agora of Athens, like the market-place of most great southern cities, where the heat renders it impossible to keep meat or vegetables beyond the day, was the scene of all the gossip of the city. Here the slaves enjoyed a short immunity from toil and vexation — complained, if they had a bad master, unrestrained by any dread of being overheard: boasted if they had a good one — laughed at the follies — talked over the intrigues — and let one another into all the secrets they had been able to discover, of the families they belonged to: the little rush basket, or the more ample wicker one, was soon set down, and the meeting groups began to discuss the news of the day.

Xanthias, the slave of the parasite, was of course among the earliest there. It was his business to discover where an entertainment was about to be given, in order that his master might present himself, if not as a bidden, yet as a welcome guest, for his buffooneries and good stories generally pleased; and it was considered as a triumph on the part of the host when Dromeas, whose skill in the science of eating and drinking was well known, presented himself at the hour of supper. Good humour was his trade, and he was thus alternately flatterer and butt, and kept the company merry either at the expense of others or at his own. The good times were not yet arrived, it is true, when the parasites of Athens formed a sort of college, whose decrees had the force of laws, and when nothing was held in good taste which had not the sanction of "the sixty *;" but he

* See Note XCI.

and a few more of his profession were already laying the foundation of their greatness, and Dromeas had all the glory of inventive genius in this line. Even his rival Clitophon lagged behind him in the piquancy of his mimicry, and the delicacy of his gustatory nerves; and the tradesmen of Athens gave him a decided preference when they sought for a recommendation to some wealthy customer.

Xanthias, having nothing to purchase, was at liberty to wander where he would; and he soon entered into conversation with Dicaios the baker, who was there, passing like a fly from one pot of honey to another, inspecting the flavour and appearance of each.

"Thou art a cheat, Pheidon," said the little baker, after taking a glance and a snuff at the old man's honey pot; "thou art a cheat I tell thee. Dost thou call this honey from Hymettus? It is no more from Hymettus than I am, and I am too old to be caught thus. Look you, my good fellows," said he, passing on to two mountaineers clad in goat-skins, who were sitting there on some billets of wood, leaning their elbows on their knees, with their honey pots between their legs — "I am to prepare for a great feast to-morrow, and I must have of the best. Ay, ay," continued he, putting his nose first, and then his finger into each of the pots; "this will do: here, boy" — and he called his attendant slave, for since the Persian war scarcely any citizen of Athens was without one — "put these pots in thy basket; and Xanthias, my good fellow, tell thy master that there is to be a magnificent supper at Cleon's to-morrow night, where my skill will be displayed to the utter-

most. If any of the guests should admire the confectionery — and I am sure they will — ask him to name me. Doubtless he will be there."

"A feast at Cleon's, sayest thou? Who is to be there?"

"Oh, all the great men, they tell me: but if thou wouldst know more, yonder is his steward. Here, Donax, didst thou not tell me that Glycon and Hermippos were to be at thy master's supper to-morrow?"

"Yes; and many more. Oh, there are fine doings in our house since our old master died. Dancers and musicians, and parasites and supper parties! nobody goes to rest sober now. What sayest thou to that, Xanthias, my boy? Come to-morrow night, and thou shalt have a skin full as well as the rest."

"That is good hearing for both my master and me. He beat me last night till he was out of breath because there was no supper to go to, and he was fain to eat lentils: but I have not found any for to-night yet, and that is bad."

"How happens that?"

"Why, didst thou not hear that he affronted some of the guests at Hermippos's some time ago? The young men got up and went away, and since that they have refused to stay at any house where he is admitted. So the porter slams the door in our faces, and says Ariphron, the son of Archippos, or Ariston, the son of Cleombrotos, is here, and you had better go about your business. Oh, it is a bad affair, and gets me many a beating."

"Yes, yes, I remember now to have heard something about it; but I thought it had been that jade

Simætha who was in fault: for Dorus here tells me that since that time Ariphron has been so out of humour with singing girls, that he has foresworn them all, and his mistress has lost him from among her lovers. But may-be she had cleared his purse, and therefore he is in no state to visit her. Eh, Dorus?"

"No, no," replied the steward of Glycera the lute-player — "I don't think that — he was not sufficiently fast hooked: he only came to supper sometimes with other friends, and except a ring or two, or some other such gauds, I don't believe she got any thing from him. And then there was another hinderance too — and that was — she liked him better than he liked her; and now he has ceased to visit her, she takes no pleasure in any thing, and will not even look at her other lovers."

"Good luck for them!" said Donax: "they will find their purses the heavier at the end of the year. But, alas! for thee, poor Dorus! what will become of thee if thy mistress forswears lovers?"

"Oh, I am not afraid — that fancy will not last long. But to think of her falling in love! ha! ha! ha! — I would I could fetch Ariphron back to her: she would bestow half her wealth upon me if I could. Will he be at thy master's supper to-morrow, Donax?"

"No; his name is not on my list of guests. But, Xanthias, where are thine eyes? Dost thou not see that there is an old woman beckoning to thee yonder?"

The slave looked up — the woman was in front of a little stall; and when she caught his eye, she

beckoned again so invitingly, that he went towards the spot, and on entering the stall he found his old acquaintance Sophrona waiting for him.

"Why, Xanthias, I thought I never should have got hold of thee," exclaimed the nurse, catching him by the arm, and drawing him towards the back of the stall. "Hearken to me, lad," whispered she. "Thy master will be at Dracontides' supper to-night, no doubt, and Glycon will be there too: canst thou once more contrive to deliver a message? Thou wast so successful the last time, that I will trust thee again."

"A gold stater would improve my wits a good deal," said Xanthias, who, as the fuller had foretold, was daily becoming wiser in the ways of the world. "Is there a supper there, then?"

"Yes; and thou shalt have thy gold stater, if thou canst bring me to speak with Glycon at dawn to-morrow."

"Thou mayst speak *to* Glycon at dawn, no doubt: for about that time he will probably be reeling home; but if thou wouldst speak *with* him, I would advise thee to choose a better time — unless indeed" — he laughed — "but thou art not seeking him for thyself, Sophrona."

"Why not?"

"Well, well, if thou art serious, perhaps thou art wise; for by that time he will be too drunk to know Aphroditè from Hecatè."

"Humph! let me see him at dusk then, to-morrow, and at the same place as before."

"But, Sophrona —"

"No *buts;* the gold stater is thine only on con-

dition that thou askest no questions, and tellest no tales."

"Well, well, it shall be done; but I do marvel what thou canst have to stay to Glycon. Now be a good woman, and tell me what it is."

The old woman showed a gold piece between her fingers, and put it up again. Xanthias understood the sign, and was silent; and unwilling to be questioned by his associates as to the nature of the communication, sauntered off in another direction.

Meantime they were amusing themselves with conjectures as to the cause of the old woman's summons. "There is some intrigue going on," said Dorus; "she had just the air of a go-between. Dost thou know her? Xanthias is a lucky fellow, if he falls into such business."

"And who is there that cares for his master, thinkest thou, then?"

"Oh, I am not fool enough to suppose that any one has fallen in love with Dromeas, unless it be a flea; he must be good pasture for such cattle, methinks: but Dromeas's slave goes every where. Hark! what is all that rout about?"

"They have caught a Megarean selling onions," said another, coming up at that moment: a fellow has informed, and the bowmen are dragging him before the Agoranomoi. It is the first that has been taken under the new law, I believe. It is well if he does not lose more than his onions."*

"How the fellow roars! and what a noise they are all making about it!" exclaimed the steward of

* See Note XCII.

Cleon's household: "ha! ha! ha! one would think they had taken a whole army of Megareans, instead of one poor rascal with a string of bad onions: but, Dorus," continued he, "will thy mistress come to my master's supper or not? The invitation was sent three days ago, and she has not deigned to give any answer yet. She will lose him if she goes on at this rate."

"I tell thee she will not care if she does. There is but one man in the world that she thinks about at present, and him she cannot catch; so she sits and cries in a corner, like a child crying for the moon; and truly, if thy master's gold were not of a better colour than his face, I should think she was in the right to throw him aside, whatever she might do with others. But the pimply-faced hound is rich."

"Thou art an impudent fellow; and my master has treated both thee and thy mistress better than you deserve. I shall tell him what thou sayest."

"Do, do, and see what thou wilt get by that," said Dorus saucily: "my mistress is a free woman, and Cleon cannot get her, but with her own free will; and if he touches me, see if I do not contrive to bring her and Ariphron together — ha! ha! ha!"

"Get thee gone, for a saucy rascal as thou art: thou art just fit for the servant of a singing girl."

"And thou for the steward of a stinking tanner," cried Dorus, running off: "for thou carriest a goat under thine arm at all times." *

When Dorus returned from the market, he found the fair Glycera sitting on a couch, while the old

* See Note XCIII.

woman, who usually officiated as her mother, was perfuming and braiding her long glossy tresses.

"I tell thee, Myrtis," said she peevishly, as he entered, that I hate the very sound of his name; a nasty, short, slavish sounding ——"

"But, my child, he is rich and young—he would be a mine of gold to thee."

"What care I for that?—he is ugly and disagreeable, and I am determined.—Well, Dorus," exclaimed she, as she saw the slave at the entrance—"what news? Canst thou tell me any thing of Ariphron? Will he be at Cleon's supper?"

"No, lady!"

"Then Cleon may go hang himself, if he will—I will not go. Heigh-ho!—I would I had never left Corinth!"

"Why shouldst thou grieve thus for one man, my child," said the old woman in a coaxing tone, "when thou hast so many other lovers? Since we arrived in the city last autumn, thou hast been the favourite every where: there are twenty that would be delighted to enjoy even a very small share of thy favour: why wilt thou fix thy heart so perversely on that one? Thou mayst find plenty as good as him."

"No, that is false: thou wouldst know why I fix my heart on that one? Just because I hate all the rest, and love him;" and the beautiful lute-player threw down the ornaments she had been preparing for her hair, and casting it loose again upon her shoulders, exclaimed, "Give me that one, or I will kill myself."

"Lady," said Dorus, "though I know that he will not be at the supper to-morrow night, I know where he will be."

"Ah, my excellent Dorus! thou hast been thinking of thy mistress, then! take this" — and she pressed money into his hand: "fetch him hither, and I will double the gift: there, there! go, and do not return without him: and Myrtis, help me to bind up my hair; give me my necklace, my bracelets: he will, he must come; and he shall see that I dress only for him. I will not see a soul else."

"Alack!" said the old woman to Dorus, as she passed him to fetch the jewels, "she is mad, quite mad! — to despise Cleon, with all his bags of money, for the sake of a paltry fellow that never gave either her or me the value of a mina! — that is what I call being quite mad."

"Yes, yes: thou lookest at the purse, she at the face: that belongs to the time of life of the two. Ariphron is a likely young fellow, and, may-be, he has money in his pouch, too."

"Poh! she is so wild about him, she will take none."

"But *we* can — so I shall see what is to be done."

CHAP. XVI.

A PRACTICAL MAN.

It was yet early morning when Charmides took his way to the lodging of his Ephesian friend Olympiodoros. He found him already up, and pacing up and down the hall in company with his host Cleobulus, between whose family and that of the Ephesian the relations of hospitality had long been established.

"I am come," said Charmides, "to tell you that Anaxagoras will give a lecture on the nature of the heavenly bodies to-day. Are you, either of you, inclined to go and hear him?"

"Assuredly I will go," said Cleobulus; "for I wish to hear and judge what it is that he teaches on this head. I have heard much murmuring on the subject, and many complain that he is attempting to introduce a new worship, or at any rate to bring our present belief into contempt."

"Our present belief?" said Charmides: "is it so certain that we do believe what we are told on many of these subjects? Thou, Olympiodoros, for instance, dost thou believe that the statue of Diana in the temple of that goddess at Ephesus really fell from heaven?"

"No, indeed; it has far too earthly a look about it for such an origin. I suspect it would want careful packing even for a voyage by sea; and as for a de-

scent from the skies, that is quite out of the question."

"And thou, Cleobulus, dost thou believe what Olympiodoros and I heard one of our old citizens affirming the day we first met — that Bacchus led an army of daring satyrs to conquer India?"

"Oh, that is only a mythological fable," said Cleobulus.

"That is exactly what Anaxagoras says: he considers the belief of the people to be nothing else than mythological fables, under which deeper truths are hidden; but he does not think it good that truth should be thus disguised, and therefore he preaches it boldly."

"That is the very point that Cleobulus and I were talking about when thou camest," said Olympiodoros: "we cannot satisfy ourselves that the people are capable of understanding the truth. Pythagoras, thou well knowest, required a long probation from his disciples ere he instructed them in his more hidden doctrines. Heracleitus has disguised his in language so obscure, that it cannot be comprehended without long study; and most of our great philosophers have confined their instruction to those who had been prepared for its reception by previous instruction. Workmen and artisans can hardly be expected to have time for such things."

"It seems to me," said Charmides, "that the truth is far more easily comprehended than the contradictory fables which form the groundwork of our present superstitions. When I look on this fair world about me, I find no difficulty in understanding it to be the work of an Eternal Mind, which has

reduced the jarring elements to order; and I think that an artisan who is daily doing something of the same kind, would find it as comprehensible as I do. But it is not easy to understand how deities who quarrel, suffer, and commit wrong, can be the managers of a world where all proceeds with such wonderful regularity."

"True," said Cleobulus; "and therefore it is that we have given divine honours to the earth. Its incessant powers of reproduction speak of inherent life; and the no less wonderful power of accomplishing the ends of nature, by so many wise expedients, show that life to be an intelligent one. The deities worshipped by the people are, in fact, only the personification of the powers of nature — a mode of expressing the fact which the gross apprehension of the vulgar renders necessary."

"But we began by talking of *belief*," said Charmides, smiling: "it now appears that thou dost not believe, any more than Anaxagoras does, of the fables told regarding the gods. Why should he be blamed for avowing the same thing that thou thyself dost?"

"Because he does not, like me, speak it merely among persons capable of understanding it. He teaches the same thing to all; and by thus weakening the faith of the people in the superstitions, if thou wilt have it so, upon whose sanction our government depends, he hazards the upsetting of the good order of the state. This is the point which I wish to ascertain; for if he confines his teaching merely to his pupils, as other philosophers have done, I do not object to his leading them as far as he pleases; but if he spreads his doctrines among the

lower sort, I think it will be attended with danger, whether they be true or not: perhaps their very truth renders the risk the greater, for they will be the more readily impressed on men's minds. But of this, observe that I speak only hypothetically, for I am not yet convinced that his views are true: I have not had time to examine them sufficiently."

"And if, on examination, thou shouldst find them to be true, wouldst thou then oppose the making them public?"

"Certainly: I have already said that their very truth would increase the hazard. Men's minds would be set afloat after they know not what — and the spirit of change once infused, who can tell where it would stop? Even our slaves might become infected, and begin to talk about the common rights of our nature, if you once persuade them that all men have in them an immortal and divine essence which is individually distinct."

"They might, certainly," said Charmides, musing: "it was a danger I had not thought of; — and yet," added he, with the warmth of a young and ingenuous mind, "if they have a common origin, they have those rights."

"Undoubtedly they *had*," replied Cleobulus, with the confident and patronising air of a man who in mercy to a discomfited opponent, will not push his advantages too far: "undoubtedly they *had;* but when they bartered away freedom for life, it was their own choice to do so, therefore they have voluntarily abandoned those rights, and have received payment in the maintenance afforded them. But should these new doctrines inflame their minds with

the notion that a change in the state of things might cancel their original compact, and give them a chance of recovering their former rights, what would become of all property? The free citizens are not more than in the proportion of one to four, at the utmost: how could we maintain our position amid so fearful a struggle? Thou seest, my young friend, that the question is a more perplexed one than thou hadst imagined, and it is better to bear a little wrong, whose extent we know, than to run after novelties which may produce much greater evils."

Charmides was silent: he thought of the various manual labours executed by slaves; figured to himself the loss and inconvenience which a servile insurrection might cause, and began to think that the philosopher might perhaps be imprudent in his too hasty endeavours for the amelioration of mankind. "I must talk to Anaxagoras about this," said he, after a pause: "there is something so delightful in finding the powers of nature developing themselves to our minds, that I had thought only of the pleasure. Is there nothing on earth, then, without its dark side?"

"I really have never thought enough about it, to say whether there is or not," said Cleobulus: "I am a politician, and not a philosopher; but this I know, that, arrange things as we may, some must suffer for the good of the whole, and probably the sufferers will be the most numerous class, for riches can only be the lot of a few — while the lower classes are ignorant, they hardly discover this; but let them once feel their position and their physical power, and we should probably see one of those bloody revolutions which have so shaken the power of other states. Lacedæmon,

it is well known, was brought to the very brink of ruin by the insurrection of the Helots, a few years back; and we should take care that we do not bring ourselves into the same state: for I think we should hardly get from the Spartans the aid which we so readily and generously afforded them at their need."

"Come," said Olympiodoros; "we shall be too late, if we go on with this conversation here: Charmides and thou may finish the dispute as we go along:" and hereupon they all three set forward for the house of Anaxagoras, where he was wont to receive his pupils and hearers. They had not proceeded far before they were joined by Ariphron and Ariston — the two friends who had left the supper party of Hermippos in disgust.

"Whither away, Charmides?" said Ariphron: "what problem hast thou in thy head that puzzles thee? for thou lookest not a little grave and perplexed."

"We are going to hear Anaxagoras," replied the son of Pheidias: "and Cleobulus here has been making so many objections to his plan of teaching the truth publicly, that he has almost staggered me *: come with us, and tell us what you think."

"Willingly; for in fact that was our intention even before we overtook you. We were both so disgusted at Hermippos's supper party the other night, that we determined to make trial of philosophy, and see whether it would afford us a little better amusement; so Ariston and I were on our way to enrol ourselves among the pupils of Anaxa-

* See Note XCIV.

goras, and perhaps also of Aspasia, for we are curious to hear her."

"I do not like this plan of suffering females to appear in public on ordinary occasions," said Cleobulus: "without arguing the question in a moral point of view — for I leave those considerations to those whose especial profession it is — as a statesman I object to it. You see what has been the consequence: women are physically too feeble to protect themselves: they are exposed to outrage as soon as they enter into the haunts of men, and then the state is entangled in quarrels, as is the case now with regard to Megara. To maintain our honour we are obliged to take strong measures, and probably a fresh war may be the consequence of the disregard of wholesome customs by two young girls. I do not complain of these things as in themselves wrong — probably no action is in itself either right or wrong; but I complain of the want of judgment which has attempted changes before society was prepared for them."

Charmides was again perplexed: he could easily have distinguished the right from the wrong, but this appeal to expediency embarrassed him, and the tone of candour, accompanied by a grave conviction of the force of his own arguments, which distinguished Cleobulus's conversation, made him distrust himself, and made him long for some one to aid him in answering pleas which he *felt* but could not *prove* to be futile.

"I do not know any more dangerous persons," continued Cleobulus, in the same tone of perfect conviction, "than this kind of speculatist: without

any of the practical knowledge which would enable him to correct his views, he pursues some wild theory which sounds plausible, and entangles himself and his followers in inextricable difficulties before he is aware of it. They are forced then to recur to practical men; but it is generally too late to remedy the evil entirely."

"To our shame be it spoken," said Ariphron, "neither Ariston nor I have thought enough about these matters hitherto, to be able to decide on such points; but nevertheless I think that the same thing which is sending us to Anaxagoras has sent others thither also; — I mean a thorough disgust towards the present manners of society — any change seems preferable to this. What is there left for a young man like myself to do? The gossip of the gymnasium or the palæstra in the morning; in the evening a supper, where some beastly jester affords the amusement, or musicians, yet more disgusting, because their brutality seems less in character. There is pleasure in the soft tones of a woman's voice: there is a pleasure in gazing on beauty; but this we are debarred from unless we choose to encumber ourselves with the expenses of a mistress, or of a wife and family, which is not always convenient. Why should we not be allowed to meet respectable females in society?"

"Because they would very soon cease to be respectable if you did," replied Cleobulus. "Women are so deprived of understanding by nature, that the flattery and attentions of young men like yourself would soon upset their weakness, and we should only have a more wide-spread corruption."

"I doubt that point with regard to the intellectual

inferiority of women," said the Ephesian: "our Ionian women have many of them been worthy disciples of the schools of philosophy."

"Very likely," said Cleobulus: "I do not undertake to speak as a physiologist; I merely tell the result of my observations as a practical man. Here, in Athens, whatever may be the case elsewhere, the women are not calculated for a life of greater publicity. Before you impose new duties on any class, you must take care that it shall be fit for their performance."

"But how," asked Charmides, recovering courage; "how can you fit a class for duties, if they are never permitted to execute them? When a child is born into the world, he is sent into it helpless and ignorant, to be taught by his very difficulties to fulfil the part allotted to him. Is life any thing else than a prolonged training of this kind? We learn by our failures, and avoid another time what has once been found injurious."

"Not always, my young friend," replied Cleobulus: "sometimes what has been found injurious is nevertheless sweet, and is pursued in spite of its evil consequences. Is it not found practically that this is constantly occurring? Drunkenness is injurious, yet the oftener indulged the greater is the craving."

"But wine may be tasted without drunkenness. I must say, for I have experienced it, that the society of a really intellectual woman has a charm no where else to be found. When Aspasia has spent a morning in my father's work-rooms, the time has past like a happy dream: my eyes, my ears, my reason, all enjoyed the highest gratification at one and

the same time: her departure was like the departure of the sun."

"But she, it is well known, was educated for her profession. I am not going to inquire if she exercises any other — that is the business of the moralist, and my only concern is with life practically. It would not be thus with our Athenian women, who are equally disqualified by education and by habit for such a life."

"But how can they ever be qualified for it unless we give them liberty and education?" said Ariphron. "Charmides has described exactly what I think would be my own feelings. Dromeas and Simætha have given me such a sickening of our social meetings, that I am quite ready to become the dutiful pupil of Aspasia. By Jove! Pericles is in the right. He is called proud, and I know not what besides, because he refuses all invitations of this kind, and passes his evenings either alone, or in the house of some friend where females form a part of the society; but *I* call him wise. Yes, yes, I know what that smile means: but at any rate, even were things as common fame says, the women of his society wear clothes — don't get drunk — and talk like rational beings. Is not that what thou sayest, Charmides?"

"I say that, and much more. I say that there is a purity of thought and expression in Aspasia and her companions which belies the general opinion most completely. It has been my good fortune often to be in company both with them and with the great man whom thou hast named, and never did I see any thing pass between them that might not have been witnessed with approbation by the most scru-

pulous matron in Athens. My heart bleeds when I think of those two lovely girls whose fate excited such general indignation, for they were as innocent as young lambs I am confident."

"Here we are," said Ariphron: "Charmides, thou must introduce Ariston and myself. Assure Anaxagoras that we are repentant sinners, and that he shall find us docile scholars, if he will admit us; and," added he, in a whisper, "try and get us admission to Aspasia also — thou shalt find us grateful for thy service if thou canst. I cannot describe to thee how anxious I am to converse with this wonder."

CHAP. XVII.

A PHILOSOPHICAL LECTURE.

ANAXAGORAS was walking up and down the colonnade with some friends, when Charmides entered and introduced his party. The philosopher received them with much courtesy, and expressed his satisfaction at finding young men inclined to employ themselves so worthily. "And though I will not promise," said he, addressing himself to Ariphron and Ariston, "that I can make you virtuous without effort on your own part, yet I think that the momentous truths which I have to disclose are so calculated to make a salutary impression on the mind, that I believe your efforts will be both easy and successful. It is my business to impress the truths: it will be yours to profit by them."

"He is not a practical man, then?" whispered Ariphron to Charmides.

"Certainly not," replied Charmides in the same tone; "at least not in the sense of Cleobulus. I have almost begun to doubt if he be practical enough."

"Never fear — those practical men are mere plausible dolts for the most part," said Ariphron, looking carefully round to see that he was not overheard. "Look, look! here come some real practical men!" for as Anaxagoras required no payment for

his lessons, his lectures were frequently attended by artisans and persons of low rank, and on this occasion a considerable number of them were beginning to throng the place.

"Noble stranger," said Anaxagoras, addressing the Ephesian, "I promised thee a simple explanation of my views with respect to the formation of material substances: let me now fulfil my promise," and so saying, he proceeded to take from his vest a piece of clear white stone of a rhomboidal form, which he showed to his guests. "You will observe its form accurately, if you please," said he, "for on that will be founded one of my proofs." Then taking a hammer, he struck it a blow which split it into numberless fragments, each of which nevertheless retained the rhomboidal form.

"You perceive, now," continued he, addressing himself to his auditory generally, "that this substance is wholly composed of particles of a similar nature; for as the smallest piece of it still keeps its rhombic form in spite of the violence with which it was broken, so I am justified in concluding that even were it reduced to powder, the particles would still be rhombs. I have selected this as the best illustration, because it is easy of fracture, but the same may be observed of a multitude of other stones and salts — a point which you can all ascertain for yourselves. It is only by an argument from analogy that we can arrive at comprehending those things which are too minute to be discovered by touch or sight: but it is no unfair assumption, if we suppose that a rule which prevails so extensively is a general one; and upon this ground I conclude that even

those substances which cannot be thus split with a hammer nevertheless consist of perfectly similar particles united into a mass, and that growth consists of the assimilation of such particles as may exist in other bodies. Thus flesh is nourished by the reception into the stomach of other fleshy particles — the fluids of the body in like manner by the reception of other fluids, and so on through all the organism of nature. Have I made my meaning clear?"

"Perfectly so," said Olympiodoros: "the fact which we have just seen demonstrated is a most curious one; but if this be the case, the forms which Pythagoras attributed to the different elements are incorrect." *

"I will not exactly say that; for there may be elemental forms, yet more simple, into which these varieties may resolve themselves. I think I have seen traces of this in the fracture of some minerals, which seem to have, as it were, a kernel of a more simple form concealed under a more complex one; but still each substance has its own form, so that my general rule would remain the same; namely, that every material substance is composed of a set of similar particles; and herein I conceive that I do not so much differ from, as enlarge upon, the system of Pythagoras. It has always been a matter of regret to me that the unfortunate events which attended the rise of the Persian power should have robbed us of his written philosophy, and, in great measure, of his disciples also: for I think, were I able to trace his views exactly, I should find them in many points

* See Note XCV.

accord with my own. It is one evil, among many, resulting from the plan of confining scientific teaching to a few initiated disciples, that if war or popular tumult should destroy these few, the system is lost, and future generations have to discover it afresh. Thus Pythagoras has left us no certain account of the arguments by which he justified his opinion that the earth revolves round the central fire of the universe. I, at least, shall not have incurred that reproach, for it has been my endeavour to diffuse knowledge, not to conceal it; and it is a pleasure to me to reflect that so many are now acquainted with doctrines which I firmly believe to be the truth, that it can never again be wholly forgotten. If, as I think, progressive improvement be the law of the world, and the steps we have now made in science are to be followed by yet greater, we should take care that we do not retard the career of knowledge by the selfish endeavour to confine it to a few."

He paused for a moment, and seeing now that the open space was filled, he took his stand on a kind of raised platform, and thus continued: — "I purposely began by showing the constitution of material substances, because I wish at once to clear your notions with regard to the material universe altogether. It has been held by some that there is a divine energy residing in every particle of matter, by which the whole coheres, and that thus the earth and other similar bodies might be considered as inherently divine. But it is evident from the ready separation of these small rhombs by a blow of my hammer that they possess no such power in themselves; for you see they make no effort to re-unite: — the severed

bough remains severed, — the broken stone remains broken: — they have evidently yielded to the intellect of man, which has willed their separation. I conclude, therefore, that the divine power is not inherent; that material particles are in themselves inert and motionless; and I seek elsewhere for the moving power which first brought inert matter into form, and which, where it has undergone the process of organization, still gives it movement."

Loud applause followed this, which the sage acknowledged merely by a wave of his hand to obtain silence, and then pursued his argument thus: — "If the divine energy, therefore, does not reside in the particles of our earth but elsewhere, we have no reason to conclude that it resides in any similar body. The moon, for instance, is evidently an opaque body, shining only by a borrowed light; since it is sufficiently demonstrated, by the circumstances attending eclipses, that it possesses no light of its own. I do not conceive that I shall be called on to prove the causes of these last-named phenomena; for since Thales, my great predecessor in the schools of Ionia, found means to calculate and foretell them from the known motions of the heavenly bodies, no reasonable man can doubt that eclipses of the sun proceed from the interposition of the moon between that luminary and the earth. On those occasions it is a dark substance which interposes; therefore the moon is in itself dark, and borrows its lustre merely from the sun's rays, just in the same way that the upper part of yonder wall dazzles our eyes from the reflection of his light. This dark opaque body is marked, too, by apparent inequalities;

in some parts it is dazzingly bright; in others we see, as in the inequalities of the wall to which I have already called your attention, a more subdued light. There is, therefore, every reason for supposing that it has hills and valleys like our earth, and if so, it is most probably inhabited by other sentient beings, and to those sentient beings its material particles will be subject, as we have already seen that those of the earth are to man. We have no proof, therefore, of any inherent divine power in the moon, any more than in the earth."

"These are dangerous doctrines," whispered Cleobulus to his friend.

"Yet they are true: what can be advanced to overthrow them?"

"Oh, that is another thing: but we could do very well without them; and I do not think that knowledge of this kind, even supposing it true, ought to be sought, if we are thereby to be shaken in our belief, and rendered worse members of society."

"I must wait till I hear his conclusion, ere I decide on that; but hush! he is going to resume."

"Having in some manner proved my assertion with regard to the moon," continued Anaxagoras, "we will now proceed to the examination of other heavenly bodies. It is probably known to most of you that, on certain occasions, a star of considerable magnitude has been seen shooting rapidly in a direction slanting towards the earth, which finally has exploded with a loud noise, and masses of stone have been precipitated to the earth with such violence as to bury themselves deeply in the soil; these masses have been found still too hot to be touched, even

when those who saw them fall approached them. A circumstance of this kind has lately occurred; I am therefore giving no fabulous relation. Whence came these stones? Whence come their light, their heat, their rapid motion? These are questions not easily answered, and yet, I think, we may come to some approximation, at least, to the truth. If mere earthy masses are capable of acquiring both light and heat by motion, — which is evident, since on reaching a quiescent state on the earth they quickly cool, — the sun itself, that great source of light and heat to the world, may be nothing more than a mass of stone in a like state of incandescence from rapid motion; and from whence is it so likely that those meteoric stones should come, as from a body which so nearly resembles them in some of its properties, namely, intense light and heat. We all know sufficiently, from the course of a stone thrown from a sling, that it is the tendency of all bodies in rapid circular motion to proceed in a strait line when released from control — if the sun then, be, as I suppose, a mass of stony matter, ignited by its rapid revolution, then if any particle were thrown off from its surface, it would escape in a right line till the attraction or interposition of some larger body should at once finish its course, as in the case of the meteoric stone I have already alluded to. I have said the attraction of some larger body, for this again is one of the laws of nature which almost forces itself on our attention. Few among a nautical people can be ignorant that all objects floating in a liquid medium, are attracted by an invisible force towards the larger body: thus a mariner escapes with difficulty from a sinking vessel,

and the corks of nets have a tendency to draw together. The heavenly bodies, then, exercise a like power on each other; and Parmenides accounted for the quietude of the earth by the equality of attraction on all sides, which prevented it from quitting its place. This, however, is a point on which I shall not now dwell, for I am still engaged in weighing the conflicting opinions of the Pythagorean and Eleatic schools on this subject. I have merely taken it as a casual illustration. My object is solely to prove, which I hope I have done to your satisfaction, that neither light, nor heat, nor motion, necessarily imply an inherent divine power. That fallen star rests now as any other mass of stone. I can break it with my hammer, — it will not re-unite: — I can heat in the fire, — it will glow for as long a time as I choose to keep it there, and cool again when I take it out: there is no vestige of volition in it; but after having run its course as a bright star, it now remains submissive to man's intellect, and may be built into a wall without the least danger of its escape."

A fresh burst of applause followed: it was evident that he was making a deep impression on the minds of his hearers, and again Cleobulus shook his head, and muttered to himself, "This is dangerous doctrine." Anaxagoras continued: —

"I hardly need ask you now if we have any more cause to assign divine energy to other stars than to that which we have had it in our power to handle? Whether the bodies which sparkle in the skies be fragments of the sun detached in like manner from its surface, and maintained in equilibrium by an

equal attraction; or whether they be in themselves suns which appear smaller in consequence of their greater distance, — still we are justified in assuming that, like it, they consist of inert matter, to which motion must be imparted by some other power, and, as far as we have means of judging, that power must be intellectual; for regularity of motion is the result of design, — design the result of intellect. It would be vain to endeavour to obtain the simplest machine from the mental efforts of a brute animal; — the muscular power is there, but the mind to direct it is wanting. I therefore come now to the most important part of my discourse, and after having shown you what is not divine, I shall endeavour to show you what is. We have already seen that mere matter, so far as we are acquainted with it, is heavy, inert, senseless, — receiving its form and motion solely from a directing intellect. Man takes the metal from the earth, smelts, hammers, and fashions it to his will: — the stone is cut from the quarry; — it assumes under his hand the most beautiful forms; — but man, with all his power of intellect, cannot give animation to the beautiful statue which has grown under his hand. Where then is the plastic power which has animated his own form? We have seen how man's intellect dominates over inert matter — what dominates over man himself? — what imparts movement to those bodies which man cannot reach, — organization to bodies which he is unable to imitate? — you will have anticipated my answer — there must exist somewhere a plastic INTELLECT as much superior to man as man is to brute matter: there must be a MIND pervading, but not mixed

with the material substance of the universe *, and it must be to the will of this MIND that we owe our existence, no less than that of all the objects which surround us. Movement, which is life, is not inherent in matter, — then movement is communicated by a mind acting exteriorly, not interiorly: the Deity fashions, directs, preserves, pervades, but inhabits not the substances which he has formed. Perhaps it is hardly possible to give a shorter and better description of this Eternal and Infinite Being than is afforded in the lines of Xenophanes: —

Εἷς Θεὸς ἔν τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρωποῖσι μέγιστος,
Οὔτε δέμας θνητοῖσιν ὁμοῖος, οὔδε νοήμα. †

"I may yet further take up the argument of the same philosopher, and show you that as existence could never have begun, if there had ever been a time when there was no existence, so the plastic mind which I have described must be eternal, and if eternal, self-existing, — if self-existing, — ONE. For the necessary condition of self-existence is infinity, since the self-existent must be boundless no less in knowledge than in power. Athenians!" exclaimed the philosopher, warming as he became more possessed with his subject; "look at the fables of your gods — look at the service you offer them, — and tell me if this tremendous Being, resting alone in his might, and pervading by his power the farthest depth of our universe; regulating by his will those innumerable far orbs, whose mingled light reaches us

* Aristot. De Anim. l. i. c. 2. § 13.

† "There is one great God over gods and men, who resembles no mortal either in form or mode of thinking."

in the Milky Way — if the Great Father of every godlike intellect that has ever adorned this earth is so to be thought of — so to be served? I own I shrink from the unworthy thought as a sacrilege, and when I see your Bacchic dances, and processions, and songs, and consider that these are the rites supposed to propitiate the ONE MIGHTY, ETERNAL, INFINITE MIND, I can but wonder at the folly, and shrink from the profanation of such a notion, and bowing my head in the dust, I exclaim, 'Father of the Universe, pardon thy erring children!' It is not thus, Athenians! that man, — the worm, — the insect of a day, — can fit himself to approach his Maker. In that frail form, that shrinks and withers before a mere blast of air, dwells something less frail, less perishable, — unmoved by the accidents of the body, — capable of surviving it. That intellect, which, we have already seen, is the copy of the ETERNAL MIND like it, exists without mixing with the material substance: — it is not life, — for life can subsist where there is no intellect: — it is not passion, — for passion is but an emotion of the body consequent on the vital functions: but it is, like its great Parent, an immortal essence formed for immortal enjoyments. Oh, my friends! soil not this bright emanation by the mire of earth." *

The philosopher paused, and amid the attentive silence which his impressive tone and subject had produced, one voice was heard to pronounce, in a low tone, the word "Never!" It was a vow made to God, — to the world, — to posterity, — and nobly was it kept: for the voice was that of young So-

* See Note XCVI.

crates, the humble son of the stone-cutter Sophroniscus. Anaxagoras looked towards the part whence the voice proceeded. "One heart at least has responded to me," said he, with deep emotion. "The blessing of the Eternal be upon thee, my son!"

"Another heart has responded to thee, O, my father!" said Charmides, drawing near, and reverentially kissing his hand; "never shall the recollection of this moment be effaced from my mind."

"Charmides, thou hast anticipated us," said Ariphron. "It is not by noisy applause that Anaxagoras should be greeted; but," added he, approaching the sage with his friend Ariston, and bending before him, "Master! receive the repentance of two erring children of the Father of the Universe. Never again will we degrade ourselves by mixing in those foul revelries."

The excellent man laid a hand on the head of each as they bowed before him, and in a voice that faltered with deep feeling, said, "This is a happiness almost too great for utterance. I had hardly hoped that my words would have borne such rich fruit. May He who sees all, hears all, knows all, assist you in following up the resolution thus nobly formed, and when we all meet in that land which is our true home"—he pointed to the skies—"the transactions of this day will not be forgotten:"—and so saying he embraced each with the affection of a father.

"What sayest thou now to Anaxagoras?" said the Ephesian to his host.

"I say that I think him a dangerous man," replied Cleobulus; "he has a persuasive eloquence

which may sway young minds, unaccustomed to judge of things by their practical results, most fearfully. And why should we alter a system under which the people have thriven and been happy?"

Anaxagoras heard the latter part of these observations, and turning to Cleobulus, said mildly, "May I be permitted to reply to what was not addressed to myself?"

Cleobulus returned a courteous affirmative.

"Allow me then to say, that I doubt the happy and thriving condition of the people. When Athens resisted Persia, and rose, in consequence, to the position of the first state in Greece, its citizens were disinterested, and sacrificed property for liberty; but what is the position of things now? The jealousy subsisting between the people and the nobility must have a cause, and is not that cause the distrust of each other's moral principles felt by each? Both in turn suspect the opposite party of interested views, and very frequently with justice: but a state where the different classes look on each other as enemies to be watched and guarded against, is not a happy one. Man is so constituted that he gives his confidence only to justice and virtue,—witness Aristeides, who, by the universal consent of Greece was allowed, though an Athenian, to settle the tribute money which Athens was to receive from the other states for their defence against the power of the Great King. Do we not then most effectually consult the good of the state when we endeavour to fix principles in men's minds which shall make justice and virtue habitual."

"Undoubtedly," replied Cleobulus; "among those

whose birth and station fit them for the reception of such instruction."

"But if a virtuous life be the road to happiness, who is there that does not need such instruction? All wish to be happy."

"But the poorer classes can fulfil their duties, be industrious, and consequently virtuous and happy, without having their minds unsettled by discussions such as I have just heard, which are calculated to throw discredit on the established religion."

"How far what I have said may have that effect is not for me to say, but of this I am well assured, that I have taught nothing to-day that has not been implied by Æschylus, whose dramas are permitted to be constantly represented before the whole people. When in his Prometheus Chained he represents Zeus as a new and tyrannical potentate, and declares that there is a NECESSITY, over which he has no control, and to which he, like mortals, must submit, what is it but declaring that there is in nature that SUPREME MIND which I have endeavoured to unveil to men's view. I have used no such terms of contempt towards those sub-deities to whom your temples are dedicated, as your favourite poet has indulged in. Surely, it is no wholesome state of things, when the deity, to whom sacrifices are offered and prayers preferred, is made an object of mockery or contempt upon the stage. A religion which enters not into the heart, will never purify or guide the life. A ceremonial service, in which the reason takes no share, will never make virtuous men."

"Theoretically speaking," replied Cleobulus, "I have no doubt all this may be very true, but excuse

me if I say, that being merely a politician, I can only consider things in that point of view. Doubtless there may be a more perfect state of society, but often in striving after perfection, we overturn what was sufficiently good for all practical purposes, and may find it difficult afterwards to establish order." And then, feeling that his stock of argument was nearly exhausted, he hinted to his Ephesian friend that they had other engagements, and hastily took his leave before he had been brought to the disagreeable point of having nothing to reply. The young men remained with the philosopher, while the Ephesian and his friend pursued their course to the gymnasium, which lay without the walls, at no great distance from the gate near which Anaxagoras resided.

CHAP. XVIII.

A RIDE FROM ACHARNÆ TO ATHENS.

"FATHER," said Lysicles, as they stood under the portico of the house, despatching the slaves to their different morning tasks, "I will go with the bullocks to Athens to-day: the Carian may accompany me, and return with them if I sell them not: wilt thou trust me? It is long since I have been in the city, and I would fain see what is doing there."

"And what wilt thou in the city, my boy? I seldom go myself, but people tell me that strange things are taught there; — that men are learning to despise the gods: and women of free birth walk the streets alone, and talk with men unveiled. Such things never happened in my early days, and I fear that the change bodes no good. Go not among such, my son."

Lysicles hung his head, for he knew the prejudices in his father's mind were too strong to be removed by any argument that he was capable of using, and indeed he was hardly himself aware of why the country seemed so dreary to him. He had entered his mother's apartments, and had seen her and her maids busily engaged in carding and spinning wool; he had heard, even to a finger's length, the quantity of cloth she expected to make from it: had listened to her complaints of the idleness of one slave, and the

insolence of another, with now and then a lamentation that his father was not half sharp enough for a good manager: he had been told over and over again the qualities that he ought to look for in a wife, and had heard of all the young damsels that would by and by be eligible matches; but in all this there was nothing to fill his mind or his heart. His mother's voice had assumed a shrill unpleasing tone from the habitual scolding of her maids; her very countenance had grown sharp and shrewish: there was no womanly charm about her: the female slaves were coarse and untaught, — there was nothing, — oh nothing, there, like what he had seen in Athens! He did not confess, even to his own heart, that it was in one pretty house, between the Agora and the Pnyx, that all Athens was centered as far as his imagination was concerned: but still if any one could have looked into his thoughts, it would have been seen that it was in the hall where Aspasia was wont to receive her pupils that his soul was wandering.

Mnesarchos saw his abstraction, and thought it was disappointment. "What, thou hast set thy heart on going thither? Well, well, I was young myself once, and loved to amuse myself. Thou art a good boy, and deservest a holiday, so if thou wilt, go. What day of the Prytaneia is it? Will there be an assembly of the people?* thou wilt do well to go to the Pnyx if there be, thou wilt thus learn to understand affairs, and I can trust the Carian with the selling of the bullocks."

* See Note XCVII.

"I do not know what days the assembly meets," said Lysicles, blushing; for he felt that it was not to the Pnyx that he desired to go.

"Nay, nay, my boy! that is being too much of a countryman — the eleventh, the twentieth, the thirtieth, and the thirty-third of the Prytaneia are the days of meeting; but whether this be one of them I cannot tell. I have lived here till I know little of the affairs of the city."

"If I go immediately I shall know when I arrive; for the Scythians will be in the Agora driving in the people. I shall not be above an hour going thither."

"Right, right — ha! ha! ha! I have laughed many a time at seeing fellows dodging up and down to avoid being marked, when they had no mind to leave their business in the Agora; and those Scythian rascals enjoyed the fun, and used always to stretch their cord across the path of the man who seemed most busy. And yet I ought not to have laughed, for it was no laughing matter to get caught oneself, and be fined for one's pains. Νὴ τὸν Δία! it is provoking enough, just when a man is finishing an advantageous bargain, to find a couple of those cursed fellows twanging their cord across his shoulders, and leaving him with a stripe of red like a marked sheep, and then to have a fine to pay that swallows up half the profit!* But I must not keep thee talking here now, — go child, if thou wilt, and when thou comest back I shall hear the news," — and the fond father kissed the smooth brow of his son, and bade him be careful.

* See Note XCVIII.

The Carian slave, with two others to assist him, was already in waiting with the bullocks; and Lysicles hastily fetching his hat*, to protect his head from the sun's rays, which were already gaining power, and arranging his dress for the ride, mounted the horse which was led out for him, and proceeded with them towards the city.

It was one of those first days of spring, when the grass looks brighter, and the green hellebore in the shade, and the bright star-like hepatica, and the delicate crocus and early Narcissus in the more sunny parts, began to clothe the banks and the rocks. Lysicles stopped his horse to gaze round him with delight. Before him, towering over the town below, was the lofty Acropolis, with the snowy Parthenon glittering in the morning sun, as it kissed its eastern side: beyond, on the left, were the peaks of Hymettus, whose flanks were invested in a grey haze by their clothing of olives: to the right, the pretty hill and village of Colonos bosomed in groves*, where the ilex and the cypress still maintained their dark verdure, and partly hid the nakedness of the still leafless planes, giving richness to the landscape by their clustering masses.

There is something in those first days of spring, which seems irresistibly to draw the heart towards the Creator; and Lysicles, as he gazed round him, and felt the fresh pure air on his cheek, almost fancied that it was the breathing of that Eternal Mind which Anaxagoras loved to expatiate on. He looked upwards; — all was so lofty, and bright, and

* See Note XCIX. † See Note C.

clear! it was not there that beings could dwell soiled with the passions and vices of humanity. He looked round; — the loveliness before him could not be the work of jarring elements: he felt the bounding animal under him all life and joy, curving his arched neck to his caressing hand, and looking round from time to time for the branch that he had plucked to feed him withal, and he exclaimed aloud, "It was not in rivalry that thou wast made, my brave beast; thou art a part of one beautiful whole, each part made for each — and Anaxagoras, and" — he hesitated even in his soliloquy — "and SHE are right. One mind has wrought the whole" — in his enthusiasm he bent over his horse's neck and kissed it — "and thou and I, my beautiful horse, are the work of the same beneficent Being. How dear thou becomest to me while I think of it!"

In this state of mind the very flowers which were budding around him seemed gifts of the Almighty, prepared for his especial happiness, and alighting from his horse, he called a slave to hold him, and busied himself in picking the gayest and sweetest blossoms he could find: they should be his homage to her, who in his eyes was the type of heaven. He bound them carefully up, and forgetting at once the bullocks, and the Agora, he pushed his horse onwards towards the city. But as he approached the gate, the throng of countrymen from Acharnæ, and the neighbouring villages, who were bringing charcoal, and driving in their beasts for the morning market, obstructed his way so much that he was obliged to slacken his pace; and within the gate, the narrow street was so thronged, that it was with diffi-

culty that he made his way among goats and sheep, and bullocks and laden asses, whose masters were urging them on with blows and curses, in order to obtain the best sale by being the first in the market. Soon the confusion was increased by the Scythian bowmen, who, in their office of city police, were roughly compelling the people to range themselves in order, that the street might not be blocked: and their barbarous jargon afforded a plentiful subject for laughter among the younger part of the crowd. It was vain to think of advancing at a quicker pace than the rest, and Lysicles fell into the ranks, and moved on quietly towards the Agora, where the open space, he imagined, would allow him to escape from the multitude. But when he arrived at the end of the street, he was surprised at seeing the open space, which he had depended on, thronged as it had been the last time he had made his appearance there, and eager voices were every where discussing some new occurrence.

"He has taken refuge at the altar, and sits there as a suppliant *," said one.

"Nay, he need not fear," said another; "surely we are able to protect him."

"What is all this about?" asked Lysicles, as he stopped his horse beside the last speaker; "who has taken refuge?"

"It is Menon, the foreman of Pheidias," replied the man; "he is pricked in his conscience at seeing the state defrauded, and has offered to tell all he knows if he be promised protection."

"But what can he know that he fears to speak?"

* See Note CI.

"Why, hast thou never heard that many suspected that the gold supplied for the statue of Minerva was very differently employed. I know it was said long ago, that much of the gold drawn from the public treasury on this pretence, found its way somehow into the lap of a certain Danae, whose favour our Jove was eager to win. Pheidias, it seems, was a convenient friend, and supplied the means."

"Danae! Jove! what does all this mean?"

"What, art thou so country bred, that thou hast never heard of Aspasia and Pericles?"

"Assuredly I have heard both names, but never with any dishonour attached to them."

"Well then; thou mayest go forward and hear something that thou hast not heard before. This honest Menon is determined to tell us the truth."

"How is it made certain that he is not a rascal determined to tell lies?" said Lysicles, his cheeks glowing with honest indignation.

"What inducement could he have to tell a lie that must ruin him with his employers?" said a grave tradesman, who approached at that moment. "I have just heard him declare that he has taken sanctuary there for protection from their vengeance. He will prove, not only that Pheidias has secreted the gold, but he will also show that it was lavished on that Ionian courtezan, whom Pericles now so unblushingly patronises. It is easy to guess by whose order it was so appropriated."

"On what Ionian courtezan?" inquired Lysicles.

"What, my good youth, hast thou lived in the country till thou hast never heard of the Milesian woman, the daughter of Axiochus, whom Pericles is

so besotted with, that he parades her in his chariot in the streets of Athens, and spends all his leisure time with her and her girls? Why, what is the matter? thou art ill,"—and he stepped forward just time enough to support the youth as he sunk fainting from his horse: for human nature can ill brook the too sudden awakening from a cherished dream, and such to him was his admiration of Aspasia. Had he been asked, he would have said at once, that he had neither a hope nor a wish beyond that of worshipping at a distance, as men worship the gods: but could the rambling visions of his young mind have been traced, there would have been some found there such as he scarcely acknowledged to himself,—of hours that might come, when he would sit at her feet, and hear her sweet voice addressed to him, and see her bright eyes fixed on his, with an expression at least of kindness, if not of regard. When he had first heard her, Pericles was absent from Athens, and the scandal which had been so industriously spread since the return of the victorious general, had not reached the lonely youth at Acharnæ. For the first time he had learned something of it from the rude speech of Glycon, but it was only to repel it from his thoughts with indignation: but he had after that seen Pericles — had felt the fascination of his presence. Oh! all that he was told now was but too likely! but it dispelled at once the bright visions which had formed a sort of unearthly world, in which, for some time past, he had lived. He had soared like Icarus; like him had fallen rudely to earth again, and was stunned with the shock.

It was some time ere he recovered his conscious-

ness, and still longer ere he could fully recall to his mind who were the strange faces about him, and why he was lying upon the ground. Gradually the remembrance of what he had last heard came back upon his mind with that sick hopelessness which he who awakens from heavy sleep after having suffered any great affliction, feels when he begins to recall his senses, and becomes once more alive to the world around him. But still, though he felt crushed and exhausted, there was no place in that pure mind for one unworthy thought: how could Pericles avoid admiring her whom all admired? to see and hear, was to adore: and she,—how could she avoid listening to that voice which swayed assembled Athens like one man? How was it possible that any humble pupil of hers could ever attract her attention when the victorious general was there to lay his laurels at her feet? And even with these thoughts he calmed his agitated mind, and thanking the people who had gathered round him, he accepted their aid to remount his horse; and rode on. He had heard enough in the Agora to be aware that it was one of the stated days for the popular assembly; the people, incensed by the representations of Menon, were already streaming towards the Pnyx, — and those representations were false! he was sure they were: never could that high-minded woman have stooped to such mean peculation: — and what would be the result? Even in his short experience of public life, he had seen enough to know that the Athenian people, when excited, was dangerous. What mattered it though her glance should fall coldly on him, if, by a timely notice, he might enable her to defend herself, — as he felt

sure she could,—from the foul charge? The thought had hardly been formed ere he was at her door.

The porter answered his knock, and he demanded, in a hurried tone, if he could see Aspasia. "It is early, I know," said he: she may not be risen, but I have business of deep import that will not brook delay. She knows me not; my name would be of no avail," added he, seeing that the man hesitated; "but you may all have cause to lament it if I see her not."

"Well, then, if thy business be so pressing, thou mayest enter, and I will hold thy horse meanwhile. She is engaged, I believe; but if thy business justify the interruption, she will not refuse to see thee, I know: pass on;" and he pointed to the door of an ante-room. "She is in the saloon beyond."

Lysicles entered with a beating heart, and tapped at the inner door; a deep voice bade him enter: he pushed aside the curtain, and stood at once in the presence of Pericles, who was sitting beside Aspasia, engaged in earnest conversation. The youth thought he had manned himself for the occasion; but this confirmation of what he had heard again overset him: he blushed, hesitated, stammered, and finally said nothing.

"Is this one of thy pupils, Aspasia?" said Pericles.

"Possibly, though I do not at this moment recollect him."

A large tear filled the eye of Lysicles, and rolled down over his burning cheek, as he replied in a low tone, "I had the honour of being such once."

Pericles saw his embarrassment, and kindly endeavoured to relieve it. "My good youth," said he, "thou hast business, doubtless,—I will withdraw."

"Thou — thou withdraw! Is it not the noble Pericles?" inquired he, looking at Aspasia for a moment, and then again sinking his eyes to the ground.

"It is; is thy business with him or with me?"

"With both," said Lysicles, ashamed of his want of self-command, and beginning to recollect that by interesting him who was all-powerful in Athens in a cause where he was thought not to be indifferent, the object he had in view would be most effectually gained. He took the offered seat, therefore, and added in a firmer tone, "I am this instant come from the Agora, and I have seen and heard enough there to make me apprehensive of danger to thee, lady; and — and — I am glad to meet one here who is not wont to suffer injustice to be done."

"What hast thou seen, youth?" inquired Pericles hastily.

"I saw Menon, the foreman of Pheidias, sitting as a suppliant beside the altar in the Agora, and affirming that the gold counted out to his master for the statue lately set up, had been ——" again he hesitated, and Pericles finished the sentence, — "Had been embezzled?"

"Yes, that was the charge."

"It was what I expected," said Pericles, looking at Aspasia; "and it is well that I did. What more, my good youth?"

Again Lysicles blushed, and hesitated. "I was told — I mean, I heard — I feared," — and then with a sudden effort raising his downcast eyes towards Aspasia, he added, "the wretch uttered vile slanders

against thee, lady;—he said that the gold secreted by Pheidias had been devoted to thee."

"And thou didst not believe it?" said Pericles, in his kindest tone: "thy countenance would have belied thee, if thou couldst have credited such slanders. Whence art thou, youth?"

"I am from Acharnæ, noble Pericles."

"From Acharnæ?—young and handsome, as he was described to me," said Pericles musingly, — and then added aloud, "thou art not, surely, Lysicles, the son of Mnesarchos, of whom I heard so much a short time since?"

"Noble Pericles, I am."

"Then, Aspasia, thou hast cause to be proud of thy scholar. Knowest thou that this youth for some hours swayed all Athens at his will, by the mere force of his rhetoric."

"I will not take a credit which is not my due," said Aspasia: "there are some natures so noble that they need no instruction; and I will not arrogate to myself any thing, good youth," added she, turning to Lysicles, "but a very grateful feeling of the promptitude with which thou hast endeavoured to serve one almost unknown to thee."

A glow of pleasure rose in the cheeks of Lysicles; she had looked at him — spoken to him,— she would know him in future! — and he murmured in a low tone, "Oh, not unknown, lady! not unknown!" — he paused, seemed endeavouring to collect himself; and then rising from his seat, he approached and stood before her. "Lady," said he, "to thee I am unknown doubtless; there was nothing in me that could attract thy notice; but whoever has even once

heard thee, must thenceforward feel his mind elevated to nobler thoughts; as mortals, when they communicate with the gods, gain something of divinity. Many abler scholars than I am thou hast probably had; but," added he, in a voice almost choked with emotion, "one more devoted — never!" and ere she could reply, he had turned and left the room.

Pericles looked at him as he departed; "Thou wast right, Aspasia," said he; "there is a noble nature in that youth. I would I could hope to see my Xanthippus resemble him! but, alas! my first-born has all his mother's disposition. I had much to say to thee, Aspasia; but I must now put it off, for our young friend Lysicles's intelligence must be attended to. Be under no concern about it: I have a triumphant answer in my power, and," added he, his eye flashing as he spoke, "I will make the lying slaves remember the having dared to utter such a calumny."

"No, Pericles, no! thou wilt not give thy enemies the satisfaction of knowing that they have moved thee. The Deity pours his benefits upon us, however ungrateful we may be, — be thou the god of Athens."

"And canst *thou* forgive them, Aspasia?"

"Why not? Do these slanders make me less innocent? and if not, what injury have I suffered?"

"Aspasia, dearest! there is something in thy sentiments which, even well as I know thee, sometimes surprises me. Thy mind towers at a height that mine can scarcely attain: whence hast thou these lofty thoughts?"

"From that GREAT MIND which I worship — Anaxagoras taught me long ago to consider the skies as my true home: here, we are but travellers, better or worse treated as it may happen, but little concerned at it, because we are on our way to a better land,"—a tear trembled in her eye as she added, "there my poor lost Lydè and Aretè await me."

The son of Xanthippus gazed at her with almost reverential admiration. "Thou sayest well, Aspasia," said he: "thou art not a being of this earth, and it is not wonderful that gross natures cannot understand thee. Mould me to thy will, and fit me for that blessed land. In thy society, were it in a desert even, I must be happy. And now for the assembly of the people; ask to-night if I have not acted up to the rule thou hast given me."

CHAP. XIX.

A FALSE ACCUSATION.

WHEN Lysicles left the Agora the people were already crowding towards the Pynx, for it was the eleventh day of the Prytaneia, and there was the customary business to be attended to. Generally the attending to this formal business was an irksome task, and it was not easy to secure a sufficient attendance; but now the excitement produced by Menon's disclosures had inclined numbers to turn their steps thither who ordinarily were engaged in dodging from one side of the market to the other, to avoid the mark of the vermilion cord, and the place of assembly was soon filled.

The orators of the aristocratic party were already there, for it may be imagined that it was not without a little previous consultation that Menon had brought forward his charge exactly at the moment that the people were about to meet; Thucydides, nevertheless, kept himself aloof from Glycon, who, mounted on the lower steps of the Bema with some of his younger companions around him, was giving an extempore imitation of Pericles making an oration, with his arms folded in his robe, his grave and almost stern aspect; and shouts of laughter an-

nounced the goodness of the mimicry, at least in the estimation of the by-standers.

"Seest thou that fellow that is acting the buffoon?" said Thucydides, who was seated at some distance with Diopeithes: "he does small credit to our party, and it is well if he do not ruin us at last. This business of Menon is nothing, I will answer for it: Pheidias is not a man to be guilty of such mean practices: he is too skilful and too celebrated to need any man's favour, still less any woman's."

"But the man affirms it: thou hast heard him."

"Yes, but he affirms it very much in the way of a man that is telling a lie, in my opinion. It is a strong charge doubtless, if it can be proved; but if not, thou wilt see that Pericles will gain by it. Here, — go a step farther on; they are beginning the lustration, and a spatter of pig's blood does not improve one's mantle."

Diopeithes shook his head: "Thou art half a philosopher, Thucydides! thou feelest none of the reverential awe with which our fathers were wont to regard these ceremonies."

"I doubt much if our fathers, or grandfathers either — those, I mean, of the higher rank — ever thought much about the matter. It is a convenient way of awing the people, — ay, and sometimes an inconvenient one; witness the apparition of the goddess reconducting Peisistratus to the throne. There was not much of reverence in that trick, and it was not a little inconvenient that the people were awed by it."

Meantime the customary ceremonies were performed, — the lots for the president duly drawn, and

the lesser business disposed of. A short pause ensued, and many present began to call for Menon.

At this call Glycon ascended the Bema: — "Men of Athens," said he, extending his hand with graceful gesticulation, while a volume of perfume filled the air as the breeze caught his chlamys, — "a grave charge has been made against one of the persons employed by you in the public works. The chief witness in the affair, whose conscience would not allow him to suffer such practices to go on undetected, communicated first to me the observations he had made. This revelation was too important a one to allow of its remaining secret, and I declared my intention of making it public; upon which he became so alarmed, that he took sanctuary, and refuses to leave the altar, under whose protection he is sitting, until his safety is guaranteed by the people. I propose, therefore, in order to persuade him to give his testimony freely, that the generals for the year be instructed to afford him full protection both from danger and intimidation; and that, in consideration of the public spirit he has shown, he shall be exempted from the payment of taxes for this year*, to remunerate him in some measure for the pecuniary loss he will of course suffer from the loss of his employment."

Eager as the people were to hear the whole detail of what Menon had, as yet, only partially disclosed, the proposition of Glycon was not likely to meet with opposition; and it was immediately past by acclama-

* Plut. Vit. Peric.

tion, and an escort of bowmen of the police were despatched to bring him, in order to give his testimony. While waiting his arrival, Glycon and his friends mixed amid the crowd, and assisted, by their observations, the growing discontent.

Presently the bowmen returned with Menon between them, and the din of voices ceased. All eyes were fixed on the witness, whose pale countenance showed considerable symptoms of anxiety, and well justified the decree made for his protection. A short pause ensued while the bowmen were placing him in a position where he might be distinctly seen and heard; and Glycon was called upon by the president to conduct the examination, so as to draw from the witness the avowal of what he had already declared in private.

At this moment Pericles, calm, collected, but with somewhat of unwonted sternness in his countenance, strode into the assembly. He was received with a shout of gratulation, mixed with some sounds of disapprobation from persons scattered here and there among the people; but he noticed neither the one nor the other, but, making his way towards the Bema, he folded his arms in his robe, and stood quietly watching the proceedings.

"It will be well to make known to the general," said Glycon, looking towards him, "that by the decree of the people just passed, he and his colleagues are charged with the effectual protection of this person," — he pointed to Menon, — "and that they are held answerable for his safety."

Pericles slightly bowed his head in acknowledgment, and Glycon proceeded to question the witness

whose tremor, since the sudden appearance of Pericles in the assembly, had increased to a degree that hardly left him the power of speech.

"What induced thee to take refuge at the altar in the Agora?" inquired Glycon.

"I was afraid of the consequences of what I had said to thee, noble sir."

"Thou wast confidentially employed by Pheidias in overseeing the statuary work in the temple of Pallas?"

"I was."

"When the gold was weighed out to him for the statue of the goddess, wast thou present?"

"I was."

"In what form was that gold delivered?"

"In darics, for the most part."

"Wast thou afterwards present at the fashioning of that gold for the shield and helmet of the statue?"

"I was not."

"Was any one?"

"The lady Aspasia, frequently."

"Dost thou remember any particular day when she was so?"

"I remember one day,"—and he paused and hesitated.

Glycon repeated the question in a louder tone.

"I—I—I could wish not to answer that question."

"Answer it, Menon," said Pericles in a tone which blanched the informer's cheek yet farther: "art thou not safe under the protection of this state?"

"Didst thou not tell me what, on that occasion,

thou hadst observed?" said Glycon sternly: "Repeat it."

"I — I — saw — Pheidias himself conduct her to the door; a bag of considerable weight was in his hands. He put it into the charge of the slave who was waiting for the lady, and there they parted; but I perceived something drop from the bag as the slave received it, and I ran to pick it up and return it."

"What was it?"

"It was a daric?"

At these words a roar, rather than a cry of indignation, ran through the assembly: Glycon waited for a moment till it was past, and then resumed: "Didst thou return it?"

"I did not."

"Why?"

"Because I feared the consequences to myself, if I detected the peculation of persons in so much authority."

"What is become of that daric?"

"I gave it to thee, noble sir."

"Is this it?" said Glycon, presenting a piece of gold.

"It is."

Glycon held it up to the assembly, and again the expressions of indignation were loud and reiterated.

Pericles now stepped forward — "Hast thou any other witness of this?" he inquired in a calm tone.

Glycon hastened to reply; "It is not likely that there would be many witnesses to such a transaction," said he; "even now it is only to a fortunate chance that we owe the discovery."

"Men of Athens!" cried Pericles, in a voice of

thunder, "There is another witness, and that witness I will call."

A low murmur of "who? who?" ran through the assembly, and Glycon for a moment turned pale, and looked confounded. Thucydides rose from his seat and looked eagerly at the scene. "Did I not tell thee, Diopeithes," said he, addressing his companion, "that this would turn out badly? Look at Pericles now — I will answer for it, by his manner, that he has it in his power to rebut the charge triumphantly."

The son of Xanthippus looked round him for a moment, till the general surprise had subsided, and then added, "that witness shall be the goddess herself."

Thucydides smiled, and sat down again. "Nay, if that be his only witness," said he, "things go badly with him:" — but the superstitious feeling of the lower class of the assembly was awakened, and most of them heard the appeal with a sort of shuddering awe.

"Send for Pheidias," resumed Pericles; "call for the treasurers, whose accounts will show the weight of the gold delivered to him. The statue is there — let the gold be weighed."

Long and clamorous applause followed this proposition; but Glycon exclaimed that the statue was consecrated, and must not be destroyed.

"Be under no uneasiness on that head," said Pericles; and Pheidias, who by his direction had been waiting near, now appearing, he addressed himself to him. "Canst thou remove the gold from the statue of Pallas, without damaging the work?" said he.

"I can, noble Pericles."

"Then prepare thyself to do so. If thou art guilty of the sacrilege thou art charged with, I defend thee not — neither thee nor thy accomplices," added he, laying a strong emphasis on the words. "But if the charge be false," — and he glanced his eye first on the pale face of Menon, and then over the assembly, — "If the charge be false, Athenians! it will be for you to judge what those deserve who have preferred it. "Gentlemen," said he, addressing himself to the orators of the opposite party, "have the goodness to accompany us to the Acropolis: the cause is happily one which will be soon decided."

The tide is easily turned in most popular assemblies, but most especially was it so in Athens. The confidence with which Pericles appealed to so infallible a test had already gained that most excitable people to his side: the whole assembly rose at once, and shouted "to the Parthenon!" and among them all no voice was louder than that of young Lysicles, whose anxiety had led him to the Pnyx as soon as he had left Aspasia's house. He had heard in silence and dread the circumstantial charge; he did not, — he could not believe it, — but he saw no means of refuting it. The silence of Pericles during the time the examination was going on, had discouraged him yet more; what then was his delight at hearing that short and confident appeal to another witness! Yet his heart still beat fast; had not the statue, haply, been tampered with by other hands? The simple youth knew not yet that no hand could touch the work of Pheidias without leaving such evidence of its unskilfulness as would instantly have

detected the fraud. The gold which he had modelled was as safe from all attempts of this kind as if it had been secured by a hundred locks.

The distance between the Pnyx and the Acropolis was short, and the people rushed onwards with the eagerness of schoolboys just escaped from their tasks, — laughing, shouting, disputing, and all struggling to be foremost at the scene of trial. The half-made steps of the Propylæa were not wide enough to admit the throng, but this was not allowed to be an hindrance; clambering and scrambling like so many goats over mounds of stone and rubbish, they breasted the steep ascent; and those who fell rose again, amid shouts of laughter, to pursue their more fortunate competitors, who were about to obtain better places, and wrestled with them for the mastery. Never did men throng to a solemn investigation with so much reckless gaiety.

Pericles and Thucydides walked on side by side, and both smiled. "What would the Spartan ambassadors have said to this, if they had been here now?" said Pericles. "This is a truly Athenian scene."

"They would have said the whole people was mad, and with some justice. This versatility will lead to mischief some day."

"Nay, nay, when well guided it is a noble nature."

Thucydides smiled again. "When guided by thee, Pericles, thou wouldst say — but it is yet to be seen if thou canst guide it."

There was an expression in the countenance of the great minister of the people which said more than

words could have done, but he made no reply. "Here we are," said he, as they arrived at the gate of the temple; "and there are the treasurers waiting for us. Now, gentlemen, form a circle round, and take care that there be no deception in the case. You have the proper weights here?" added he, addressing the treasurers.

"We have."

"Now then, Pheidias, remove the gold. Please to attend him, gentlemen — every thing must be narrowly examined."

One of the treasurers and Thucydides attended Pheidias during the operation, while the rest stood round the balances: piece after piece was laid in: the beam begins to tremble; yet another piece, — it rises — one more, — and the venerable sculptor stands proudly beside the true witness of his innocence.

A shout as loud as that which had hailed him at the first unveiling of the statue, rang through the welkin, and Pericles drawing back, that every one might have an opportunity of convincing himself by ocular demonstration, pointed to the balance, and with a voice which was heard distinctly even amid that deafening shout, exclaimed "Men of Athens! there is my witness!" *

It was a moment which a great mind might have seized to put a period to the miserable factions which distracted Athens. The greatest of her citizens stood there in proved integrity, and called upon his countrymen for the acquittal of himself and his

* See Note CII.

friends. The acclamations of the people had already pronounced it, but where were the leaders of the opposite party, to add a generous congratulation, and, like Cimon, forget their rivalship, only to remember their country? Thucydides hesitated,—he had made one step forward; when Diopeithes laid his hand on his arm, and on looking round among his friends he saw louring countenances. He had not courage enough to contemn the displeasure of his party, and force them to do the right thing: he again drew back, and the moment for reconciliation passed away.

Pericles looked round, and his penetrating glance rested on Thucydides: he had evidently expected more of candour from him, whatever might be the conduct of the rest; and there was reproach on his look, but that soon gave way to contempt — he had seen and understood the moral cowardice which kept the aristocratic leader silent, and turning away, with an air that seemed to say, "this is the last time that we meet as friends," he again involved himself closely in his mantle, and surrounded and followed by the shouting multitude, descended the hill, and took his way towards the house of Aspasia.

Even to her door he was followed by the exclamations of the people; for young Lysicles, who was remembered by many among the crowd, had, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, suggested to those about him, that she too had been grossly slandered; and Athenian feeling, ever in extreme, was dissatisfied till it had made her amends for the wrong.

Pericles understood his countrymen, and when the porter opened the door, instead of entering himself,

he bade the man call his mistress. Aspasia, who had heard the acclamations, knew not whether it was for good or for ill that she was called; but in a few moments her queenlike form was seen approaching. One look and smile from her illustrious friend, as he pointed to the accompanying people, told the cause, and at the same instant young Lysicles stepped forward from the throng, and set the example of a gratulatory shout. It was caught up from voice to voice through the crowded streed — echoed along the porticos of the Cerameicus — was redoubled as the beautiful Ionian, with her hand on her breast, bowed her thanks, — and ceased not till Pericles, after warmly acknowledging a homage so gratifying to his heart, retired with her into the house.

CHAP. XX.

AN UNEXPECTED CIRCUMSTANCE.

LYSICLES turned to depart with the departing crowd: the excitement of the moment was over — the farm at Acharnæ — the slaves — the bullocks — the store-room — rose once more before his eyes, and he felt sad and dispirited. "A triumph like what I have just witnessed," thought he, "is worth living for; but what am I? — or what can I ever be? — am I to live and die a simple cattle-dealer?"

In the midst of these musings a hand touched his arm; he looked up, and recognised the porter who had admitted him to Aspasia's house in the morning. The man bowed low, and said he was charged by his lady with a message to him. Oh, how that young heart throbbed and bounded as he spoke! but the porter, without noticing his emotion, continued: — "The most noble Pericles, with some of his friends, sup at her house to-night, and she bids me say that none of them will think the company complete without Lysicles, the son of Mnesarchus. She prays thee, therefore, to join them, and bids me, in the mean time, appoint thee fitting attendance. Here is a slave" — and he called forward a young man of foreign aspect, who was waiting behind — "he will be at thy command:" — and with another low obeisance, the obsequious porter departed.

To describe the full gush of joy that sent the blood coursing like lightning through the veins of the delighted youth would be impossible. He was remembered, he was especially noticed even; he was no longer the insignificant cattle-dealer; he was about to be the companion of the most distinguished men of Athens; and it was she herself — she, for whom he would have thought life a slight sacrifice, who sent the message: he would be her guest — might sit beside her — might hear her — see her for a whole evening, and return hereafter as an acquaintance and friend — what joy!

With a pardonable vanity, he devoted the rest of the day to the care of his fine person: he made the slave, who was placed at his disposal, conduct him to the bath; he had his hair curled and perfumed by the most fashionable *artiste* of Athens, arranged his mantle in the most graceful folds, and then, when his attendant, as he might well do, pronounced him "So like Adonis that Aphrodite herself would not know the difference," he ventured to present himself at the entrance of the saloon where the guests were already assembled.

It was a handsome hall, divided by columns and curtains attached to them, from another, in which the supper tables and couches had been prepared. Lamps glittered on the walls, which were decorated with paintings in fresco by Phanaios, the brother of Pheidias; Persian couches covered with silk, embroidered in various devices, and Egyptian stools and seats of inlaid ivory and silver, and rich vases filled with flowers whose fragrance pervaded the apartment, were placed at intervals along the room and in the

intercolumniations*; and brighter and fairer than any thing there, the accomplished mistress of the mansion moved up and down among her guests, welcoming and conversing with them as they arived.

Lysicles paused a moment at the entrance, embarrassed by a scene so novel; how was he, the country youth, to comport himself among such a brilliant assemblage? But Aspasia had already seen him, and coming forward with one of those enchanting smiles which fascinated all hearts, she took his hand and led him towards a sofa, where a man of middle age and a lovely girl were seated. It was Menippus, the lieutenant of Pericles, the father of the lost Aretè, with his surviving, and elder daughter.

"Chloe! love!" said Aspasia, as she presented Lysicles to them; "this is the young orator who won for you"—and she glanced at Menippus also—"all that Athens could give—vengeance, when redress was no longer possible—need I give him any other introduction?" and, in another moment, the youth found himself seated between the father and the daughter, who greeted him with all the warmth of gratitude.

"If my dear Aretè could have been saved," exclaimed Menippus, grasping his hand, "it would have been accomplished by the generous movement of the whole Athenian people, which thou wast the first to arouse; and our kind hostess could not have afforded me a more sensible pleasure than she has done this evening by introducing me to thee. It was thy first entrance on public life probably," con-

* See Note CIII.

tinued he, surveying the youthful form beside him; "but it was a glorious one, and promises well for the future."

Lysicles blushed, and stammered a few words in reply; for his conscience told him that he had not thought of Aretè when he appealed so successfully to Athenian pride and feeling; and his eye glanced away from the fair girl beside him to follow the graceful movements and symmetrical figure of the unrivalled woman, on whom nature seemed to have lavished every gift, and who walked there in her loveliness like a goddess, to whom beauty was so natural, that she forgot it herself, and was surprised if others remembered it.

She was pacing up and down the room, with Pericles on the one hand and Anaxagoras on the other: their discourse was evidently on grave subjects, though animated, and the attention with which both her companions listened to her observations showed them to be of importance. Lysicles strained his ears to hear what was passing, and as the trio approached that end of the room, both Menippus and Chloe became attentive also, for Aspasia was discussing the relative merits of different forms of government.

"It appears to me," said she, "that Athens has past through all the natural stages of political existence. Emerging from utter barbarism, the people submitted to kings as a kind of necessary evil, because the lawless violence of the strong against the weak was a yet greater evil: then came the first checks and barriers opposed to the regal power, as the nation advanced in civilisation, and the successors

of Codrus were rulers under the limitation of certain laws and customs: fresh limitations were made when the archonship for life was abolished, and the monarch became a magistrate amenable to the tribunal of public opinion; and perhaps, could the progress of things have been arrested then, and the decennial archons have been required to rule according to a wise code of laws, the best form of government would have been established: but the march of events, and the jealousy of the great leaders, have pushed all onwards, and you now seem, to me, to be in the last stage of political life."

"And what will follow?" demanded Pericles.

"Death! — it is the law of all nature."

Pericles walked on musingly, then looking up, he said, "I was always a hopeful statesman, and I am so still: a people capable of such just and generous feelings as have been exhibited to-day, is better to be trusted than a corrupt nobility. I have thrown myself upon the people, and with them, henceforward, I will stand or fall. I will have no dealings, no compact, no peace, henceforth, with the aristocratic party — they are dishonest."

"It will be a fierce struggle in that case," said Anaxagoras, shaking his head mournfully; "one for life or death, I fear."

"It may be so," said the son of Xanthippus, with that look of stern determination which now and then was seen in his eye for a moment; "it may be so, but for that *I* am not answerable. The most unjustifiable means have been resorted to in order to crush me and my friends, and but for this youth," he laid his hand on the shoulder of Lysicles, "they might

have succeeded, for I was ignorant of their proceedings. Not one of their leaders — no, not even Thucydides — had honesty enough to blame the shameful plot of the worthless man who was the chief mover in it: I have a right to conclude, therefore, that it was planned with their full concurrence, and the struggle henceforward is, as thou sayest, for life or death."

At this moment the curtains were withdrawn from the entrance to the supper-room, and Pericles taking the arm of the young son of Mnesarchus, placed him between Aspasia and himself, and led him forward towards the upper part of the room. It was in an intoxication of joy that Lysicles took the proffered vacancy on the couch*, and found himself between the most illustrious man and the most lovely woman in Athens. In the overflowing of his joyful emotion he took a hand of each, and pressed it to his lips, exclaiming, "Would that I had done enough to deserve this honour!"

"What thou hast not done already, thou wilt do hereafter," said Pericles, smiling kindly. "Bide thy time, my young friend, occasion is never wanting to the man who knows how to seize it."

Lysicles blushed, looked down, and felt — what? that he was reclined beside Aspasia.

The suppers of the Athenians were not usually profuse†; excepting in the houses of a few noted gastronomes, much of the ancient simplicity in this respect was still preserved; and the charm of Aspasia's supper-parties consisted more in the conversa-

* See Note CIV. † See Note CV.

tion than the dishes. There was no attempt at more cookery than a very small household could prepare, — a few shell-fish and pickles; the water-cresses, which formed the usual meal of her illustrious friend; dried figs, raisins, dates, and almonds; a small Sicilian cheese, and the little cakes, rather than loaves, of fine wheaten flour, which the Athenians were so fond of, formed the chief of the entertainment for the abstemious Pericles and his friends. Some wine there was, certainly, in the room; but the attendant slaves more frequently filled their pitchers from the vases of the bronze Naiads in the court, than from the wine-skin in the corner.

The conversation turned on philosophical topics; and Lysicles listened with eager attention to the discussion of questions which he now for the first time heard entered upon as subjects of familiar discourse; and never is science so delightful as when, quitting the professor's chair, it deigns to enliven our social hours, and makes even the period of relaxation instructive; for he who understands his subject thoroughly, can make it comprehensible and attractive to minds far inferior to his own; and knowledge is gained in such intercourse without the weariness of application, and becomes our own almost before we know that we possess it; and in this art Anaxagoras excelled no less than the accomplished woman who now led the conversation.

"No people," said the philosopher, in answer to a question from Aspasia, "appear to me to have proceeded so far in natural philosophy as the ancient Etrurians. If I may credit what I heard from the deputies of the Roman people a few years back, their

king, Numa Pompilius, was in possession of secrets in science which we have now completely lost. Didst thou hear," added he, addressing himself to Pericles, "the tale they told me of his power to fetch lightning from the skies at pleasure? I cannot for a moment believe such power to have been gained by magic, as they asserted; and therefore I can only suppose that he had looked into nature more deeply than we have done."

"What did they tell thee? I do not recollect to have heard of it."

"They spoke of a magical power possessed by that monarch, who was of Etrurian blood, which made him master of the elements; but when I questioned farther, though I heard of many superstitious ceremonies, which of course had very little to do in the matter, I could obtain nothing worthy of credit, excepting the fact that he had, on more than one occasion, drawn lightning from the skies: the apparatus by which it was effected, no one, after that long interval, could describe; but they added, that his successor, having attempted the same thing without the proper ceremonies, set fire to his palace, and was himself struck dead." *

"That is a strange tale; — and what, then, are we to suppose lightning to be?"

"The question is no easy one to answer: I can only conjecture; but as fire seems always to be generated by friction, I think it likely that the friction of the clouds against each other when urged by contrary currents of air, as we sometimes see them,

* See Note CVI.

may generate flame. We generally see that lightning is attracted by particular substances which appear to be its proper aliment: it may be that Numa's art consisted in arranging these substances in such due proportion as to attract and feed the fire, instead of allowing it to fly off and destroy what was near it. But though I have reflected much on the subject, and though the Romans asserted that the secret was well known to the ancient Etrurians, I have not been able to discover what it was."

"But if lightning be flame generated by the friction of the clouds urged by contrary currents of air, what produces these currents?"

"That is a question much easier to solve; for we need but small experience to perceive that air becomes rarefied by heat. It is hardly possible to pass a doorway from a heated to a colder atmosphere with a lamp in the hand, without perceiving that the flame is urged by a current of air passing from the one to the other part; and this current, in the upper region, is rushing *out* of the heated apartment; in the lower, is rushing *in*, — a plain proof that the heated air is the lightest. The heat of the sun rarefies the air more in one part than another; and the heavier cold air, rushing in below to restore the equilibrium, contrary currents are produced."

"And so thy Thunderer, Pheidias, after all," said Pericles, smiling, "gives the Cyclops no employment; and thou must afford him something more tangible for his plaything than this casual flame, generated by the mere accidents of nature."

"Noble Pericles," replied Pheidias, "it is the business of my art to illustrate that of the poet, not

that of the philosopher; and thus Anaxagoras will not be able to rob my Thunderer of his attributes, even while he convinces my reason. The explanation is new to me, but I admire its ingenuity."

"I should like to test its truth," said Pericles: "and this would not be difficult, if the stoves of the bath-room are burning. Aspasia, canst thou afford us this satisfaction?"

"Assuredly: we can go thither at once; and Anaxagoras shall show us his experiment himself."

The whole company hereupon left the couches and proceeded to the end of the passage where the bath-room was situated, and which, from its communication with the outer air, afforded peculiar facilities for the experiment. Anaxagoras took a lamp, held it above, below, and in the middle, and demonstrated in a moment the truth of his assertion. "You have here a wind in miniature," said he: "no external force is used, for you see that in this very entrance it blows different ways; and in one spot, between the two currents, does not blow at all. What happens here in small, happens on a more extended scale in nature."*

Amid conversation and amusement of this kind, the hours passed lightly away, and the night was already far advanced ere the company separated. Menippus insisted that Lysicles should accept his hospitality for the night, and not return to Acharnæ till the next morning; and the youth, but too happy in this opportunity of seeing his fair entertainer again ere he left Athens, gladly availed himself of the invitation.

* See Note CVII.

When Pericles returned to his home, he found his steward, Euangelos, waiting to let him in. "Thanks, good Euangelos," said he, taking the lamp from his hand; "but thou hast taken a needless trouble in thus awaiting my return. I want nothing now but a few hours' sleep;" but the steward still lingered about him, as if unwilling to depart; till at last his master asked him if he had any thing to say?

"Noble sir, I have; yet I would that it had fallen to the lot of any other than myself to tell it."

The son of Xanthippus turned pale, for his thoughts were full of her whom he had just left, and no evil seemed great enough for such a prelude, unless it threatened danger to her. He drew his breath hard, as he bade his steward say on, and manned himself to bear the worst.

"Noble sir," said Euangelos, again bowing low: "though it has not been my good fortune to enjoy the favour of the noble lady Hipparete ——"

"Oh, is that all, my good fellow?" cried Pericles, at once relieved from his fears: "do not be uneasy about that. Hipparete is capricious; but I know thy worth, and shall not withdraw my confidence. If thou hast been vexed, go to sleep and forget it."

"Noble sir, I would that were all; had it been so, thou wouldst never have been troubled on the subject."

"What then?" exclaimed Pericles, relapsing into vague apprehension.

"As I knew not at what hour thou wouldst return," said the confidential slave in a grave low tone: "I sat down in the little room near the gateway, to await thee. I had not been there very

long when I saw Sophrona, the nurse, come to the porter and request to be let out, desiring, at the same time, to have the key that she might let herself in again, when she returned. I did not prevent this, for I knew that if thou shouldst arrive in the meantime, I could open it from the inside. She had not been long gone, when the door was again opened, and Sophrona looked in, then returned to the outside, and brought in a man whom she placed under the shadow of the wall. After having done this, she proceeded a little way; and apparently fancying herself unseen, for the porter remained in his lodge, and I was not visible, she returned to the person she had introduced, and conducted him towards the women's apartments. I followed cautiously, till I saw him enter the saloon of the lady Hipparete; and, alas, that I should live to say so! — I heard her voice give him a glad greeting."

"And who was it? couldst thou recognise him?"

"Noble sir, the person of the intruder could not be mistaken, even if the light streaming on his features as he entered the room had not sufficiently informed me: it was Glycon, the son of Aristocrates." *

Pericles was silent a moment, as if in thought. "It was Glycon, sayest thou? and what stay did he make?"

"About an hour: Sophrona then returned with him as she came, and returned the key to the porter as if she had just come in."

"Did the porter see him, thinkest thou?"

* See Note CVIII.

"I should say that he did not — I think he was asleep."

"Then this is only known to Sophrona and to thee?"

"I imagine so."

"Then let no one hear of it. It was an imprudence on the part of Hipparete, certainly, according to our usual view of things; yet it was but a guest at supper, Euangelos, and it is a dreary life in those women's apartments. Call me to-morrow betimes, and forget this occurrence;" and so saying he dismissed his steward, and threw himself on his couch with a feeling of agitated pleasure at the hope of escaping from a hated yoke, which this step of Hipparete afforded him, that for a time scarcely allowed him to think of politics, however much the events of the day had till then filled his mind.

Divorce by mutual consent in Athens did not imply either guilt or disgrace, and it was one of the domestic grievances which had been most annoying to him, that amid all her discontents and ill-humour Hipparete had still clung to the honour of being the wife of Pericles, although no day passed that she did not complain of the hard fate which had linked them together. Yet though the news which his steward had communicated had its bright, it had also its dark side. The character of Glycon rendered it but too probable that the intimacy might be a disgraceful one, and Hipparete was the mother of his children: there was wounded pride too, to add its sting; for Glycon was one of his most violent opponents, and he winced at thinking of the triumph of that dissolute nobleman, should he succeed in carrying dis-

honour into the house of his political rival. These were not thoughts which favoured sleep, and he tossed long on his couch, revolving what steps it would be proper to take, and how he might best obtain the divorce without giving room for idle tongues to throw discredit on his children, ere he could banish the subject sufficiently from his thoughts, to be able to obtain the needful repose.

CHAP. XXI.

THE YOUNG SINGER.

WHILST the more important affairs of the last eventful day had been in progress, Glycera, the singer, was awaiting at home the result of a last effort to recall her truant lover. It was unsuccessful. Dorus had indeed met with Ariphron, but it was on his way to the lecture-room of Anaxagoras, and he had not been able to obtain even a look from him; the slave waited till he left the house, but with no better success, and nothing remained for him but to return home with the account of his failure.

The day was far advanced, and Glycera had called for her lute, and was practising some of her sweetest songs, in the hope, perhaps, that Ariphron might arrive whilst she was thus occupied, and once more yield to the fascination. Dorus guessed this at least, and dreaded to encounter her disappointment. In this dilemma he called Myrtis to his aid, but the old woman had no inclination to bear the brunt of her mistress's passion, and coldly replied — "What can I do? She will hear no reason: Cleon himself has been here this morning, but she would not see him: he left a purse of gold for her, but it lies untouched on the table: since that he has sent her a present of a Nubian girl, dressed in rich stuffs, fit to wait upon a Persian queen*, but she merely bade me 'take

* See Note CIX.

her away.' I do not think she even looked at her. She is clean gone out of her wits, I tell thee! Repeat thy tale thyself. I will have nothing to do in the matter."

"But she will order me to be beaten," replied Dorus.

Old Myrtis laughed maliciously. "If she does, it will not be the first time that thy back has been marked, I trow *, and thou hadst as good be beaten as I. I have no taste for having the hair of my head torn out by the roots."

"But, Myrtis ——"

"But Myrtis will have nothing to do with thy business. Thou hast had thy pay; has not that been enough to sharpen thy wits? If thou hast been the slave of a singer thus long without learning to tell a clever lie upon occasion, thou deservest the beating thou wilt get."

"But listen to me, Myrtis — if this fit lasts we shall all fare the worse: let us get her to Cleon's to-night."

"But I tell thee she is sheer mad, and will not go."

"But if she thought Ariphron would be there, she would."

"Ay, but she knows that he will not — thanks to thee."

"But I can unsay what I have said, and tell her that I saw one of his slaves to-day, who assured me that his master was going: but remember, Myrtis, if I tell this lie for our mutual advantage, we must go shares in the profit."

* See Note CX.

"O yes, very fine! begin then with sharing what she gave thee last."

"Vulture! that was given me to procure her an interview with Ariphron, and that I shall manage before I have done: but now if I invent a clever lie to bring some of Cleon's gold into thy pouch wilt thou not share it?"

"No."

"Then I will not tell it."

"Ha! ha! and get beaten, while I gain the chance thou losest."

"Old sorceress! I will strangle thee!" and seizing her by the shoulders, Dorus was proceeding to suit his action to his words; but the old woman screamed so loudly, that it brought Glycera to the door to see what was the matter.

"It is this fellow Dorus," said the old woman, affecting to sob; "who knows that Ariphron will be at Cleon's to-night, and will not let me tell thee so, till I promise to share with him, if thou shouldst reward me for the news."

"Fie, Dorus!" exclaimed Glycera, a flush of joy passing across her brow; "art thou so mercenary as to make me wait for thy good news till thou hadst made thy bargain? Come here — envy not Myrtis her gift — here is enough for both" — and thrusting her hand into the purse which Cleon had left upon the table, she drew forth as much as she could hold, and gave it him. "And didst thou see Ariphron."

"Lady, yes."

"And what said he?"

"Lady, I could not speak with him, for he was with Anaxagoras, the philosopher, whose lecture he

had been attending: and it was not in such company that I could deliver thy message."

"Why not?"

"Because — because," stammered the rather embarrassed slave, — "hast thou never heard of Anaxagoras?"

"Yes — was not Aspasia, whom they say Pericles so dotes upon, his pupil? He is a wise and a good man I have heard — why didst thou fear *him?*"

"Lady, hadst thou ever seen him, thou wouldst not ask me that."

"Why so — is he so very stern then?"

"No — he looks all mildness and benevolence — but — I heard his lecture."

"And what then?"

Dorus hesitated; for he hardly knew how to extricate himself from a conversation which was taking an awkward turn, but at last he said, "Why, he preached a great deal about purity and virtue, more than I could understand: but never fear, lady, when thou hast no more attractive rival than that same empty virtue."

"So then!" said Glycera, mournfully; "he would have thought scorn of me if he had heard my name! Myrtis, I hate this sort of life — I will quit it."

"Fool!" whispered the old woman to Dorus; "thou wilt spoil all;" and then turning to her mistress, she stroked her cheeks coaxingly, and added, "Dear child! thou must not think about that till thou hast seen Ariphron."

"True, true, — to-night! — and after that ——"

"Well, well, after that — but now it is time to think of this evening. Wilt thou not bathe?"

"Yes; and thou, Dorus, mayest signify to Cleon that I will be his guest to-night, according to his invitation. Ariphron will be there?—thou art certain?"

"I know no more than the slave told me. He said so."

"Go then;" and as Dorus departed she said, musingly, "This night shall determine my fate."

With a kind of anxious pride, the fair Glycera spent more than ordinary care in the decking herself for this occasion; and even Myrtis was dressed with unusual splendour that she might play the part of mother with a fitting appearance. The Nubian girl, who had been sent her in the morning, was commanded to attend her to carry her lute, another carried her essence bottle*; and leaning on the arm of Myrtis and followed by Dorus, she at last wended her way towards the house of Cleon.

The master of the mansion, whose eagerness had been whetted by her coldness, received the beautiful singer at the entrance, conducted her to the place of honour in the supper-room, and was about to recline beside her himself, when she insisted that "her mother" should occupy that position, and Cleon, to satisfy her, yielded the point. Glycera being thus relieved from his immediate company, reclined upon the old woman's shoulder, and employed herself in looking round eagerly among the guests for the face she had hoped to see there; but in vain!—and then she fixed her eyes on the entrance to watch the fresh comers, but with no better success; and she remained

* See Note CXI.

disappointed and silent in spite of all attempts to amuse her.

The supper was a splendid one. Long trains of slaves, each with his tray on his shoulder, full of costly viands, succeeded each other perpetually: shell-fish of all kinds; apuæ from Peiræus, which kings thought needful to complete their feast, and could not always attain*; salted meats, and pickled tunny, which formed the first course, were quickly succeeded by all the delicacies of cookery with which Athenian gourmands tempted the jaded appetite; and ever and anon little plates of biscuits were handed round that the guests might freshen the palate for a new dish by removing the flavour of the last. Handsome boys, richly dressed, served Chian and Thasian wine in cups of Sidonian workmanship; and Dromeas and Clitophon, who were both there, exerted meantime their utmost powers of buffoonery and witticism for the entertainment of the guests, not forgetting, however, to take their full share, and somewhat more, of the good things before them. As the wine cups came more frequently the rubicund visage of Dromeas glowed with intenser fire; the voices of the guests grew louder and less distinct, and witticisms of the most licentious description circulated as freely as the wine, and excited peals of boisterous merriment.

Amid this scene of riot Glycera was sad and silent: the only person she wished to see was not there; she felt that she would have loved him less if he had been there; and yet she had started at the entrance

* See Note CXII.

of Glycon, who came late, and turned away with sickening disappointment when she saw who it was.

Questions were addressed to the baffled politician when he entered, by some of his friends, whom he answered in an under tone; but they were too full of good wine to be satisfied with any thing but uproarious counsels: a brimming cup was handed to him, and he was called upon to speak out, while Cleon blusteringly exclaimed that they should see that he would be more than a match for Pericles and all his friends. "I will have no fellows in Athens," continued he, "that wear their mantles strait, and make a wry face if they see a man merry. Here Glycera, my dear! sing us a song to give the wine a relish. Thou art the queen of all singers — a song for the honour of Corinth!" *

Glycera thus called on, raised herself from the listless attitude in which she had remained from the time that she had lost the hope of seeing Ariphron, and taking the lute from the Nubian slave who stood behind her, tuned it carefully; then turning to the guests, she made the hall resound with the sweetest and clearest of voices in a song which may thus be rendered, and which her simple Doric tone and dialect made yet more fascinating: the guests shouted their approbation meantime in a manner that almost drowned the voice of the songstress —

"Bring flowers, bring flowers to wreathe our hair,
Bring wine to chase the steps of care,
Bring all that's bright, and all that's fair,
Youth ne'er can cloy.

* See Note CXIII.

Hence then, with every moping fool
That lives by law, and drinks by rule,
For ours shall be the Teian's school
Of life and joy."

"Bravo, Glycera!" exclaimed Glycon. "I like thy philosophy, and hope soon to see it the only school in Athens. Give us more."

Glycera looked at him with a frown of contempt and displeasure, then rang a symphony on her lute as if in thought; and raising her head again, she continued —

"Yes, bring us wine, and bring us flowers,
As short-lived as our joyous hours!
We pluck the rose in pleasure's bowers
But to destroy!"

And running her fingers over the strings in a series of discords, she reiterated in a low, wailing melody, such as might have been suited to the feelings of the ghosts, waiting to be ferried over Styx: —

We pluck the rose in pleasure's bowers
But to destroy — destroy — destroy."

"Nay, nay — Glycera — thy song — has a disagreeable — conclusion," said Cleon, whose deep potations were beginning somewhat to impair his power of putting words together.

"So has our life," replied Glycera, sadly.

"What? art thou too becoming a moralist?" exclaimed Glycon.

"I am as much fitted for it as thou art for a politician — and besides, have I not called for wine and garlands to thy heart's content?"

"Thou art too handsome to be scornful, my girl," replied Glycon, mockingly, yet wincing under the

allusion to the failure of his political schemes, "Cleon, thou wilt spoil her."

"Not I—she is my queen.—She shall eat gold—and—and—yes—eat gold—and—drink—pearls.—What care I for Pericles?—I will prosecute—Anaxagoras—for—corrupting—our manners—he is an Atheist—an Atheist—but I—worship—Bacchus—ιω, ιω, Bacche!"

"Well said, Cleon," cried Glycon, laughing loudly, "ιω, ιω, Bacche! we will make that the rallying word of our party;" and then turning to Hermippos, he added, "If Diopeithes can carry the law he is about to propose, we shall have an excellent coadjutor here to carry on the business."

"A coadjutor!" said Cleon, catching the word—"O yes!—I am—ready—for any thing.—Diopeithes is—a good fellow—a good—fellow, I say—and I will—stand—by—him. I say—a good—fellow—a—good—fellow!"

"Set that speech to music and sing it, Glycera! there is a better finish to it than thy song has—sing us another—we are dull."

"I will not—dost thou not hear that the master of the feast is snoring already? I will not sing to such an accompaniment;" and rising from the couch, she called her slaves, and was about to withdraw.

"Insolent girl!" said Glycon angrily, and seizing her arm at the same time—"sing when I bid thee, or——" but Dorus, at a sign from his mistress, stepped up to Cleon, and rousing him from his drunken slumber, pointed to Glycera, who was struggling with Glycon, unable to get free; while those who had any senses left were laughing at the scene.

"Hey! hey!—what is this?" exclaimed the master of the mansion, reeling towards Glycon, under the pilotage of the slave: "Glycera, dear! thou art my goddess; nobody shall touch thee but myself;" and throwing himself at once upon her assailant, he forced him to desist, in order to extricate himself from the dead weight which Dorus had adroitly cast upon him. Ere either was free from the other, Glycera, aided by her slaves, had made her escape from the house: and Cleon, when he with difficulty recovered his feet, gazed round for his goddess in vain. His resentment then turned upon Glycon, who, he fancied, had secreted the fair singer; and with a volley of execrations, he fell upon him again: some of the others interfered, and a skirmish ensued, which was at last quieted by the intervention of the slaves of the respective parties, who carried off such of their masters as were able to stand: the rest remained on the couches in the midst of the *débris* of the feast, till the morning light should bring with it the use of their legs.

Glycera had meantime returned to her home; and no sooner was she arrived than she threw herself on a sofa in a paroxysm of grief. "And this, then, is to be my life!" exclaimed she, tearing the jewels from her hair, and dashing them on the ground; "this! though I have had a glimpse of something better!"

It was in vain that Myrtis offered such consolation as she thought befitted the occasion; Glycera was not to be comforted, and the rest of the night passed away in fits of passionate lamentation, interrupted only by exclamations of disgust, when Myrtis

spoke of the munificent lover whom she had now secured, and calculated what splendid presents the morning would produce. "Come, dry these pretty cheeks," said the old woman coaxingly: "and do not ruin thy beauty by weeping thus. Cleon will not think thee worth his money, if thou spoilest thy face thus."

"Heaven grant he may not!" exclaimed Glycera, passionately: "I tell thee I hate both him and his gold; and if my beauty is to bring me nothing better than that, let it go;" and again she wept bitterly.

The old woman, finding that her topics of consolation seemed rather to aggravate than allay the grief of her young charge, at last ceased to speak, and Glycera, exhausted by the violence of her emotions, slept from mere weariness. The good cheer of Cleon's table had left the old woman small inclination to watch; and no sooner was the unhappy girl quiet, than she fell into a heavy slumber beside her.

The sun had already been up an hour or two, when Glycera opened her eyes; she immediately roused her attendant, and bade her call Dorus.

"Does Anaxagoras lecture daily?" inquired she, as soon as she saw the slave.

"I think so, lady."

"At what hour does he begin?"

"Early, I believe; I should think that his pupils were even now collecting: at least, it was as early as this yesterday that I saw them going to his house."

"Then get ready to accompany me, for I will be his hearer to-day."

"Thou!" exclaimed Dorus, in astonishment.

"Yes, I: give me a veil, Myrtis, and put on one thyself; and we will hear what my rival has to say."

"Aphrodite help thee, child! what art thou thinking of?"

"Of Ariphron," whispered Dorus: "it is vain to strive against wind and wave. Let her have her way."

When Glycera and her attendants reached the house of the philosopher, the part where he was wont to receive his pupils was already filled; and it was not without difficulty that she obtained a place. She was still endeavouring to advance when Ariphron, who was already there, suddenly saw, at a short distance from him, the lovely features which but no long time since he had admired not a little. Astonished at her appearance in a place so little likely to attract her, he first gazed earnestly to satisfy himself that it was indeed the person he supposed, and then, urged by curiosity, perhaps by some lingering remains of former feelings also, he made his way through the crowd and approached her.

"Thou here, Glycera!" exclaimed he in complete bewilderment.

The fair singer, whose eyes had been turned in a different direction, had not noticed his approach; the voice therefore at once startled and overpowered her: she saw before her him whom she had sought; but her emotion was too strong for utterance, and after two or three vain efforts to speak, she sunk fainting into the arms of her attendant.

"Take her out, she is dying," exclaimed Ariphron to Myrtis: "dost thou not see that the heat has quite overpowered her?"

Myrtis shook her head. "It is not the heat," said she.

"What then?"

"The sight of one, it may be, that does not deserve to be so passionately loved as he is."

"Thou art dreaming, old woman: what have I to do with Cleon's mistress?" replied Ariphron: yet as he spoke, his eye glanced on the pale form before him with more of interest than his tone seemed to justify.

"It would kill her outright if she were to hear those harsh words," said Myrtis reproachfully: "she, that has spurned Cleon and his gold, and thought of nothing but thee, for I cannot tell how long!"

At this moment Anaxagoras entered; and Ariphron, half ashamed of being found in such company, stooped a little to avoid being recognised by the philosopher. Glycera was by this time beginning to recover her senses; and this movement of his brought them so nearly into contact that, in the confusion of the moment, she thought she was supported in his arms; and catching his hand, she pressed it to her eyes, her forehead, her lips, murmuring at the same time, "How little I deserve this goodness!" It was well for Ariphron that Anaxagoras at that moment began to speak, for never were his lessons more needed.

Had the philosopher noticed the little scene which was passing in one corner of the hall? It is possible; for his discourse turned on the beauty of virtue, and the happiness consequent on a moral life. He painted, in strong terms, the results of vice both to the state and to the individual, and insisted on the purification of the mind and heart, as requisite to

that union with the Eternal Mind for which man was formed, and in which he would find his true happiness.

At first Glycera had only felt the joy of again finding herself beside the object of her affection; but as the philosopher proceeded, his eloquent address caught more and more of her attention; and when he painted the irreparable mischief done by the meretricious arts of abandoned women, who often ruined the fairest promise of ingenuous youth, she sunk her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud.

"In Crotona," continued the philosopher, "the school of Pythagoras was carried on after his death by the wisdom and talent of his wife and daughter, no less than of his son; and in the writings of Theano, the lessons of her great husband were handed down, not, alas! to us, for they have perished in the storms of national warfare. In Lacedæmon the patriotism of the female part of the population has been one of the chief supports of the institutions of Lycurgus, and the greatness of the state: but in Athens the wife is not the companion; the mother is not the guide; the youth seeks his pleasure in vicious connections; and all the gentle ties of the domestic affections are rudely torn asunder and trampled under foot. Permit me to say that such a state of things is incompatible with national prosperity, and I tremble for the consequences. Men of Athens! if your daughters be denied the training which the great men of antiquity were wont to bestow on theirs, can you wonder that as wives and mothers they exercise no beneficial influence in society? The property which the father has carefully

accumulated is thus wasted on musicians, courtesans, parasites, and whatever else there be worse than these; till at last the impoverished noble has to seek in bribes and oppression the means of supplying his lavish expenditure."

Had Anaxagoras known what desolation of heart his words carried to one individual there present, his kind nature would hardly have allowed him to go on: but poor Glycera was at a distance from him, and, sunk on the ground almost at the feet of Ariphron, she continued to sob convulsively as she heard the description of her own life. When the philosopher had ceased to speak, the young man took her hand. "Come with me, poor girl!" said he: "thou hast a heart, and I will lead thee to one who shall teach thee to still its pangs;" and leading forward the passive Glycera, he presented her, all disordered with tears as she was, to Anaxagoras. "Here is another pupil," said he, "who has felt thy words: I leave her to speak for herself;" but the weeping girl only knelt before the sage; and taking one corner of his mantle, hid her face within it.

"My child!" said the philosopher, bending towards her: "Athens has not often seen the spectacle of a woman renouncing her follies to embrace a life of temperance and wisdom. Is this thy object? if it be, it is a blessed one, for the example will not be without fruit."

"Oh, father!" sobbed the desolate girl: "I am a poor, friendless, ignorant, weak creature; teach me what I ought to do. I hate myself, — I hate those who have made me what I am: I would be something better." *

* See Note CXIV.

Anaxagoras looked round; the scene had attracted many curious eyes, and many were gathering about him; for Glycera was known to most, her beauty and skill in music having been the talk of Athens ever since she arrived there a few months before. This was not the place for advice or consolation; disengaging his robe, therefore, from her grasp, he replied in a low tone, "If this be indeed thy wish, let me see thee when my other pupils are gone."

NOTES

TO

THE FIRST VOLUME.

NOTES

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THE FIRST VOLUME.

I.

THUCYDIDES, in the first book of his history, gives a succinct account of the events that led to the Peloponnesian war; and there also (in c. cxiii—cxv.) will be found a sketch of the events which occurred about the period of the expedition against Eubœa, the return from which opens the narrative. Athens had risen to greatness upon the defeat of the Persians; and the Peloponnesians looked with jealousy upon her sudden advance to wealth and power: hence arose innumerable petty wars, and finally a general league against the Athenians and their allies, which issued at last in that long contest which has found so able and impartial a chronicler in Thucydides, the son of Olorus; who, be it observed, must not be confounded with the elder Thucydides, who was the son of Melesias, and the brother-in-law of Cimon, or, as his name is more properly written, Kimōn.

Megara was a Dorian state, and thus it was naturally attached to the Dorian states of Peloponn-

nesus; but in consequence of a dispute with Corinth, another Dorian state, respecting the boundaries of the two, the smaller power endeavoured to strengthen itself by alliance, and sought that of Athens. The Athenians fortified Megara, and joined it to its sea-port Nisæa, by long walls like their own; and this fortification they garrisoned and defended against the attacks of the Corinthians.

After the lapse of some years, the Athenian force sustained a signal defeat at Coroneia, and thereupon the Peloponnesians tempted both Euboia and Megara into a revolt; the Lacedæmonians at the same time effecting a diversion by invading Attica with a considerable force. By a large bribe, as it was supposed, Pericles, or rather Perikles, delivered Attica from this danger, for the Spartans retired without having gained any decisive advantage, and he himself reduced and chastised Euboia. Soon after this, the Athenians concluded an honourable peace with both the Lacædemonians and their allies.

II.

The triremes, or galleys with three banks of rowers, which were the vessels of war of that time, were of a size which could be drawn on shore without difficulty. Thus we find fleets ordinarily making for the land at night, when the crews encamped beside their galleys, which they drew up upon the beach. The terrible defeat sustained by the Athenians at Aigospotamos, was a consequence of this custom. (*V. Xen. Hist.* lib. ii. c. 1.) We are there told that Alcibiades, or rather Alkibiades,

being able to see from his residence that they had drawn up their vessels on an open beach far from any town, so that the crews had to go fifteen stadia to fetch their provisions, remonstrated with the commanders on the danger to which they would be exposed, if suddenly attacked. His warning was disregarded, and the result fully justified his apprehensions. They were attacked, and defeated with so signal a loss, that the capture of Athens was the consequence.

III.

The battle of Coroneia, according to Heeren, was fought B. C. 447. The expedition against the Boiotians which terminated in this battle, so unfortunate for Athens, was undertaken against the advice of Perikles (*V. Plut. Vit. Peric.*), and led perhaps ultimately to the Peloponnesian war: for this great defeat lessened the opinion of the Athenian power and bravery, and gave confidence to their enemies. Hence the struggle became more severe, and the Athenians more exacting in the maintenance of a supremacy, which was soon seen to be necessary to their existence as a free state; since it became apparent that the contest in reality was, whether Sparta or Athens should be supreme. The example of Messenia was not calculated to incline Athens to yield quietly to a power which made such a use of its advantage when favoured by fortune.

IV.

According to Plutarch, the wife of Perikles was of an unfortunate temper, and by no means attached

to her husband, whose frugal style of living displeased her: and the two sons he had by her were young men of but mean understanding. (*V. Plato, Menon.*). The elder, Xanthippos, was of a peculiarly unpleasant disposition, and caused his father much grief in after-life. Plutarch records abundant instances of his ill conduct. (*V. Plut. Vit. Peric.*)

V.

It is recorded of Alkibiades when a boy, that a waggoner approaching with his wain the spot where the young noble was playing at dice (or perhaps marbles) with some others of his own age, he bade the man stop because it was his turn to throw in the very place where the wain must pass. The driver disregarding his order, the others ran away; but Alkibiades throwing himself on the ground before the horses which were dragging it, bade him drive on if he pleased. The man was frightened and stopped. It was an early promise of the future life of the glory and bane of Athens. (*V. Plut. Vit. Alcib.*)

VI.

Aristophanes, Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, and Athenæus, have handed down to us such abundant details of the slanderous gossip of the times here treated of, that the writer needs only to put into dialogue what they have bequeathed us—sometimes indeed, as in the case of Diodorus, it is given with a gravity which does no great credit to his accuracy as an historian; for Thucydides was before him, to

enable him to correct his narration by the testimony of a contemporary writer, whose strict regard for truth was acknowledged by all.

VII.

Plutarch, in his life of Kimōn, reports that he was in the habit of having a plain supper prepared at his house every evening, to which every poor citizen was at liberty to repair, if he chose it, and to eat free of cost. When he walked out, too, he took with him a number of well-dressed attendants, whom he commanded to exchange clothes with any aged or poor citizen whom he met: besides which, he had other attendants carrying money, which they slipped privately into the hands of such as, though necessitous, would have shrunk from receiving alms publicly. Added to all this, he threw down the walls of his fields and gardens, that not only his countrymen, but strangers also, might partake of the fruit. Notwithstanding his liberality towards the citizens, he was once impeached for having received bribes; but the accusation was so manifestly unjust, that he was acquitted. He was afterwards banished by ostracism, but recalled by the influence of Perikles before the expiration of the ten years. His early life was vicious; nor did he give much promise of talent, for he had little taste for the accomplishments then thought becoming in the young nobility; but he soon showed himself a skilful soldier, and an honest statesman. In his person, he is said to have been tall and majestic, with a profusion of fine hair, which curled upon his shoulders.

VIII.

There are bas-reliefs still existing, in which Dionusos or Bacchus is represented as supported between two attendants.

IX.

According to Cicero (*Tusc. Disp.* lib. v. c. 36.), the Ephesians banished their prince Hermodoros for excelling them in virtue.

X.

Herakleitos was a native of Ephesus: he is said to have been a disciple of Xenophanes of Colophon, and of Hippasos, but to have excelled them both in his explanation of the Pythagorean doctrines. The citizens of Ephesus holding his wisdom in high esteem, and finding, at the same time, that their government had fallen into much confusion, offered to submit themselves to him as their legislator; but, disgusted with their corrupt manners, he refused to undertake the charge: his displeasure having been enhanced by the banishment of his friend Hermodoros merely on account of his virtuous life, which was a tacit reproach to his fellow-citizens. Finally, he became so impatient of the society of the men of his time, that he retired to the mountains, and led the life of a hermit. The king of Persia, Darius Hystapis, is said to have wished to draw him to his court, and Diogenes Laertius, in his life of this philosopher, gives a letter from the monarch to that effect; but this is probably one of the many forgeries of later

sophists. Herakleitos refused, however, to quit his solitude, and remained there to his death, lamenting the miseries of men, which he might perhaps have alleviated had he taken a more active part. He appears to have been of a haughty temper, and his writings and sayings were so obscure that few could profit by them. Those who wish to know more of a great, though ill-judging man, will find ample details in the writings of Cicero, Clemens Alexandrinus, Diogenes Laertius, &c. Brucker, in his history of philosophy, has brought together all that is known respecting him.

XI.

Although it is nowhere stated in precise terms that the philosophical party had in contemplation any such change in the condition of the Athenian women as is here alluded to, yet it may be inferred from many circumstances, and especially from the Ecclesiazusai of Aristophanes. That writer was too clever a satirist to mistake his ground; his comedies would have been pointless had they not been founded on the events of the day; and of all those that remain to us, the object is either directly political or remotely so, by attacking the organ of the philosophical party on the stage. Euripides was the friend of Sokrates, and is thought even to have been assisted by him in some of his dramas; and both Euripides and Sokrates are attacked by him as innovators, who were endangering the established customs of Athens; in which, probably, he was not mistaken, though his zeal for their preservation

might not be wise. He would not, therefore, have taken for the subject of a whole drama the imagined conspiracy of the women of Athens to usurp the government of the country, unless there had been enough of change attempted in the usual habits of females to make his satire appropriate, and to insure a laugh. Plutarch assures us that the friends of Sokrates took their wives and daughters to hear the discourses of Aspasia, and Plato and other philosophers received females among their disciples. The manners of the Athenian women, therefore, must have undergone a considerable change at that time.

XII.

Although the name of Perikles' first wife is nowhere given, yet, as her grand-daughter, the wife of Alkibiades, was called Hipparete, it may be presumed that, according to the usual practice in Athens, she was named after her grandmother. The names of Nikias and Nikeratus, Aristeides and Lusimachus, Thucydides and Melesias, were alternated for several generations, as may be seen on reference to the works of Plato, Thucydides, &c.

XIII.

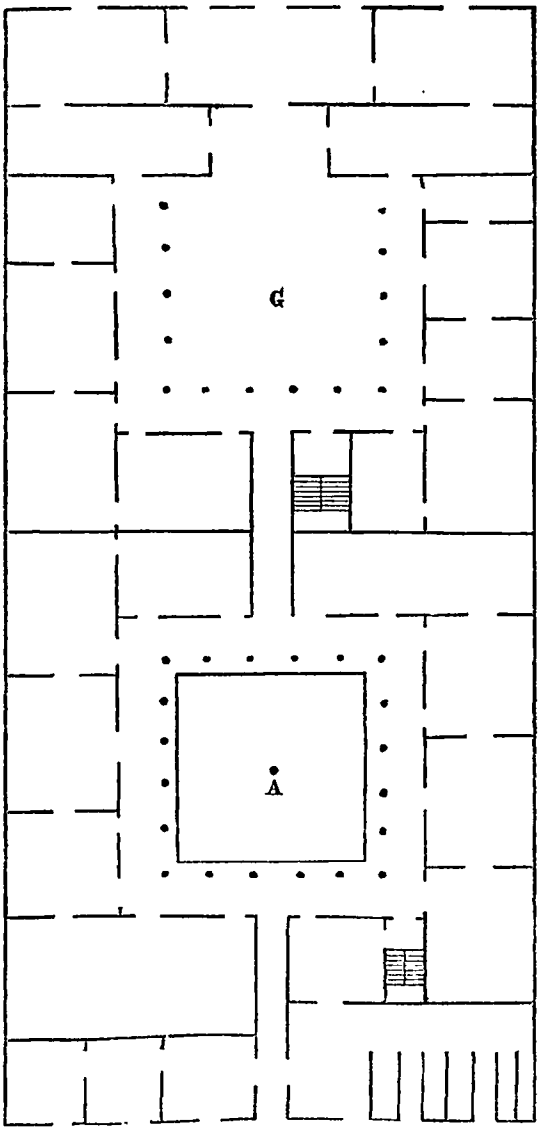
The houses of the Athenians appear in many things to have resembled those of the Romans in the south of Italy, which the discovery of Pompeii has now rendered familiar to us. In both there appears to have been a court surrounded with a colonnade or cloister, somewhat in the manner of the quadrangles

of some of the colleges at Oxford; open to the sky above, and giving access to the various small apartments whose doors opened into the colonnade. Some have doubted if the aulé of the Greeks, like the atrium of the Romans, was really open; but this question may be set at rest by "The Wasps" of Aristophanes*, where the son orders the aulé to be covered with a net, to prevent his father's escape by that outlet. The following sketch of the ground-plan of a Grecian house, copied from one given by Professor Bekker in his "Charikles," † will give a better notion than a verbal description can do, of the arrangement of the apartments, though of course it is in a certain degree conjectural, as no specimens remain to us.

The small apartments opening on the colonnade were perhaps used as store-rooms in general; for in Plato's Protagoras, Sokrates and his friend, on entering, at once see Hippias established on a seat under one of the colonnades, and Prodikos in bed in a small apartment, which had usually been a store-room, but which was now cleared for the reception of guests. This must have been one of the apartments opening into the colonnade or stoa. Whoever has been in the

* The prototype of Racine's laughable comedy of *Les Plaideurs*.

† The present work was nearly finished before I had so much as heard of that of Bekker. The ground we have taken, and the mode of handling the subject are so different, that the one can hardly be supposed to supersede the other; but I have gladly availed myself of the learned professor's labours where we were engaged on the same subjects, and have somewhat delayed the publication in order to do so.



A. Andrakonitis, or men's apartments.
G. Gunaikonitis, or Gynæceum, the women's apartments.

court of the villa outside the walls of Pompeii, will at once understand this arrangement.

XIV.

In Plato's Protagoras we find that a porter was employed in great houses to admit, and sometimes, even to refuse to admit, the guests.

XV.

As this is the first introduction of Aspasia, it may be well at once to dispose of the question relating to her moral character, which even to this day, strange as it may appear, remains a matter of dispute. The charges made against her by her enemies were, that she was a courtezan; that she was the mistress of Perikles before she became his wife; that she kept young women of free birth in her house to instruct them in meretricious arts; and that this was done for the gratification of the very man who afterwards married her. She was farther said to have instigated the Samian, and to have been the cause of the Peloponnesian war—a list of misdoings sufficiently damning, if they were real. But unfortunately for those who love to pull down an illustrious character, these charges are refuted by dates and circumstances, as will presently be seen.

Perikles at his death, in the second year of the Peloponnesian war, had entered his sixty-first year: after his death, Aspasia married again, and had a son by her second husband. (*V. Schol. Plat. Menex.*) She could not, then, have reached the age of Perikles

by twenty years at least: and when he divorced his wife in order to marry her, Plutarch (*Vit. Peric.*) informs us that the divorced wife likewise married again, which makes it certain that the events must have taken place nearly at the time assigned in the narrative; for the wife of Perikles being a widow when he married her, could not have been much younger than himself. If we count back the fifteen years during which Perikles ruled the Athenian state without a rival, we come to B. C. 444, at which time he had entered his forty-sixth year; and as his wife could hardly have been a marriageable person in Athens, if she had passed the period of child-bearing, we must conclude the divorce to have taken place previous to this. Aspasia, then, at her marriage with Perikles, could hardly have passed her twenty-fifth year: but she came to Athens as a teacher of rhetoric and politics, and as such Perikles had first sought her. Now it is hardly to be imagined that she could have excelled in these so far as to have attracted the notice of a practised statesman and orator, twenty years her senior, at a very early age; earlier than that of twenty-three or twenty-four, it could hardly be possible: and thus scarcely two years could have elapsed between her first appearance at Athens and her marriage to its most illustrious minister; who, when she was brought to trial for contemning the gods and corrupting young girls of free birth, defended her by his tears rather than his rhetoric. Nothing but the most passionate affection could have led to such a weakness in a man of Perikles' age and character: where, then, was the interval to be found in which she had acted the

procuress to gratify the palled appetites of her former lover? The marriage must have been almost immediate on her acquittal, as has already been seen from the circumstance that the divorced wife married again; but it was an act by which Perikles infringed the law which he had himself revived but a short time before, and which rendered any children he might have by her liable to slavery—a penalty enforced against the offspring of a *marriage* with a foreign woman, but not, I think, against the children of courtezans. The marriage, therefore, is only to be accounted for by the honourable feelings of both parties; and Perikles probably depended on his power to do what, in fact, he afterwards effected; namely, to enrol any children he might have by her in the number of the citizens by an especial act of the people. The younger Perikles at his death, B. C. 406, appears to have been unmarried, or at least was so shortly before, as seems evident from some lines of Eupolis, quoted by Plutarch: it is therefore very improbable that he could have been born so early as before the marriage of his parents, which would have made him as much as forty years old at his death. The epithet of *νόθος*, or illegitimate, which is applied to him, is explained by the illegality of the marriage, which rendered all children born from such a union illegitimate, according to Attic law. Themistokles was in like manner illegitimate, his mother being a foreigner.

This comparison of dates entirely refutes the vulgar charges against Aspasia: but it is easy to understand, that in a city where any intercourse between the sexes in common society was prohibited

as rigorously as it now is in Turkey, the liberty assumed by her and her pupils must have been very liable to misinterpretation; and in such a struggle for political power as was then taking place, any circumstance which could afford a handle against the great minister, was eagerly seized upon by his enemies, in order either to lower him in the opinion of the people, or to disgust him altogether with public life.

The causes of both the Samian and Peloponnesian wars are so clearly pointed out by Thucydides that little farther need be said. It was the policy of Lacedæmon to support the aristocratic, of Athens to support the democratic party in all the states over which they had any influence. The complaints of the Milesians against Samos gave Athens a plea for interfering in support of a change of government which some of the citizens of Samos had projected, and a democracy was established. The leaders of the other party fled; but, with the assistance of Persia, recovered their power, and made prisoners of the Athenian garrison. Upon this provocation Perikles besieged and took the city, and obliged the Samians to demolish their walls, deliver up their shipping, and reimburse the expenses of the war. It was at the time considered an admirable stroke of policy; and if Aspasia advised it, she did but the same thing that Demosthenes afterwards advocated with all the force of his eloquence.

As for the Peloponnesian war, the coarse jests of Aristophanes cannot be allowed to weigh against the sober testimony of Thucydides; and it may farther be observed, that Aristophanes was silent till the

death of Perikles and his friends, had rendered the libel less dangerous. The distaste shown by that great man to comedy, as represented in his time, was not likely to conciliate the comic poets, and they took their revenge on him for the slights he had put upon them, by calumniating his memory.

XVI.

When Parmenides and his disciple Zeno Eleates visited Athens, Perikles became for a time the pupil of Zeno; but the juster and clearer views of Anaxagoras soon weaned him from the philosophy of the Eleatic school. (*V. Plut. Vit. Peric.*)

XVII.

The female disciples of Pythagoras were so numerous that Philochoros, according to Suidas, wrote a volume concerning them, entitled Συναγωγὴν Ἡρωίδων γυναικῶν: and the comic poets seem to have bestowed the same sort of notice on them that they did on Aspasia; for Diogenes Laertius (in *Vitâ Pythag.*) quotes a play of Kratinos, entitled "Pythagorizusa," in which he scoffs at the Pythagorean doctrines. Menage, in his *Historia Mulierum Philosophorum*, seems inclined to follow the example, and indulges in some stale jests on the subject: however, he acknowledges both the number and merit of those women, whose names he has diligently collected. Theano, the wife of the philosopher, was scarcely less famous than her husband, and continued to teach after his death; and both she, her daughters,

and their disciples appear to have been no less distinguished by their modesty and good conduct, than by their erudition.

XVIII.

The parents of Sokrates were of humble fortune: his father, Sophroniskos, was a stone-cutter; his mother, Phainerete, a midwife; and during his father's lifetime he was compelled, much against his will, to work at his business as a sculptor, in which, however, he was tolerably successful, since it is mentioned by Pausanias (lib. i. c. 12.) that two of his works adorned the Propylaia, *i. e.* a Mercury, called *propylæus*, and a group of the Graces clothed. (*V. Diog. Laert.* l. ii. 19.)- Being left in narrow circumstances, he continued to exercise his profession for a time after his father's death, but merely for the sake of maintenance; for when he had obtained enough to satisfy his humble wants, he left his work and devoted himself to the study of science and philosophy during every hour of leisure thus won. This introduced him to the knowledge of Kriton, a rich and noble Athenian, who, passing his shop one day, stopped and spoke to him, and soon after confided to him the education of his children, and made farther labour unnecessary by supplying wherewith to defray his small expenses. The friendship thus begun continued through life, and the sons of Kriton, as well as their father, were among the sincerest mourners for the admirable man, of whose character intimacy had made them the best judges. (*V. Diog. Laert. in Vit. Socrat. et Crit.; Plato, Ap. Criton et Phædon.*)

XIX.

The custom duties of Athens were collected partly from the harbours, and partly from the markets. In the former, certain fees were paid by the foreign ships lying in the port, besides the custom-duties on exports and imports, which appear to have been one-fiftieth, or two per cent. In the markets there was a fee paid for the right of selling there, as well as the duty on the commodity sold, from which impost, however, the citizens were free, as far as their goods were the produce of the country. The duty of the fiftieth appears from a passage in the oration of Andokides concerning the mysteries, to have been farmed by individuals. As the passage forms a curious illustration of the manners of the times, I quote it: — *Ἀγύρριος γὰρ οὑτοσί, ὁ καλὸς κἀγαθός, ἀρχώνης ἐγένετο τῆς πεντηκοστῆς τρίτον ἔτος, καὶ ἐπρίατο τριάκοντα ταλάντων· μέτεσχον δ' αὐτῷ οὗτοι πάντες οἱ παρασυλλεγέντες ὑπὸ τὴν λεύκην, οὓς ὑμεῖς ἴστε οἷοί εἰσιν· οἳ διὰ τοῦτο ἔμοιγε δοκοῦσι συλλεγῆναι ἐκεῖσε, ἵν' αὐτοῖς ἀμφότερα ᾖ, καὶ μὴ ὑπερβάλλουσι λαβεῖν ἀργύριον, καὶ ὀλίγου πραθείσης μετασχεῖν. κερδάναντες δὲ τρία τάλαντα, γνόντες τὸ πρᾶγμα οἷον εἴη, ὡς πολλοῦ ἄξιον, συνέστησαν πάντες, καὶ μεταδόντες τοῖς ἄλλοις ἐωνοῦντο πάλιν τριάκοντα ταλάντων. ἐπεὶ δ' οὐκ ἀντωνεῖτο οὐδείς, παρελθὼν ἐγὼ εἰς τὴν βουλὴν ὑπερέβαλον, ἕως ἐπριάμην ἓξ καὶ τριάκοντα ταλάντων. ἀπελάσας δὲ τούτους, καὶ καταστήσας ὑμῖν ἐγγυητάς, ἐξέλεξα τὰ χρήματα καὶ κατέβαλον τῇ πόλει, καὶ αὐτὸς οὐκ ἐζημιώθην, ἀλλὰ καὶ βραχέα ἀπεκερδαίνομεν οἱ μετασχόντες· τούτους δ' ἐποιήσα τῶν ὑμετέρων μὴ διανείμασθαι ἓξ τάλαντα ἀργυρίου.* As the mean-

ing is somewhat obscure, I quote both the original and Boeckh's translation: "For this Agyrrhios, this model of excellence, was two years ago chief farmer of the fiftieth, which he purchased for thirty talents: and all those persons who were collected round him under the white poplar, had a share in the concern: upon their characters it is unnecessary for me to make any comment. Their object in assembling there was, as far as I can judge, both to receive money for not bidding higher, and to have a share in the profits when the duty was sold under its proper price. Afterwards, when they had gained two talents (some texts read *three*), and discovered that the concern was of considerable value, they all combined together; and giving the others a share, they purchased the same duty for thirty talents; then, as no one offered a higher sum, I went myself to the senate, and bid against them until I obtained it for thirty-six talents. Thus, having driven away these persons, and provided sureties for myself, I collected the required sum, and paid it to the state: nor was I a loser by the speculation, for the sharers in it even made a small profit. Thus I was the means of preventing these persons from dividing among themselves six talents of the public money." Reckoning the talent according to Boeckh's calculation at 243*l.* 16*s.*, the sum given for this portion only of the fiftieth amounted to 8375*l.* This transaction must have taken place in the early part of the Peloponnesian war, twenty or twenty-five years perhaps after the period treated of in the present work. (For a larger account of the custom-duties of Athens, see Boeckh's *Public Œconomy of Athens*, book iii. c. 4, 5.)

XX.

Aristophanes, when ridiculing Sokrates in his Nubes, represents him as praying to the clouds, who are brought forward in material shape to receive the homage of their votary. It is a sufficient proof that the sage was accustomed to pay his devotions to the Deity under the pure sky, rather than amid the pomp of the temple, or the smoke of the sacrifice.

XXI.

The Hermai were rude stones fashioned to the shape of a head and shoulders at the upper part, but terminating in a mere squared block. Many such are still to be seen in collections of ancient sculpture. In this case the head represented was supposed to be that of Hermes or Mercury; and on these blocks sentences had been inscribed by the care of Hipparchos, the son of Peisistratos, each containing some maxim tending to the encouragement of virtue. (*V. Plato, Hipparch.*) The fashioning of the Hermai themselves, however, was such as could only suit a gross people, and gave rise to a coarse jest of Philip of Macedon, which has been so often quoted that it need not be repeated here.

XXII.

Foreign ambassadors were entertained at the public cost in the hall of the Prutaneion. Aristophanes, in his "Acharnians," makes the herald summon the ambassadors of the king of Persia to the

Prutaneion by command of the council. (See also *Pollux*, l. viii. 138.) Sometimes the privilege of being entertained here was granted to individuals who had done good service to the state; and it therefore appears to have been a public table to which certain persons had the privilege of admission.

XXIII.

The comedies of Aristophanes furnish abundant proof of the mockery with which the Athenians treated their Spartan rivals: their language, habits, and dress are held up to ridicule by the poet, without mercy, and with abundance of witty spite.

XXIV.

The council of five hundred, in which laws were first proposed, was elected every year, and a law which had merely received the assent of this body was of no authority beyond the year during which its members exercised their legislative functions. All laws, therefore, which were intended to be permanent, were brought before an assembly of the people for final ratification, and were then engraved on a brazen tablet and hung up to public view.

XXV.

"The wages of the assembly (*μισθὸς ἐκκλησιαστικὸς*) the sovereign people paid to itself. The honour of inventing this salary is contended for between Callistratos and Agyrrhios, and fortunately

both claimants can be satisfied. Pericles, as far as we know, had no share in it; and it may be asserted with sufficient probability, that this payment had not been introduced in the early part at least of his administration. "When the noble Myronides ruled," observes Aristophanes, with reference to the wages of the ecclesiasts, "no one administered the affairs of the state for money." Now Myronides was an early contemporary of Pericles. At the time, then, of this Myronides *, and consequently long after the beginning of the influence of Pericles, the payments of the ecclesiasts was introduced, which at first amounted to one obolus, and afterwards to three. Callistratos Parnytes first introduced the obolus as the pay of the ecclesiasts (*Append. Vatic. proverb.* iii. 35. Ὀβολὸν εὗρε Παρνύτης), and this was a considerable time before the *Ecclesiazusæ* of Aristophanes, which was acted in Olymp. 96—4 (B. C. 393); but at what particular period we are ignorant, since who this Callistratos was is wholly unknown. . . . The increase in the wages of the ecclesiasts to three oboli evidently took place but a short time before the *Ecclesiasuzæ* of Aristophanes, perhaps in Olymp. 96—3, B. C. 394. (*V. Arist. Eccl.* 302. 380. 392. 543.), when Agyrrhios established the theoricon. To him, also, the scholiast upon Aristophanes ascribes the first introduction of the wages of ecclesiasts; from which it is evident, as Petit remarked, that he was the person who increased them. The scholiast on Aristophanes (*Plut.* 329, 330.) speaks of the pay

* Myronides was general in the 80th Olympiad (B. C. 460—457). Thucyd. l. i. 105. 108. iv. 95. Diod. xi. 97. 81.

being raised to three oboli, which was said to have been done by Cleon; but we must avoid understanding this of the wages of the ecclesiasts, which are there confounded with the pay of the dicasts. Both have been frequently confounded with each other by both ancient and modern interpreters." (*Boeckh's Œconomy of Athens*, book ii. c. 14.)

XXVI.

Demosthenes' orations afford abundant proof of this extraordinary fact.

XXVII.

The subject is so disagreeable an one, that I may well be excused for not quoting authorities for this description of the consequences of an Athenian feast. Whoever chooses to consult Plutarch's Treatise on the Art of preserving Health, will see that it is not exaggerated. In his Treatise *De Cohibenda Ira*, we have the following description of a house the morning after a feast: — *Διὸ τῶν μὲν ἀσώτων ταῖς οἰκίαις προσιόντες αὐλητρίδος ἀκούομεν ἐωθινῆς, καὶ πηλόν, ὥς τις εἶπεν, οἴνου, καὶ σπαράγματα στεφάνων, καὶ κραιπαλῶντας ὁρῶμεν ἐπὶ θύραις ἀκολούθους.* — "In the houses of the dissipated, if you go thither in the early morning, you hear the sound of the flute-player, and tread in the very mud of wine, as one called it, and amid fragments of garlands, and drunken slaves are lying about the door-way." The conclusion, also, of Plato's banquet affords a picture of a convivial meeting of this kind. "Agathon," says he, "was about to

place himself near Sokrates, when a set of gay companions, having found the door open in consequence of some one's going out, entered and took their places on the couches. From that moment there was a great tumult, and every thing was in disorder: all were compelled to drink a large quantity of wine. Eryximachos, Phaidros, and some others returned home;" the relator "fell asleep, and slept a good while, for the nights were long at that period: he waked at dawn with the crowing of the cock, and on opening his eyes saw that some of the guests were asleep, others had departed. Agathon, Aristophanes, and Sokrates alone were awake, and still passing the cup, whilst Sokrates discoursed with them; but first Aristophanes, and then Agathon fell asleep; and Sokrates departing, went to the bath and the Lyceum, or Lukeion, according to custom, and passed the day afterwards in his ordinary fashion." The pretty anecdote of Polemon, given by Valerius Maximus (l. vi. c. 1.), and by other authors, will show what were the habits of a "gay man" in Athens at rather a later period. He left the supper-party, we are told, "after the rising of the sun, heavy with wine, streaming with perfumed unguents, his head crowned with chaplets of flowers, wearing an almost transparent robe." In this state, finding the school of Xenokrates already open (who had been the pupil and was the successor of Plato), he entered probably with the view of ridiculing the teaching of the philosopher; but as that excellent man proceeded with his discourse on the hideousness of vice and the beauty of temperance and virtue, the young debauchee first stole his hand to his head, and pulled off the garland; then he covered himself

decently with his mantle, and laid aside his air of mockery; finally, he left the school an altered man, and became as remarkable for his temperance and gravity of conduct, as he had before been for his excesses. (See Diog. Laert. also, who in his *Life of Polemon* gives the same account.)

XXVIII.

As the women of Athens lived in the strictest seclusion, scarcely ever leaving the house, except on the occasion of some religious ceremony, all who appeared publicly in the streets were considered as courtezans — the only class to which this liberty was permitted. Young girls, especially, were kept as in prison; for the women's apartments were entirely separate from those of the men, and secured by bolts and bars, which were seldom opened. Xenophon (in his *Œconomics*, c. 7, 8.) represents the husband as telling his wife all the things that must be done in the house, by way of proof that women were born to live within doors; strengthening his argument by the example of the queen bee, who always lives in the hive. He is obliged, nevertheless, to allow that exercise is necessary to health, and therefore recommends her to brush and look after the furniture, to bake and bolt the flour, as well as to walk round the house to see that all is in its proper place, by way of procuring an appetite. Courtezans, as may be seen (*Xen. Mem.* l. iii. c. 11.), enjoyed the luxuries of life.

XXIX.

The fragment which Aristoteles has given us of these hymns proves them to have afforded the sublimest ideas of the Supreme Being: —

Ζεὺς πρῶτος γένετο, Ζεὺς ὕστατος ἀρχικέραυνος·
Ζεὺς κεφαλή, Ζεὺς μέσσα· Διὸς δ' ἐκ πάντα τέτυκται·
Ζεὺς πυθμὴν γαίης τε καὶ οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος·
Ζεὺς ἄρσην γένετο, Ζεὺς ἄμβροτος ἔπλετο νύμφη.
Ζεὺς πνοιὴ πάντων, Ζεὺς ἀκαμάτου πυρὸς ἑρμή,
Ζεὺς πόντου ῥίζα, Ζεὺς ἥλιος, ἠδὲ σελήνη.
Ζεὺς βασιλεύς, Ζεὺς ἀρχὸς ἁπάντων ἀρχικέραυνος.
Πάντας γὰρ κρύψας αὖτις φάος ἐς πολυγηθές,
Ἐξ ἱερῆς κραδιὴς ἀνενέγκατο μέρμερα ῥέζων.

Aristot. de Cœl.

XXX.

If we may believe Plutarch, the early life of both these great men was licentious; though the things recorded of Themistokles appear contradictory, and perhaps are not worthy of much credit. But whether true or not, they were the common report of the time.

XXXI.

When Themistokles appeared at the Olympic games after the battle of Salamis, the champions were forgotten, and all eyes were fixed on him. It was a moment of proud gratification, which, he is said to have confessed to his friends, repaid his labours for Greece. (*V. Plut. Vit. Themist.*)

XXXII.

When Kimon was besieging Citium, or rather Kition, he was seized with a mortal illness, and finding himself too ill to leave any chance of recovery, he advised those who were with him to conceal his death, and sail away immediately. His orders were obeyed, and the fleet returned in safety "by the generalship of Kimon, exercised, as Phanodemos says, thirty days after his death." (*V. Plut. Vit. Cim.*)

XXXIII.

These processions, which took place at the Dionysia in honour of Bacchus, were of so disgusting a description, that there would be neither satisfaction nor benefit in describing them more exactly. The learned can inform themselves if they choose it, from Aristophanes and other sources; the unlearned may satisfy themselves that they have no loss, even if they should never know.

XXXIV.

Alkibiades is represented by Plato in his *Banquet* as coming to the house of Agathon very drunk, *σφόδρα μεθύοντος, καὶ μέγα βοῶντος*, supported between his slaves and a female flute player, who, only when the guests agreed to discourse instead of drinking, is sent away to entertain the women. Aristophanes describes a scene of this kind yet more graphically in the conclusion of his *Vespæ;* and there is a fragment in Athenæus, where a marriage-feast is described, which took place in Macedonia, after that country was in

close connection with Athens; where, after supper, "certain singers and musicians entered, male and female, with Rhodian guitar-players; the latter, as it appeared to me," says the writer, "naked, except that some had a very small petticoat." (*Athen.* lib. iv. c. 3.) The bas-reliefs and paintings of the ancient Egyptians, also, represent female flute-players and female slaves in a state of quasi nakedness.

XXXV.

I have no authority for this further than its probability. The kings of Persia were the benefactors of the Jews, and it is hardly to be supposed that their armies would be without some recruits from that warlike people. Plato, in his *Phaidōn*, in some measure justifies my conjecture that the traditions of the Hebrews, and even some parts of their sacred books, had become known in Greece, by making Sokrates refer his disciples to the "barbarians" for the truest notions respecting the immortality of the soul.

XXXVI.

A pestilence having broken out in Athens no long time after the massacre of the adherents of Cylon, or rather Kulon, the Delphian oracle was consulted, and the Pythia having replied that the city must be purified, Epimenides was sent for from Crete to perform the needful lustrations. Among other things, he required that a number of white and black sheep should be turned loose on Mars' Hill (*πρὸς τὸν Ἄρειον πάγον*), and wherever they should lie down,

that an altar should be built to the god of the place. Diog. Laert. (lib. i. s. 110.) asserts that in his day altars were to be seen in the Areiopagos without the name of any god inscribed upon them. The altar to the unknown god, found in the Areiopagos by St. Paul, was probably one of these.

The making statues to the gods is asserted by many ancient Greek writers to have been a comparatively modern invention, and this is corroborated by the most ancient Egyptian paintings and bas-reliefs, where incense and sacrifices are often represented, but no figure of the god.

XXXVII.

In great feasts it would seem that the slaves who stood behind received from their masters the plates, with what they themselves could not or would not finish. In Macedonia, at the marriage feast of Karanos, which took place after that country had assimilated itself in some measure with the rest of Greece, a whole course of poultry is described as brought to the guests upon a tray of Corinthian brass, "when each one taking a portion on his own plate, gave it over to the slaves behind him." (*Athen.* lib. iv. c. 2.) It was not to be supposed that a hungry parasite would leave much on his plate.

XXXVIII.

"In mining, as in every thing where labour was necessary, the actual work was performed by slaves. It cannot be proved that in Greece free citizens ever

laboured in mines or foundries, as has been asserted. The Romans condemned the offenders who had been enslaved by public ordinance to work in the mines, in the same manner that criminals of this description are now sent to the mines of Siberia. This method of punishment, however, cannot have existed at Athens, as the community did not carry on any mining at the public expense; nor did it let mines for a term of years, together with the labourers, which was only done by private individuals. The master, however, could probably punish his slaves, by forcing them to labour in the mines as well as in the mills; and, in general, none but inferior slaves were employed in them, such as barbarians and criminals. Their condition was not indeed so miserable as that of the slaves in the Egyptian mines, where the condemned labourers worked without intermission until they were so exhausted as to fall lifeless; but notwithstanding that in Attica the spirit of freedom had a mild and beneficial influence even upon the treatment of slaves, yet myriads of these wretched mortals are said to have languished in chains in the unwholesome atmosphere of the mines. (*Athenæus*, vii. p. 272. E. Plut. Comp. Nic. et Crass. init." *Boeckh's Diss. on the Mines of Laurion* § 10.)

XXXIX.

Ephialtes was one of Perikles' friends, and according to Aristoteles (*Polit.* lib. ii.) was employed by him to carry the law by which the power of the court of Areiopagos was curtailed. Plutarch adds,

that being grown formidable to the nobles, on account of his inflexible severity in prosecuting all that invaded the rights of the people, his enemies caused him to be taken off in a private and treacherous manner by Aristodikos of Tanagra.

XL.

The admirable order of Perikles' private affairs was owing, as Plutarch informs us, to the clever management of his steward Euangelos, whom he had trained to carry out his plans of economy. The produce of his estates was sold, and the portion allotted for each day of the ensuing year, and this sum was not to be exceeded.

XLI.

There were nine Archons, or chief magistrates, chosen yearly in Athens. The three first had the titles respectively of *Archon;* and by his name the year was distinguished, and his jurisdiction was extensive; *Basileus,* or king, and to him belonged especially the cognisance of causes respecting religion, and crimes of a deep dye *; and *Polemarchos,* who had under his especial jurisdiction the strangers and sojurners in Athens. The six remaining Archons were called Thesmothetai, and heard the causes which did not come under the jurisdiction of the others, especially those relating to merchandise and trade.

* In Plato's *Euthydemus,* Sokrates attends at the Στοὰ τοῦ βασιλέως to answer the charge of impiety; Euthydemus himself, to prosecute a charge of murder.

XLII.

In Plato's *Lysis* we have the following scene as a conclusion of the dialogue. Lysis or Lusis and Menexenos are represented as youths of noble family, with whom Sokrates had been conversing: — "The slaves (*παιδαγωγοὶ*) who had accompanied Lusis and Menexenos to the palæstra, now came up like dæmons (*ὡσπερ δαίμονές τινες*), with the brothers of these youths, and called to them, requiring them to return home. At first we hoped to have obtained from them the delay of a few minutes; but they paid no attention to our representations, and growing angry, began to talk fast in their half-barbarous language (*ἀλλ' ὑποβάρβαρίζοντες ἠγανάκτουν τε*), and to call them more earnestly than before. At last, as they seemed to have drunk enough during the festival to prevent them from hearing reason, we gave up the point." Such were the persons to whose training the noble youths of Athens were usually entrusted. In the dialogue entitled *Alcibiades*, Sokrates is made to say that Perikles confided the training of his nephew to the Thracian slave Zopuros, because he was old and unfit for other work.

XLIII.

According to Philochoros, as quoted by the scholiast on Aristophanes, the opening of the Parthenon did not take place till several years later, in the archonship of Theodoros, as some, or of Puthodoros, as other MSS. read. I must therefore give my reasons for placing it at a different date; they

are circumstantial only, but perhaps better to be depended on than a disputed reading of an author living considerably after the event in question.

The accusation made against Pheidias of embezzling the gold entrusted to him for the construction of the statue of the goddess, as well as that on which Plutarch affirms him to have been finally imprisoned, namely, the placing the portraits of Perikles and himself on the shield of the goddess, could only have been made after it was exposed to public view in the finished temple. Now, we are assured by Thucydides, the accurate historian of his own times, that Perikles reigned with the power of a monarch in Athens for the last fifteen years of his life, *i. e.* after the year B. C. 444, at which period, it would seem, his rival Thucydides, the son of Melesias, was banished by ostracism. It is not possible that Pheidias should have been falsely accused and imprisoned on frivolous charges, in all of which Perikles himself was implicated, during a period when his power was supreme, and at the very time when his triumphant return from the Samian expedition had carried his popularity to the highest pitch. On the contrary, it appears that the great struggle between Perikles and his rivals was followed up perseveringly on both sides, and was only finished by the complete triumph of the great minister over all opposition. The death of Kimon had left him single in the exercise of the power of the state, and the aristocratical party dreaded his influence: we find them, therefore, very soon after the decease of their great leader, measuring their strength with his surviving colleague; and the expedition into Boiotia under

Tolmides was decreed against the advice and earnest remonstrances of Perikles. The disastrous effects of that measure compelled them to be quiet while the only man capable of repairing the mischief was engaged in doing so; but his triumphant return from that expedition again awakened envy, and the year following appears to have been spent in intrigues more or less successful, which had for their object the overthrow of his power. They failed in great measure; and Perikles, roused, at length, to the defence of every thing that was most dear to him, vanquished all opposition, and removed Thucydides from his path by means of the ostracism, within five years after the death of Kimon. The gross anachronisms so often found in ancient writers, justify us in examining very narrowly the *probability* of the events ere we fix their dates.

XLIV.

Plato and Xenophon *passim* may be referred to for this part of Greek manners.

XLV.

Julius Pollux (*Onom.* l. iv. c. 19.), in giving directions for the dress of the actors who represented different characters, says, *ἡ διάμιτρος ἑταίρα μίτρα ποικιλη τὴν κεφαλὴν κατείληπται.*—"The courtezan shall have her head bound with many-coloured fillets."

XLVI.

If a husband put away his wife, without gross misconduct on her part, he was obliged to return her dowry. (*V. Dem. in Neairam. Isæus de Hered.*)

XLVII.

I have no authority for saying that the features of the Minerva of Pheidias were copied from those of Aspasia; it was, however, so much the custom of the sculptors of antiquity to model from nature, that as Aspasia was acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman of her time, and as Pheidias lived on terms of friendship with her, it is, at least, a probable conjecture, strengthened by the fact that the portrait of Perikles was placed conspicuously on the shield, and that of the friendly sculptor found a place in one corner.

XLVIII.

Hardly any of the great public men of Athens escaped this fate: it was a convenient mode of filling the treasury, and fines were imposed without much regard to the justice of the penalty in many cases. Miltiades, Themistokles, Aristides even, Timotheus, and Demosthenes, all were condemned to pay heavy fines—even Perikles himself, clear as he was from all malversation in his administration, was condemned to pay a considerable sum for the damage done to the country-houses and farms of the citizens, in the beginning of the Peloponnesian war. (*V. Thucyd.*

lib. ii. c. 65.) Those who wish to know more on this subject will find abundance of information in Boeckh's excellent work on the *Public Œconomy of Athens*, b. iii. c. 12.

XLIX.

Few of the Greeks considered women to be endowed with any mental power. Aristoteles is greatly puzzled with the question, whether slaves and women partake of any virtue, save that of performing bodily service. "Can a woman," says he, "be dignified with the epithets of temperate, courageous, or just? Self-command in a woman is not the same thing as self-command in a man: the justice and courage of the two sexes do not, as Sokrates thought, coincide." And, finally, he solves the difficulty by deciding that women and children must be fashioned as best suits the interests of the government. (*V. Aristot. Polit.* l. i. c. 8.)

L.

Thargelia was an Ionian, and a woman of extraordinary beauty and talent, which she employed in winning over many of the states of Greece to the party of the Medes. This, of course, drew on her the displeasure of the Athenians, and she, in common with every woman who took any part in public affairs, was stigmatised as a courtezan. Probably she deserved this epithet as little as Aspasia, for she was finally raised by marriage to the throne of Thessaly. (*V. Plut. Vit. Peric.*)

LI.

The sacrifices in Athens were frequent and abundant, and were generally followed by a feast. The banquet which Plato describes, he says, was given the day after the sacrifices made by Agathon for his success in obtaining the tragic prize, and it is evident that there had been a great feast the day before, for the guests speak of having been all very drunk; so much so, as to resolve to eschew wine on this occasion, though the entrance of Alkibiades and others induced them to change their purpose. "With the exception of the theoricon," says Boeckh, "the most considerable expenses of the festivals were those for sacrifices, plays, and processions. In many festivals all three were combined; as, for instance, at the great Dionysia. The ancient and most sacred offerings were called paternal sacrifices (*πάτριοι θυσίαι*), and were opposed to those which were made in the more recent, or, as they were called, the additional festivals (*ἐπίθετοι ἑορταί*). In the bad times which ensued, the former were at most but sparingly solemnized, or were sometimes entirely discontinued: at the celebration of the latter, great banquets were given, for which perhaps three hundred oxen were slaughtered at the public cost, and the paternal sacrifices were paid for out of the rents of the sacred estates, or rather they were furnished by a contractor for a certain sum, who was indemnified out of these rents. It is easy to judge of the immense number of these great sacrifices from the fact, that the money received for the skins only (*δερματικὸν*) in *Olymp.*

iii. 3. (B. C. 334.) amounted to 5148⅔ drachmas* for only seven months. Thus 500 young kids were sacrificed to Diana Agrotera alone, at the festival for the battle of Marathon; but the frequent sacrifices of oxen were particularly designed to allure the people, on which account Demosthenes† connects this donation of oxen with the theoricon. A hecatomb alone cost upon an average a talent; and many other expenses were necessarily connected with these solemnities. The law of Solon, upon the sacred tablets (*κύρβεις*), had fixed the amount of the sacrifices and of other solemnities; a single one was rated at three talents. But this, in the age of Lysias, appeared very inconsiderable. A secretary named Nicomachos, who was employed to transcribe the laws, fixed it on his own authority at nine talents; and moreover, at a moment when the state had from poverty suffered the walls and docks to fall out of repair, and was unable to pay three talents to the Bœotians, as an indemnity for the reprisals made against them, by which means the state lost twelve talents in two years, and was incapable of performing the paternal sacrifices.‡ Demosthenes, when he was manager of the theoricon, contributed 100 minas (upwards of 400*l.*) to the sacrifices, which he paid out of that fund§; a proof that though, for the most

* About 209*l.* sterling of modern currency.

† Olynth. p. 37. 6.

‡ Lysias, cont. Nichomach. pp. 856—860., which passage has not been entirely understood by commentators.

§ Decret. ap Demosth. de Coren. p. 266. 23. See also *Lives of the Ten Orators*, where the words *ἀπέδωκε δὲ καὶ θεωροῖς* (a singular expression) *μυρίας* refer to this circumstance.

part well filled, it did not satisfy the people. Besides the sacrifices furnished by the state (*δημοτελῆ ἱερά*), there were others provided by particular corporations and societies; such, for instance, as those furnished by the *Demi* (*δεμοτικὰ ἱερά*), and by the societies of orgeones (*ὀργεωνικά*), not to mention the feasting of the tribes." (*Boeckh's Public Œconomy of Athens*, book ii. c. 12.)

In addition to this we have the testimony of Xenophon in his treatise on the Athenian government, that the sacrifices and festivals were mainly for the gratification of the people.

Θυσίας δὲ καὶ ἱερὰ καὶ ἑορτὰς καὶ τεμένη, γνοὺς ὁ δῆμος ὅτι οὐχ οἷόν τέ ἐστιν ἑκάστῳ τῶν πενήτων θύειν καὶ εὐωχεῖσθαι καὶ κτᾶσθαι ἱερά, καὶ πόλιν οἰκεῖν καλὴν καὶ μεγάλην, ἐξεῦρεν ὅτῳ τρόπῳ ἔσται ταῦτα. Θύουσιν οὖν δημοσίᾳ μὲν ἡ πόλις ἱερεῖα πολλά· ἔστι δὲ ὁ δῆμος εὐωχούμενος καὶ διαλαγχάνων τὰ ἱερεῖα. Καὶ γυμνάσια καὶ λουτρὰ καὶ ἀποδυτήρια τοῖς μὲν πλουσίοις ἐστὶν ἴδια ἐνίοις, ὁ δὲ δῆμος αὐτὸς αὑτῷ οἰκοδομεῖται ἰδίᾳ παλαίστρας πολλὰς, ἀποδυτήρια, λουτρῶνας· καὶ πλείω τούτων ἀπολαύει ὁ ὄχλος ἢ οἱ ὀλίγοι καὶ οἱ εὐδαίμονες. — *Xen. de Rep. Ath.* c. 2. § 9, 10.

"The sovereign people," says he, "finding it difficult to have all they wished individually, owing to their poverty, decreed the things they needed at the public cost, and enjoyed great and many sacrifices, and a fine city, and magnificent gymnastic and other places of public resort, more than the rich and fortunate few."

LII.

Peisistratus, according to Aristoteles (*Polit.* lib. vii.), obtained the supremacy in Athens by captivating the affections of the people; and this was done by the protection he afforded them against the rich. Thucydides bears testimony to the mildness and wisdom of his rule. (Lib. vi. c. 44.)

LIII.

By the laws of Solon, the citizens were divided into four classes, *i. e.* 1. those possessing property which brought them in five hundred medimni (a measure containing about a bushel and a half), or more; 2. from three to five hundred, and these were the knights or cavalry; 3. from two to three hundred; 4. those whose property did not amount so high as a hundred medimni of revenue; and these last, though allowed a vote in the public assemblies, were incapable of holding any public office. As the medimnus of wheat sold for about three drachmas when at a moderate price, *i. e.* about 2*s.* 6*d.*, the property qualification for office may be considered to have been about 12*l.* 10*s.* of yearly revenue in corn. When we read that the price of a house generally varied between three and fifty minas (from about 12*l.* to 200*l.*), and compare this with the price of houses in our own time, we may well judge that the standard of property fixed by Solon was not a low one. (*V. Boeckh's Pub. Œcon. of Ath.* book i. c. 12.; also Isæus, Lysias, Demosthenes, and Æschines in their orations respecting hereditaments.)

To this we may add, that, according to the testimony of Plutarch (*Vit. Themist.*), the Troizenians made an allowance of two oboli a-day to each of the Athenians who took refuge there from the invasion of Xerxes, which sum, it appears, was not thought insufficient. As the obolus was less than three halfpence of our money, this would amount to about 4*l.* 4*s.* per annum; so that Solon's minimum of property for eligibility to office must have been, in his days, what was considered as a handsome income.

LIV.

We may gather from the Nubes of Aristophanes that the teaching of Anaxagoras and of Sokrates had not been without its effect on the superstitions of the people. (*V. Nub.* 615.) The proper feasts, he says, were not observed, and the gods were defrauded of their supper. When the people ought to have been celebrating religious rites, they were judging causes and giving sentence; and when they should have been mourning for Memnon and Sarpedon, they drank and laughed.

LV.

When the army of Xerxes approached Delphi with the design of plundering the temple, "the Delphians consulted the oracle, whether they should hide their treasures underground, or transport them to another country; but the god would not suffer the treasures to be removed, saying he was sufficiently able to defend his own." The Delphians having

received this answer, began to think of themselves; and after they had sent their wives and children by sea to Achaia, the greater part of the men went either to the top of Parnassus, or to the cave of Korukion, whilst others retired to Amphussa, belonging to the Locrians: in short, all the inhabitants abandoned the city, except only sixty men and the prophet. When the Barbarians were advanced within sight of the temple, the prophet, whose name was Akeratos, seeing the arms which no mortal may touch brought out and laid before the sacred place, went and told the prodigy to the Delphians who were left in the city. But when the Barbarians arrived at the temple of Minerva the Provident, much greater prodigies than the former were seen. And, indeed, though the sight of those instruments of war, which had moved out of the temple of themselves, was very wonderful, yet the second prodigies were still more astonishing than all others: for immediately after the arrival of the Barbarians at Minerva's temple, thunder fell from heaven upon their troops; the two heads of Parnassus breaking from the mountain with a horrible noise, and rolling down, killed many of their men; and a voice, accompanied with shouts of joy, was heard issuing from the temple of the goddess. All these things in conjunction so terrified the Barbarians that they betook themselves to flight, which, when the Delphians heard, they come down from the mountain and made a great slaughter among them." (*Herod.* lib. viii.) Did the priests of the temple at that time possess the secret of making gunpowder, or some other explosive composition capable of producing the like effect in blasting rocks?

LVI.

In all public actions the plaintiff paid a fine to the state of 1000 drachmas (about 40*l.*) if he failed to obtain a fifth part of the suffrages. "Demosthenes expressly proves this with regard to the action for assault (*δίκη βρεως*): the same is evident from other authors with regard to the action for impiety (*γραρὴ ἀσεβείας*) (*Demosth. c. Timarch.* p. 702. 5. *Plat. Ap.* p. 5.); for incontinency (*γραρὴ εταιρήσεως*) &c. This fine, however, underwent some alteration occasionally, as in an unsuccessful action for illegal practices, mentioned in Demosthenes, the plaintiff was only sentenced to pay 500 drachmas. In other cases an additional fine (*προστίμημα*) appears to have been imposed, as in the case of Æschines, who in consequence of such fine imposed after the loss of his action against Ctesiphon, quitted the city of Athens. The court appears, in certain cases, to have been authorised to condemn the plaintiff to the same fine, at which he had assessed the defendant; as Aristogeiton, having failed in an action for illegal practices against the priestess of Diana at Brauron, was forced to pay the fine of five talents (upwards of 1200*l.*), at which he had assessed the defendant. (*Dinarch. in Aristog.* p. 82." *Boeckh's Pub. Œc. of Athens*, b. iii. c. 12.)

LVII.

Hermippos was rather a voluminous writer of comedies. Athenæus quotes from nine of his pieces; but none of them have come down to us entire, though he is said, by the same writer, to have been successful in some of them. (l. xv. c. 56.)

LVIII.

It appears to have been the custom among the Athenians to express their admiration of any one by inscribing his or her name on the walls, or columns in places of public resort. Aristophanes in his Acharnian (v. 144.) alludes to this, where he says that Sitalkes, the Thracian king, had so fallen in love with the Athenians, that he wrote their name on the walls.

> *καὶ δῆτα φιλαθήναιος ἦν ὑπερφυῶς*
> *ὑμῶν τ' ἐραστὴς ἦν ἀληθῶς ὥστε καὶ*
> *ἐν τοῖσι τοίχοις ἔγραφ'* ΑΘΗΝΑΙΟΙ ΚΑΛΟΙ.

And in the Vespæ he has a like allusion, v. 97.

> *καὶ νὴ Δί', ἦν ἴδῃ γέ που γεγραμμένον*
> *τὸν Πυριλάμπους ἐν θύρα Δῆμον καλὸν*
> *ἰὼν παρέγραψε πλησίον,* ΚΗΜΟΣ ΚΑΛΟΣ.

LIX.

It was the custom of the times to enslave the inhabitants of conquered cities; and until Perikles, who in his wars mitigated this part of the severities of war, all generals seem to have followed the example of their predecessors in its full rigour; and Chæroneia, or rather Chaironeia, was an example of it. "At no great interval of time from hence," says Thucydides (l. i. c. 113.), "the Boiotian exiles having seized Orchomenos and Chaironeia, and some other places, the Athenians took the field against them. The force of Athens was commanded by Tolmides, the son of Tolmaios. Having taken and *enslaved*

Chaironeia, they placed a fresh garrison in it, and withdrew: but upon their march they were attacked at Coroneia by a body of men, &c." This last was that fatal battle in which Tolmides was killed; it took place B. C. 447.

LX.

The palaistrai were places of exercise similar to the gumnasia, but in the latter only youths were trained; in the former, athletai. Both were favourite lounges with the fashionable idler of Athens.

LXI.

The plays of Terence are chiefly taken from Menander, and may be considered as a fair representation of Athenian domestic life. The Hecyra affords a lively picture of the scenes in the interior of a family, too long, indeed, for quotation here, but which those who wish to understand the state of manners will do well to read.

LXII.

The laws of Athens had always considered the children of foreign women as illegitimate; but these children had nevertheless gradually stepped into almost all the rights of citizenship. Themistokles was the son of a foreign woman; so was Kimon, though his mother was a princess; and the gumnasion termed Kunosarges was particularly appropriated to the youths of this half breed. (*V. Plut. Vit. Themist.*) In the time of Perikles the children

of such marriages had become very numerous, and the privileges of Athenian citizens, such as the theoricon, &c., being likely to become onerous to the state, probably he thought it politic to lessen the number of those who had a claim to these privileges, by reviving and enforcing the law. We are informed by Plutarch that a present of 40,000 medimni of wheat having been sent by the king of Egypt to the Athenian people, many persons were then proceeded against as illegitimate, in order to prevent them from sharing in the gift; and in this way nearly five thousand lost their imagined rights of citizenship, and were sold for slaves. (*V. Plut. Vit. Peric.*)

LXIII.

Aristeides had been banished by ostracism, and at the time of the Persian invasion was still an exile. The Athenians, fearful of his joining the invaders, annulled the decree of banishment; but ere he heard of it Aristeides had been engaged in rousing the Greeks to resistance. Before the battle of Salamis he contrived to elude the Persian fleet in the night, and joined Themistokles; and then it was that those two noble rivals abandoned their former enmity, and planned together the battle which preserved the liberties of Greece. (*V. Plut. Vit. Aristid.*)

LXIV.

After the battle of Tanagra, where the Athenians, if not totally defeated, were at least very hard pressed, Perikles himself proposed to the people

the recall of Kimon from banishment, and at once laid aside all rivalry. "With so much candour were differences managed then," observes Plutarch (*Vit. Cim.*), "so moderate the resentments of men, and so easily laid down where the public good required it; ambition itself, the strongest of all passions, yielded to the interests and necessities of their country."

LXV.

"By this time the Lacedæmonians began to express some jealousy of the Athenian greatness; and Perikles, willing to advance this still higher, and make the people more sensible of their own importance, and more inclinable to great attempts, procured an order that all the Greeks, wheresoever they resided, whether in Europe or in Asia, whether their cities were small or great, should send deputies to Athens to consult about rebuilding the Grecian temples which the Barbarians had burnt, and about providing those sacrifices which had been vowed during the Persian war for the preservation of Greece, and likewise to enter into such measures as might secure navigation and maintain the peace. Accordingly twenty persons, each above fifty years of age, were sent with this proposal to the different states of Greece. Five went to the Ionians and Dorians in Asia, and the islanders as far as Lesbos and Rhodes; five to the cities about the Hellespont, and in Thrace, as far as Byzantium; five to the inhabitants of Boiotia, Phokis, and Peloponnesus, and from thence by Lokri along the adjoining continent to Akarnania and Ambrakia; the rest were despatched through

Euboia to the Greeks that dwelt upon Mount Oitra, and near the Maliac Bay, to the Phthiotai, the Achaians, and Thessalians, inviting them to join in the council and new confederacy for the preservation of the peace of Greece." (*Plut. Vit. Peric.*)

LXVI.

ἀλλ' ἑκατὸν μὲν παῖς ἔτεα παρὰ μητέρι κεδνῇ
ἐτρεφετ' ἀτάλλων μέγα νήπιος ᾧ ἐνὶ οἴκῳ.

Yet still a hundred years beheld the boy
Beneath the mother's roof, her infant joy,
All tender and unformed.

Hes. Works and Days, 114, 115.

LXVII.

Anacreon's Ode, *εἰς γυναῖκας*, is well known to scholars; but those who do not read Greek may, perhaps, be glad to see it in an English dress.

The bull his horns—the generous steed
His hoof of strength—the hare his speed
Kind Nature gave: the lion's paw
She armed with power—with teeth his jaw;
The finny tribe, through waves to stray,
She taught, and birds to wing their way;
Reason to man she gave; no more
For woman then remains in store.
What boon was hers? a form so fair
That spear and shield are useless there—
A blooming cheek—a sparkling eye—
Stronger than warrior's panoply.

LXVIII.

The comedians of the time, and most subsequent writers, taking their lampoons for truth, have made these gross charges against Aspasia.

LXIX.

The opinions here imputed to the Ionian school of philosophy have been handed down to us by Diogenes Laertius with much gravity. They are here restored to their proper character, *i. e.* of lively jests among the laughter-loving Athenians. Men who could calculate eclipses, and who had attempted to give a delineation of the earth upon a sphere, could not have held such opinions in reality.

LXX.

It will be seen from Xenophon's *Convivium* that this uncalled-for appearance of jesters and parasites at a banquet was usual. "They sate silently at supper," says he, "as if commanded to be quiet by some superior; but Philip the jester just then knocked at the door, bidding the servant inform his master that he was there fully prepared with all that was needful for supping at another man's cost, and that even his slave was dinnerless, and fitted, therefore, to do the like." (*Conv.* ci.)

LXI.

βολβὸν ἐν ὑποτρίμματι. This is noticed by Nicostratus in a fragment preserved by Athenæus, as among the dishes brought up on the first tray. "*ὕποτριμμα*, was a dish composed of many ingredients chopped and pounded together," say lexicographers: now it happens that there is in Italian cookery a dish which is considered national, and which bears every stamp of antiquity in its mode of composition, that

exactly answers to this description, and I am much inclined to think that they were identical, for the Greek settlers carried most of their old habits with them to their new residence in Italy. This dish is called *ravioli;* and Genoa, Florence, and Pisa, each boast a separate receipt for the making it. My own taste prefers the Genoese; and I advise whoever visits that city to require that dish to be set on his table the first day after his arrival. It will be found to justify the eagerness of Dromeas to be served with it.

LXXII.

Hermippos himself, in a fragment given by Athenæus, has sung the praises of Chian and Thasian wine.

Μάγνητα δὲ μειλιχόδωρον
καὶ Θάσιον, τῷ δὲ μήλων ἐπιδέδρομεν ὀδμὴ,
τοῦτον ἐγὼ κρίνω πολὺ πάντων εἶναι ἄριστον
τῶν ἄλλων οἴνων μετ' ἀμύμονα Χῖον ἄλυπον.
Athen. lib. i. c. 52.

LXXIII.

An adult slave received a choinix of corn (about a quart) per diem; which would make 7 quarts per week, or $1\frac{5}{4}$ gallons of corn. This would produce rather less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ gallons of flour. This is more than an English labourer requires, who generally considers a gallon per week a fair allowance; but captives were often put upon much worse fare. The Athenian prisoners in Sicily were kept for eight

months upon two cotulai, *i. e.* half this quantity of corn, and one cotulé of water, *i. e.* half-a-pint per diem. (*V. Thucyd.* l. vii. c. 8.)

LXXIV.

Pausanias in his Boiotics (74. c. 2, 3.) mentions that Mount Cithæron (or Kithairon) was sacred to Jupiter Kithaironios, and that it was the scene of the great festival of the Dædala (or Daidala), celebrated by the Boiotians, and others. The altar on which the sacrifices were made was built on the summit of the mountain, (according to the ancient custom of sacrificing in "high places"): below it, at some distance, is the cavern of the nymphs of Kithairon, called Sphregidion, where formerly, it is said, the nymphs used to prophesy. Probably all these prophetic caverns, like that of Delphi, were vents of noxious gases, which, taking away the senses of those who inhaled them, without any visible agency, these places were thought to be spots which the deities of the place especially guarded, and where, occasionally, they made known future events to those who resorted thither. Those who visited this cavern probably were thus affected; for the term *νυμφόληπτος*, or nympholept, was a common term in Greece for a man taken with a sudden frenzy.

LXXV.

The chronology of this period is involved in so much difficulty that it is not easy to disencumber it. Thucydides is the only author whose accuracy can

be depended on; and he notices these events very briefly. The sum of his account of them seems to be this: that the Athenians having interfered in the affairs of Boiotia, were defeated with great loss at Coroneia, about 447 B. C.; and hereupon, in order to obtain the release of prisoners, they consented to a peace, by which the Boiotian exiles, whom they had attacked, regained their former liberty and rights, these exiles being probably those of the aristocratical party, which the Lacedæmonians were wont to support. This success appears to have encouraged other states to revolt from Athens; and Thucydides goes on to inform us that presently after this Euboia rebelled: and scarcely had Perikles landed upon that island with his army, than news arrived that Megara had also revolted, and put the greater part of the Athenian garrison to the sword; that garrison which but twelve years before had saved Megara from the assault of the Corinthians. Sparta at the same time invaded Attica. Perikles, embarrassed by so many attacks, brought back his army in haste from Euboia to oppose the Spartan invaders; but having procured their retreat, he returned with his forces to Euboia, and subdued it: and soon after they had completed the reduction of this island, the Athenians concluded a peace with the Lacedæmonians and their allies, by which Nisæa (the sea-port of Megara, which the survivors of the Athenian garrison had seized in order to defend themselves), Chalcis, Pegæ, and Troizene, were restored to the Peloponnesians. Thucydides tells us no more of Megara till he mentions the demands made by the envoys of Sparta immediately before the Peloponnesian war, when he says that one

of the demands which was made a pretext for war—for war was already resolved on—was, that the decree against Megara, which prohibited them from entering all markets and harbours under the Athenian dominion, should be revoked; this was refused by the advice of Perikles, who saw the true object of this and the other demands made on this occasion, i. e. that of lowering the power of Athens. The reply made by the Athenians, reproaching the Megarensians for cultivating sacred ground, and sheltering run-away slaves, implies that the causes of heart-burning between the two states had existed long, and that the decree was no recent thing. And here ends the testimony of Thucydides. Diodorus Siculus tells a story, sufficiently refuted by the historian above named, as to the causes of this decree against Megara, which, he says, was made on purpose to provoke a war in order to conceal the peculations which Perikles had been guilty of; a charge which cannot stand an instant against the phrase used by Thucydides in speaking of that general; *χρημάτων τε διαφανῶς ἀδωρότατος γενόμενος.* Plutarch goes into more particulars, and he alone mentions the murder of the herald, who, he says, was sent after the demand made by the Peloponnesian league, to lay before the Megarensians the grounds of complaint alleged by the Athenians; but, he adds, "the Megarensians deny their being concerned in the murder of Anthemokritus, and lay the war entirely at the door of Aspasia and Perikles, alleging, in proof, the well-known verses from the Acharnians of Aristophanes, v. 523—529.

πόρνην δὲ Σιμαίθαν ἰόντες Μεγάραδε
νεανίαι κλέπτουσι μεθυσοκόταβοι·
κἄθ' οἱ Μεγαρῆς ὀδύναις πεφυσιγγωμένοι
ἀντεξέκλεψαν Ἀσπασίας πόρνα δύο·
κἀντεῦθεν ἀρχὴ τοῦ πολέμου κατερράγη
Ἕλλησι πᾶσιν ἐκ τριῶν λαικαστριῶν.

This transaction could hardly have taken place save at the time when Aspasia had pupils in her house, previously to her marriage with Perikles; and as this was near upon the period when Megara had provoked Athens to the uttermost, by the treacherous massacre of the Athenian garrison, I have thought myself well justified in supposing that this public outrage was the cause of the decree against Megara, and that the herald, whose mission Plutarch mentions, was sent during the sojourn of the first, rather than the second Lacedæmonian embassy; and at the time when the treaty for a general peace was agreed on, after the successes of the Athenians in Euboia; his object being, mildly to demand satisfaction for the wrong done to the Athenians in return for their moderation in giving up Nisæa at the request of the allies. If the herald was slain, and no satisfaction afforded, then it was natural enough that this decree, which, it appears from Plutarch, had received the sanction of the people, and was suspended among the fundamental laws of the state (*Vit. Peric.*), should have been made, as a just reprisal upon perfidy. I can no otherwise reconcile the conflicting testimonies of the different witnesses.

LXXVI.

After the decisive victory of Kimon at the Eurymedon, a treaty was concluded with Persia by Kallias the torch-bearer, by which the king of Persia undertook not to suffer any of his land forces to come within the distance of a day's journey on horseback from the Grecian sea, and that none of his galleys or other ships of war should ever advance within the Cyanean or Chelidonian Isles.

LXXVII.

As Aristophanes, in the lines above quoted (note 75.) gives the name and profession of Simaitha, I have supposed it most probable that she was brought to Athens when the garrison was withdrawn from Nisæa a short time before.

LXXVIII.

Lysias was by descent a Syracusan, but his father having settled at Athens, — partly at the persuasion of Perikles, who entertained him as his friend and guest, — young Lysias was brought up among the most noble of the Athenians. At the time alluded to in the text, he must have been about fourteen years of age, as we are told that he went with the colonists to Thurium in Italy, formerly Sybaris, in the archonship of Praxiteles, being then in his fifteenth year. He returned to Athens about the first year of Olymp. xcii. and was famed there as an orator. (*Vid. Plut. Vit. Dec. Oratores.*)

LXXIX.

Usually if any subject was to be proposed for discussion in the senate, it was written on tablets, that the senators might have time to consider it before their next meeting; on great emergencies this rule was dispensed with.

LXXX.

The psephisma of the senate was but a preparatory step in the passing of an Athenian law. The office of this council was to consider and prepare the measures to be proposed to the people, and having done so, and voted it by ballot, the psephisma, or as it was sometimes called *προβούλευμα*, was engraved on a tablet and hung up in the most conspicuous parts of the city, in order that the people might be made acquainted with the business which was about to be brought before them. This was called the putting up of the programma. The decrees of the senate, unless ratified by the people, remained in force only during the time for which it was elected, i. e. one year; but during this time its decrees were obligatory. The psephisma of the senate, when confirmed by the people, had the force of a perpetual law; was engraved on brass, and placed among the other laws of the state.

LXXXI.

This was a common practice among the Athenians, as we may judge from Terence, whose testimony may be received as conclusive with regard to Athenian

manners in the time of Menander, from whose writings he borrowed so largely. The father of the family is always represented as coming from the country, where he has been engaged in superintending his estate. The anger of the Athenians when Perikles had induced them to abandon their country houses to the ravages of the Lacedæmonians, shows too how much they prized them: "the rich and the great," says Thucydides, (l. ii. c. 65.) "regretted the loss of their estates, with their country seats and splendid furniture; and none were satisfied till they had mulcted him (Perikles) in a pecuniary fine; but not long after, as the vulgar are wont to do, they again chose him general, and committed to him the whole administration of affairs; for though every one was vexed at his private losses," &c.; and Archidamos sate down before Acharnæ, and ravaged that country, as being the part where the rich Athenians were wont to have their villas, in order to induce them to give battle, which Perikles had much trouble to prevent them from doing.

LXXXII.

In the Ecclesiazusai of Aristophanes we find the women stealing the cloaks, staves, and sandals of their husbands, in order to aid their disguise, and taking their places in the Pnyx, thus attired, before daylight.

LXXXIII.

At the age of twenty, according to Pollux and other writers, the Athenian youth were admitted into

the rank of men, and were then allowed to be present at the deliberations of their fellow citizens, though no one had a right to speak till he had attained his thirtieth year. Plato, when only twenty-eight, attempted to speak in defence of his master Sokrates, but was compelled to descend from the Bema. (*V. Diog. Laert. Vit. Soc.*)

LXXXIV.

The Athenians required the oldest citizens to give their opinion first, and it was not till after those who had reached fifty years of age had spoken, that those between that age and thirty were permitted to speak. At a later period they were wont to elect ten orators, whose business it was to propose measures to the people, and it was seldom that any others spoke, but in the time of Perikles it would seem that the custom was not constant.

LXXXV.

There is a pretty story given in Ælian of the abduction and fate of Milto the daughter of Hermotimus, called also Aspasia the younger, a Phocæan (or rather Phokaian) maiden, who had, "as often happened in those days," been carried off by force from her father's house, where she was living in contented poverty. "She was brought up with great care," says the writer, "and was remarkable for her modesty and good conduct. She was extremely beautiful, surpassing all the young women of that age and country; her hair was fair and curling, her eyes

large, her nose small and slightly aquiline, her skin delicate, and her cheeks were tinged with the colour of the rose. Her lips were red, her teeth whiter than snow, and her voice so sweet and soft that when she spoke she seemed to be a siren."

She appears to have been carried off by the order of some Persian satrap, who wished to make an acceptable present to Cyrus the Younger — that Cyrus whom Xenophon has immortalised; and she was conveyed to the prince in company with three other Greek girls, also presented to Cyrus by the complaisant satrap.

"When she was first brought to the prince," continued the writer, "he had just finished his supper and was about to sit down to his wine, after the manner of the Persians: it was therefore in the midst of his drinking that the four Greek virgins were introduced to him, among whom was the Phokaian Aspasia. They were all splendidly attired; three of them had been dressed by the women who attended on them; their hair was curled, and their faces were painted so as to improve their beauty: their nurses had taught them how they were to conduct themselves when they were presented to the prince; and in fine, they had been instructed in all the arts used by women who wish to attract lovers: but Aspasia had refused to put on any of the magnificent dresses provided for her, which she considered only as the badges of shame, and wept aloud, calling on her father, and all the gods of Greece and of freedom, until she was at last compelled by blows to suffer herself to be attired like the rest, to her great grief at seeing her character thus belied by her dress.

"Her companions when introduced to Cyrus began to smile and show signs of pleasure; but Aspasia stood there with downcast eyes, streaming with tears, showing by her deportment the inbred modesty of her mind. The Prince commanded the maidens to sit down beside him, and the other three readily obeyed; but the Phokaian took no notice of the order until the satrap, seeing her obstinacy, seated her by force; and while the other three submitted patiently to his examination of their eyes, cheeks, and fingers, she, if he did but so much as touch her with the tip of his finger, exclaimed aloud and protested that she would not permit his approach. On his attempting further liberties, she threw herself at once at his feet in an agony of grief." Cyrus was so captivated by the modest demeanour and beauty of the young Phokaian, that, "contrary to the fashion of the Persians," he condescended to woo her as a lover; and having at last succeeded in winning her affection, "he dismissed all his concubines, and lived with her as a wife, after the manner of Greek-marriage." It is added, that her wisdom was not less than her beauty, and that Cyrus was so sensible of it that he asked her advice upon all occasions, and was always fortunate when he acted upon her suggestions. (*Ælian. Var. Hist.* lxii. c. 2.)

LXXXVI.

Professor Bekker, in his learned work on the domestic life of the ancient Greeks, has so carefully sought out all that is known respecting the subjects he has treated of, that it is best at once to quote

from his work where we are on the same ground. With regard to the ceremonies used towards the dead, he says, "They were at the same time crowned with a wreath; and this appears to have been the common practice. (*Aristoph. Eccles.* 538. *Lysist.* 602.) This is referred to also *Eccles.* 1032. in the word *ταινίωσαι.*

ὑποστόρεσαί νυν πρῶτα τῆς ὀρυγάνου
καὶ κλήμαθ' ὑπόθου ξυγκλάσασα τέτταρα
καὶ ταινίωσαι, καὶ παράθου τὰς λεκύθους,
ὕδατός τε κατάθου τοὔστρακον πρὸ τῆς θύρας.

Such garlands were brought or sent by relations or friends, especially at the death of young persons. In Alciph. Epist. i. 36., a courtesan thus laments herself: — *ἐγὼ δὲ ἡ τάλαινα θρηνῳδὸν οὐκ ἐραστὴν ἔχω, στεφάνιά μοι καὶ ῥόδα, ὥσπερ ἀώρῳ τάφῳ πέμπει. Miserable girl that I am, I have a mourner, not a lover; he sends me garlands and roses as for a premature grave.* For this purpose they took flowers such as the season afforded. *Lucian. στεφανώσαντες τοῖς ὡραίοις ἄνθεσι*; the leaves of the wild parsley, *σελίνου*, appear to have been the most commonly used; and with these garlands also the graves were decked: *ὅτι τὰ μνήματα τῶν νεκρῶν εἰώθαμεν ἐπιεικῶς στεφανοῦν σελίνοις.—Plut. Vit. Timol.*" (V. *Bekker, Charik.* vol. ii. p. 172.)

According to Athenian law, the bodies of the deceased were exposed to view. Demosthenes, in his Oration ΠΡΟΣ ΜΑΚΑΡΤΑΤΟΝ, quotes the law of Solon as follows: —

Τὸν ἀποθανόντα προτίθεσθαι ἔνδον, ὅπως ἂν βούληται. ἐκφέρειν δὲ τὸν ἀποθανόντα τῇ ὑστεραίᾳ ἢ ἂν προθῶνται, πρὶν ἥλιον ἐξέχειν. βαδίζειν δὲ τοὺς ἄνδρας

πρόσθεν, ὅταν ἐκφέρωνται, τὰς δὲ γυναῖκας ὄπισθεν. The deceased to be exposed to view within the house in the manner most agreeable to relations. The corpse to be carried out to the place of sepulture the day following before sunrise. The men to walk first when they carry it out, the women behind.

According to Bekker, who quotes Poll. vii. 65. as his authority, this exposure had for its object the detection of murder, if violence had been offered to the deceased; *καὶ αἱ προθέσεις δὲ διὰ τοῦτο ἐγίγνοντο, ὡς ὁρῶτο ὁ νεκρὸς μή τε βιαίως πέπονθε,* as well as to prevent the interment of those only apparently dead. Plato, *Leg.* xii., says, *τὰς δὲ προθέσεις πρότερον μὲν (τοῦ θάπτειν) μὴ μακρότερον χρόνον ἔνδον γίγνεσθαι τοῦ δηλοῦντος τόν τε ἐκτεθνεῶτα καὶ τὸν ὄντως τεθνηκότα. The exposition shall not be for a longer time than is sufficient to ascertain the real death of the person.*

LXXXVII.

I shall here borrow again from the laborious work of Professor Bekker. "I know so little," says he, "respecting the chariots of the Greeks, — those, namely, which were used for travelling, either for convenience or for ostentation — that I can hardly describe even their form. They were not often used; and when *men* made use of them in the city or in their usual business, it was always held a proof either of effeminacy or of pride. So says Demosthenes (*adv. Phainipp.*), *ἀποδόμενος τὸν πολεμιστήριον ἵππον καταβέβηκεν ἀπὸ τῶν ἵππων καὶ ἀντ' ἐκείνου ὄχημα αὐτῷ τηλικοῦτος ὢν ἐώνηται, ἵνα μὴ πεζῇ*

πορεύηται. τοσαύτης τρυφῆς μεστὸς οὗτός ἐστι. *He got rid of his war-charger, and made use of a chariot — to such a pitch of luxury has he arrived.* Even in females it was considered as a sign of pride; and hence a law was made by the orator Lycurgus, that no woman should go to Eleusis in a chariot, in order that the poor should not feel shamed by the pomp of the rich. With regard to the various kinds of chariots, we must be satisfied with the scanty notices to be found in Poll. x. 51. (who distinguishes the names merely). Besides this, we learn that they were partly arranged for sitting, partly for reclining, and that they had sometimes two, sometimes four wheels." (*Bekker, Charik.* vol. ii. p. 74.)

LXXXVIII.

Aristophanes in his Acharnians introduces Dikaiopolis lamenting that he has no longer any demand for his charcoal, which seems to have been used in the Athenian kitchens, as it is still in those of Italy, and which appears to have been chiefly supplied from Acharnæ. Vegetables and fish, especially salt fish, were in great request in Athenian cookery, as will be seen on consulting Athenæus, *passim.*

LXXXIX.

In the play of Aristophanes above referred to, the worthy citizen is represented as having made a separate truce with the Lacedæmonians, and in consequence establishing a market on his own estate,

and appointing the proper functionaries. (*Vid. Acharn.* 719, &c.) He proceeds accordingly to settle who shall be allowed to trade there; constitutes Agoranomoi, excludes sycophants (informers), and erects a pillar on which the regulations are engraved, that all may see them.

"The *ἀρχαία ἀγορὰ*," says Bekker, "must not be considered as a regularly formed enclosure; it was rather a wide-spreading quarter of the city, which we may suppose extended from the Pnyx, over the Areiopagos, away to the Kerameikos within the walls. It was ornamented with temples and colonnades, altars and statues, and shaded by the plane trees which Kimon had planted. (*Vid. Plut. Vit. Cim.*) A visit to the market formed a part of the common occupations of the day, and even those who did not seek it on account of business, frequented this place of assembly for the sake of the baths, shops, &c., as well as for the sake of the company there to be found. Xenophon, *Mem.* i. 1. 10. represents Sokrates as saying *πρωΐ τε γὰρ εἰς τοὺς περιπάτους καὶ τὰ γυμνάσια ᾖει, καὶ πληθούσης ἀγορᾶς ἐκεῖ φανερὸς ἦν, κ.τ.λ.* . . . . . The sellers had partly booths, *σκηνὰς*, as it appears, stretched upon poles. . . *Harpocrat. Σκηνίτης· ἐν σκηναῖς ἐπιπράσκετο πολλὰ τῶν ὠνίων. Many of the vendible goods were sold in booths.* (*Bekker, Charik.* vol. i. p. 251, &c.)

Aristophanes, *Acharn.* 896. makes Dikaiopolis demand the market due of a Boiotian; and upon this the scholiast observes, that in old time, and up to the period when he wrote, the vendors in the Agora paid a toll to the state.

XC.

"The only kind of police which existed as a distinct institution in ancient times, was that to which was entrusted the performance of certain needful services, such as the street-police, which was in charge of the astyonomi, together with that of the market and traders. For the maintenance of security and order, there was a city-guard composed of public slaves (*δημόσιοι*)*: these persons, although they were of low rank, enjoyed a certain consideration, as the state employed them in the capacity of bailiffs. Such public slaves were sometimes also appointed for the trade-police. The public slaves who composed the city-guard must be looked upon as a body-guard of the Athenian people; which thus resembled Polycrates the tyrant of Samos, who kept one thousand bowmen about his own person (*Herod.* iii. 30. 45.): they are generally called bowmen (*τοξόται*), or, from the native country of the majority, Scythians, also Speusinians; they lived under tents in the market-place, and afterwards upon the Areiopagus.† Among their number were many Thracians and other barbarians. Their officers had the name of Toxarchs (*τόξαρχοι*). Their number increased progressively; in the first instance 300 were purchased soon after the battle of Salamis; subsequently it rose, according to the scholiast to the Acharnians

* Concerning these see Harpocrat., Suid. Etym., Pollux, ix. 10., and Hemsterhuis' note. Also Maussac ad Harpocrat. in v. *δημόσιος*, Lex. Seg. p. 234.

† Poll. viii. 132., and his commentators. Aristoph. Lysist. 437. Acharn. 54. Schneider ad Xenoph. Mem. iii. 6. Lex. Seg. p. 334. Photius in *τοξόται*.

of Aristophanes and Suidas, to 1000; according to Andocides and Æschines, to 1200." (*Boeckh. Pub. Œcon. of Ath.*, bk. ii. c. ii.) "Thucydides mentions 1600 bowmen who served on foot, the orators only 1200: this difference may probably be accounted for by the fact that the mercenary Scythian bowmen were at most 1200, but that the others were either citizens of the poorer classes, or resident aliens, who were light-armed, and chiefly trained to shooting. Bowmen were present at the battles of Salamis and Platæa, before any Scythians had been procured, and it may be distinctly seen from an inscription still extant, that a difference was made between foreign bowmen and those who were citizens (*ξενικοὶ* and *ἀστικοί*). (*Ib.* bk. ii. c. 21.)

Aristophanes amuses himself in various places with ridiculing the barbarous dialect of the foreign mercenaries. In his Thesmophoriazusai he introduces one of the *τοξόται* for the purpose, as it would seem, of creating the wonted laugh among his audience, at the simplicity and uncouth phrase of the barbarian: but, like the greater part of his wit, it is too gross to be here quoted.

XCI.

"Hippolochus the Macedonian, in his letter to Lynceus, makes mention of the jesters Mandragenes and Stratonos the son of Attikos. For there were in Athens a multitude who professed this kind of knowledge. They assembled at the temple of Hercules to the number of sixty; and in the city they were spoken of thus, 'The sixty say these things;' and sometimes, 'I come from the sixty.' So great was

the opinion entertained of their idle science, that Philip of Macedon, hearing of them, sent them a talent, in order that they might write and send him their bon-mots." (*Athen.*, lib. xiv. c. 3.)

XCII.

I have already noticed that the time when the law, prohibiting the Megarensians from selling their wares in the markets and ports under the Athenian dominion, was past, is uncertain. That it was enforced, and had been for some time, when the first steps were taken towards the Peloponnesian war, is evident from the expression of Thucydides, as well as of Plutarch, who mentions it, and says that Perikles replied to the Spartan ambassadors that by Athenian law no decree of the people could be taken down; on which they replied, that he might then turn its face to the wall. It is clear from this that the decree against Megara was placed among the fundamental laws of the state, which could not be changed without many formalities, and long notice. I can only, however, state it as *probable*, that this decree was made at the time I have fixed it at; it is difficult to find any other occasion likely to have called it forth, if it were not consequent upon the slaughter of the Athenian garrison. Aristophanes, in his Acharnians, 520., gives a laughable account of the eagerness of the informers to pounce upon Megarian commodities.

XCIII.

As this is the first introduction of a name that has been doomed to infamy by two such dissimilar writers

as Thucydides and Aristophanes, it may be well to introduce him a little more particularly to the notice of the mere English reader. He seems to have carried on, by means of his slaves probably, the trade of a tanner; but to have made himself conspicuous in public affairs very early, for Plutarch mentions him as having given Perikles much trouble in the latter years of his life (*Vit. Peric.*); but whilst others of more ability were his rivals, he made but little figure. This may be guessed from the feigned prophecy in Aristophanes' Equites, where he makes the first ruler of the state a seller of hemp, which the scholiast interprets to be Eukrates the general, who was called Σύπραξ, from his trade; the next a seller of cattle, namely Lysikles, the husband of Aspasia; and the third a seller of skins, rapacious, clamorous, having the voice of the Kycloborus (a winter torrent of Attica), namely Kleon, who in his turn, according to the satirist, was to yield to a seller of sausages. (*V. Equit.* 129, &c.) A private pique roused the inveterate hatred of Aristophanes against the demagogue; and in the play above quoted he is held up to ridicule by name, under the character of a Paphlagonian slave, who has won the favour of his old master Demos (the Athenian people), and tyrannises over the whole household by his authority. No actor was found bold enough to undertake the part, and Aristophanes himself performed it, with his face smeared with wine lees after the ancient fashion, and partly, also, it is likely, as an appropriate representation of Kleon's propensity to intemperance. Thucydides, with characteristic gravity, bestows short notice upon him, but with character-

istic force also, that notice is damning. "By the death of Brasidas and Kleon," he observes, "the greatest obstacle in the way of peace was removed; for Brasidas opposed an accommodation on account of the victories and honours he had gained in war; Kleon, lest in quieter times his evil deeds should be discoveried, and his calumnies discredited." (*Lib.* v. c. 16.) Lysikles was killed in the fourth year of the war, Kleon in the tenth; so that he had enjoyed the chief power for about six years.

XCIV.

The objections to the instruction of the people put in the mouth of Cleobulus are such as were current in those days, and indeed even yet have far too much weight in the minds of many persons. Even Plato asserts in his Laws (lib. x.), that the religion of the country ought to be maintained by inflicting penalties on offenders guilty of denying the existence of the gods, though at the same time, under the name of Sokrates, he had published the most cutting satires on the superstitions of his country; and the principle he lays down was practically carried out by the Athenian government. Diagoras the Melian was condemned to death (*Vid. Aristoph. Av.* 1071. *Suidas. Athenag. Leg. pro Christ. Tatianus*); Stilpon was banished (*Vid. Diog. Laert.* l. ii. § 116.); the fate of Sokrates is well known; and in addition to this, according to Suidas, his master Prodikos suffered a like fate. Protagoras was banished, and his works burnt (*Diog. Laert.* l. ix. § 52.); and Aristoteles only avoided some such penalty

by voluntarily removing to Chalcis in Euboia, with the observation, according to Ælian, that "he did not wish to afford the Athenians an opportunity of sinning a second time against philosophy;" alluding thereby to the fate of Sokrates. (*Var. Hist.* l. iii. c. 36.)

XCV.

It is not easy now to discover what were the exact doctrines of Pythagoras with regard to the primitive elements of matter; nor, indeed, upon any subject, although from subsequent authors we may gain some general notions. The mathematical arrangement which he appears to have figured to himself as existing throughout nature, is not wholly without support in modern science, and it may be that ancient philosophy had gone further in what we are apt to term late discoveries, than the insufficient reports which have chanced to come down to us, lead us to suppose.

Pythagoras appears to have thought that he could reduce all things to a kind of arithmetical order. In his opinion, the planets then known agreed with the musical intervals; and these again with different geometrical forms; the octave being represented by the most perfect of these, namely, the cube; the sixth by three triangles, &c., and these numbers and forms having certain relations to each other. All material substance which is necessarily formed of primary elemental particles, must be subject to the conditions of both number and shape, and will cohere by means of these relations; so that

harmony forms the foundation of the universe. The shape of material particles he judged to be triangular for the most part, as it would appear from Proklos, and from the junction of these, other forms arise. Plutarch notes his opinion thus, *Placit. Phil.* lib. ii. c. 6. : — *Πυθαγόρας, πέντε σχημάτων ὄντων στερεῶν, ἅπερ καλεῖται καὶ μαθηματικά ἐκ μὲν τοῦ κύβου, φησὶ, γενομέναι τὴν γῆν, ἐκ δὲ τῆς πυραμίδος τὸ πῦρ, ἐκ δὲ τοῦ ὀκταέδρου τὸν ἀέρα, ἐκ δὲ τοῦ εἰκοσαέδρου τὸ ὕδωρ, ἐκ δὲ τοῦ δωδεκαέδρου τὴν τοῦ παντὸς σφαῖραν. Pythagoras thought there were five forms of solids, which he also called mathematical: earth, he said, was cubic; fire, pyramidal; air, octohedral; water, icosahedral; and upon the dodecahendron is formed the sphere of the universe.*

Plato, in his Timæus, has explained at considerable length the Pythagorean doctrine of triangles. I should swell this note unnecessarily by quoting the whole passage in the Greek; the scholar can refer to it, but for the benefit of the English reader I shall attempt an abridged translation: —

"It is clear to all that fire, earth, water, and air, are bodies; and whatever has bodily form has depth; and whatever has depth must contain within itself a plane surface, and the base of every plane surface must consist of triangles, and all triangles must have their origin from two . . . . We consider, therefore, the primary form of fire and other bodies to be triangular; partly as a necessary consequence of the foregone premises, partly on the argument of probability; for the true origin of these things is known only to God above, and among men, to such as are enough his friends to be enlightened by Him. We

have now to consider how these four bodies become so beautiful; and though unlike in appearance, capable, nevertheless, when decomposed, of recompounding each other from the several elements of each; for when we are in possession of this we have discovered the true generation of earth and fire, and the other analogous bodies which are intermediate between them . . . . All these four bodies *appear* to be capable of recomposition from each other; but this is not altogether the fact; for unless they are compounded of the same species of triangle, they cannot be recompounded; and though three of them are formed of triangles with unequal sides, the fourth is an isosceles. It is not possible, then, that when they are decomposed their triangular particles should indifferently coalesce into a smaller number of compound particles, but only those which by their form are capable of so doing . . . Let us now endeavour to distinguish the primary forms of these four substances; i. e. earth, water, air, fire. Let us give earth the form of the cube; for among the triangles we mentioned at first, the firmest base is afforded by the equilateral, and the tetragon, which results from it, is a firmer base still. Thus, in attributing this form to the earth, we preserve a certain probability. Let us give to the water the least moveable form of those that remain; to fire the one which is most so, and to air the one which *holds* a middle rank . . . . We must conceive all their elements of such extreme minuteness that it is impossible to distinguish by sight which class they belong to, though when united in great number their mass becomes visible . . . According to what we have

already said, the most probable account of the mode in which God reduced things to order is the following: The earth, placed in contact with fire, and decomposed by its sharpness (i. e. its narrow sharply pyramid-shaped particles inserting themselves between the particles of earth), is carried about in a state of dissolution, or actually mixed among the particles of fire, or in the air, or in the water, until its particles, meeting again at last in some part, begin to coalesce, and earth is again formed; for they cannot transform themselves into any thing else; but water, when thus divided by fire, or even by the air, may become, when recompounded, one body of fire indeed, but two of air*; but air, when it is decomposed, will form two bodies (volumes?) of fire from one of air; and on the other hand, when fire is embraced in the air, in the water, or in the earth, but in small quantity relatively to the containing substance, and, warring vainly against its captor, is vanquished and decomposed; two bodies of fire are recompounded into one body of air;—again being mastered, and the air changed into water, out of two and half parts one whole one is formed."

There is something singular, to say the least, in the definite number thus assigned for the proportional parts of air and water, when decomposed and recompounded, and it is difficult to avoid the conjecture that the experiment, though rudely conducted, had been made, and that the explosions frequently consequent on chemical change were also familiar.

* Had water been decomposed by Pythagoras or his disciples? If so, where did their science stop?

The whole of the Timæus is well worth the examination of those who wish to ascertain the state of ancient science.

XCVI.

The opinions of Anaxagoras, as here given, have been taken from Aristoteles, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, and others who have treated of them. The great object of his philosophy appears to have been the disentanglement of the spiritual from the material, too much confounded by the Ionian school generally. He appears to have wished to remedy practical evils by laying a right foundation of abstract and physical principles. Thus he did not content himself with merely asserting, as he did, that the moving power in nature was an intelligent Mind (*νοῦς*), by which inert matter was reduced to form and put into action, but he went deep into physics to show that material particles had no further concern in the formation of the universe than that of possessing a power of coherence incident to their peculiar form; and an aptitude, when set in motion, for grouping themselves together according to their properties and shapes. These particles he called *ὁμοιομέρειαι*, or, *parts of a like kind;* but, differing herein from Demokritos and Epicurus, he asserted that these particles were, in themselves, inert and motionless, and only received movement from THE MIND by which all nature is regulated. It is impossible to read his opinions with regard to these *ὁμοιομέρειαι* without feeling that, if not absolutely acquainted with the laws of chemical affinity and

definite proportions, he was at least so close upon the confines, that he wanted only a scholar capable of carrying on his experiments through another long life, to have forestalled some of the discoveries of modern times. But that was a good fortune hardly to be looked for at that period; and the law of Diopeithes effectually arrested the progress of natural science in the country where alone it was likely to make any great advance. So effectual was the bar put to farther research, that those who have recorded the opinions of Anaxagoras upon these points were evidently ignorant of the subject they were writing upon, and reported his notions so incoherently, and, in many instances, it is plain, so falsely, that we can only clear up the obscurity by conjectures. As, for instance, he is said to have rightly explained eclipses of the sun to proceed from the intervention of the moon, yet he is also said to have supposed the sun to be a hot stone somewhat bigger than Peloponnesus. Now as the phænomena of an eclipse show the sun to be more distant than the moon, and, consequently, incomparably larger,—for the moon seldom covers the sun's disc entirely, but leaves a ring of light, for the most part, round the edge,—it is quite certain that he never could have propounded such an assertion seriously, for he is reported by the very same writers to have said that the moon was a habitable globe resembling our earth, and he was too accurate a reasoner in other things to have overlooked the absurdity of supposing a habitable globe so much less than Peloponnesus (as it must be were the sun little larger than that small country), that the inhabitants could scarcely have

τί οὖν ἔχεις; Β. ὄστρεια πολλά. Α. πίνακά μοι
τούτων παραθήσεις αὐτὸν ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ μέγαν,
ἔχεις ἐχίνους; Β. ἕτερος ἔσται σοι πίναξ·
αὐτὸς γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐπριάμην ὀκτὼ ὀβολῶν
Α. ὀψάριον αὐτὸ τοῦτο παραθήσεις μόνον,
ἵνα ταὐτὰ πάντες, μὴ τὸ μὲν ἐγὼ τὸ δ' ἕτερος.

"I hate the Athenian fashion," says he, "of a great salver with five little dishes upon it, with two echini, and a little garlic, and a morsel of sweet cake, and a little of some two other sorts of fish. The dishes look gay and pretty, but there is nothing to eat." Salads dressed with mustard and vinegar (*Athen.* l. iv. c. 11.) were common, with what I conclude to be turnip radishes, or perhaps turnips.

CVI.

"We learn from ancient chronicles," says Plinius, (*Hist. Nat.* l. ii. c. 53.) "that by certain sacrifices and prayers, lightning may be made to fall upon the earth. There is a tradition that in Hetruria, such a lightning was of old procured by incantations when there entered into the city Volsini, after all the territory about it was destroyed, a monster which they named *Volta.* Also that another such was procured by Porsena, their king: and Lucius Piso, a writer of good credit, reports in his book of annals, that Numa before him practised the same thing many times: but when Tullus Hostilius attempted the like, not having complied with all the ceremonies, he was himself struck and killed by the lightning," (and, as Livius adds, his palace also burned,) "and for

this purpose we have sacred groves and altars, and certain appointed sacrifices." Plutarch in his Life of Numa, and Livius, both mention the circumstance; though with the addition of superstitious rites, which might be practised perhaps to inspire more awe among the people; of the fact there appears little doubt. The opinion which Plinius also records in the preceding chapter, as having been held by the Hetrurians, that some lightning flashes proceeded from the sky and some from the earth, though he does not seem to understand the matter himself, proves nevertheless that those who broached it must have been close observers, not unacquainted with the theory of electricity.

CVII.

Both Diog. Laertius and Origen inform us that Anaxagoras considered the rarefaction of the air by the sun's heat as the cause of winds, but the experiments by which he proved it are not given. The one supposed in the text is so obvious, that it could hardly have been overlooked by any one supporting such a theory.

CVIII.

The cause of Hipparete's consent to the divorce is not given by Plutarch, neither are we told who it was that afterwards married her; but the divorce which took place was by mutual consent, and both parties married soon after.

CIX.

A Nubian slave appears to have been a valued present. When Phædria in the Eunuchus of Terence wishes to conciliate his mistress's favour, he sends her such a one. Parmeno the valet, who presents the gift to Thais as she is going out, seems to consider this as the chief value of the girl: "Ex Æthiopia est usque hæc."

CX.

Although the laws of Athens did not permit the maltreatment of slaves (*Xen. Athen. Repub.* c. 1—10. *Athen.* lib. vi. c. 92.), yet in point of fact they had small chance of redress, and the beating and manacling of slaves is spoken of familiarly. Among the bon-mots of Gnathaina, noted in Athenæus, lxiii. c. 43., is one relating to a slave whose back was scarred,

. . . πόθεν ἔχεις ταῦτ', ἔφη, τὰ τραύματα;

and she infers from it that he was a rascal, and had been thus punished. The sayings too of Plato which are recorded with praise, in which he declares that he will not beat his slave because he feels angry, but at the same time desires another who has not been provoked to do so (*Diog. Laert.* liii. § 38, 39.), show that beating was a common and apparently allowed correction, not reckoned among the kinds of maltreatment which gave the slave a remedy at law. Probably it was held to be that kind of wholesome chastisement,

which Mr. Justice Coleridge, in these days even, allows English husbands to bestow on their wives, and for which, according to him, the modern slave (the wife is the only slave allowed in this country) would have no better remedy than the slave of old. A hired servant however in England may not be beaten or imprisoned, and a foreign slave becomes free. It is only the "wife of his bosom" that, according to the learned judge's law, a man can beat and imprison! We must not vaunt that we are much superior to Athens in point of civilisation after this.

CXI.

Xenophon describes the courtesan Theodota as *πολυτελῶς κεκοσμένην καὶ μητέρα παροῦσαν αὐτῇ ἐν ἐσθῆτι καὶ θεραπεία οὐ τῇ τυχούσῃ, καὶ θεραπαίνας πολλὰς καὶ εὐειδεῖς καὶ οὐδὲ ταύτας ημελημένως ἔχουσας, καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις τὴν οἰκίαν ἀφθόνως κατεσκευασμένην* (*Mem.* l. iii. c. 11.); and Bacchis, in the Heautontimorumenos of Terence, comes to the house whither she is invited, attended by a troop of female slaves — "ancillarum gregem" — carrying ornaments and dresses.

CXII.

It does not seem very certain what the Aphuæ were, which were held in such high esteem by the gourmets of Athens, and indeed of other countries; for Athenæus (l. i. c. 13.) quotes a curious tale of Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, who being seized with a longing for aphuæ or apuæ, and being far from the

soever they met. Those who were found thus marked were fined for their non-attendance. Aristophanes gives it as a proof of the miserable state of the country (*Acharn.* 20.) that the people sate chatting in the market place without any dread of the vermilion cord. *V.* (*Schol. Arist. in loc.*)

XCXIX.

Among the Elgin marbles in the British Museum and many other ancient remains, the hat of the Athenians may be seen. It was wide in the brim and low in the crown, like those of the Tuscan peasantry.

C.

Sophocles, himself an inhabitant of Colonos, enlarges on the beauty of the spot: —

βρύων
Δάφνης, ἐλαίας, ἀμπέλου· πυκνόπτεροι
Δ' εἴσω κατ' αὐτὸν εὐστομοῦσ' ἀηδόνες.

CI.

Among all the nations of antiquity, the altars of the Gods were held an asylum which could not be violated without drawing down the especial vengeance of heaven. Pausanias the Spartan king, when proved guilty of a traitorous correspondence with the Medes, fled to the altar of Minerva, and none dared touch him in his sanctuary. (*Thucyd.* l. i. c. 134.) And when the adherents of Cylon, or rather Kulon, had

been put to death in spite of the sanctity of the altar they had fled to, Athens was supposed to have been afflicted with a pestilence in consequence. (*Ib.* c. 126. *Diog. Laert. Vit. Epimenides.*)

CII.

The circumstances which form the subject of this chapter are taken from Plutarch's Life of Perikles for the most part, but other writers allude to them.

CIII.

Thucydides (l. ii. c. 65.) reckons among the causes of the displeasure felt by the Athenians at the abandonment of the country to the Lacedæmonians, the loss of their rich furniture sustained by the wealthy; *οἱ δὲ δυνατοὶ καλὰ κτήματα κατὰ τὴν χώραν οἰκοδομίαις τε, καὶ πολυτελέσι κατασκευαῖς ἀπολωλεκότες*; and Aristophanes, when making Bdelukleon instruct his father how to behave himself at a dinner party (*Vesp.* 1215.) bids him praise the brazen ornaments (or molu?), the ceiling, and the (as some think it is to be interpreted) awnings or curtains of the Aulé. The victories first, and then the commerce of the Athenians made them familiar with the rich manufactures of Persia, Phœnicia, and Egypt; and of this latter country it happens that we have such large remains that we can well conceive the splendour of their ornamental furniture. Fresco-painting was practised at Athens, it would seem, from the account which Pausanias gives of the paintings in the temples and porticoes. Professor Bekker doubts if this mode of ornamenting the walls

of private houses was in use earlier than the fourth century before Christ. It appears, however, that Alkibiades compelled Agatharkos to paint his house for him (*Andocid. in Alcib.*), and the great intercourse which had subsisted between Greece and Egypt, where every wall appears to have been covered with paintings, renders it probable, that though Alkibiades is the first whose luxury in this respect is mentioned, it might have been practised before, and especially among the Ionians, who had enjoyed an extensive commerce and great wealth, while Athens was yet but a small state unknown to the Persian satrap at Sardis.

We learn from Plinius (*Nat. Hist.* l. xxxv. c. 8, 9.) that Phanaios the brother of Pheidias painted the battle of Marathon, with portraits of the principal commanders; and about the same time prizes were offered to the best painters both at Corinth and Delphi. Mikon and Polygnotus very shortly after adorned the Stoa called Pœcile (ποικίλη, *many-coloured*) with their paintings. As Aspasia was accused of introducing a luxury of taste unknown before among females, it is not therefore unreasonable to suppose that the adornment of the walls of her apartments with paintings was amongst these innovations.

CIV.

P In the Banquet of Plato, we find the master of the house (Agathon) placed on the couch at the end of the table, alone; but as soon as Sokrates arrives, he calls him to him to partake his couch as the place of honour; and upon the entrance of Alkibiades a short

time after, he also is called to take his place on the same couch, between Sokrates and Agathon. As the other couches seem to have contained only two persons, it is probable that the one at the end of the table was more ample in its dimensions than the others, and was large enough to receive two honoured guests besides the giver of the feast.

CV.

Elegance in the style of dishing up rather than profusion of viands, seem to have been the characteristic of Athenian suppers. Lynceus (Λυγκεὺς) a disciple of Theophrastus—at a time therefore when Macedonian excess was become the fashion—writes thus of an Athenian meal, in a fragment preserved by Athenæus, l. iv. c. 8.

A. Μάγειρ' ὁ θύων ἐστὶν ὁ δειπνίζων τ' ἐμὲ
Ῥόδιος, ἐγὼ δ' ὁ κεκλημένος Περίνθιος,
οὐδέτερος ἡμῶν ἥδεται τοῖς Ἀττικοῖς
δείπνοις. ἀηδία γάρ ἐστιν Ἀττικὴ
ὥσπερ ξενική. παρέθηκε πίνακα γὰρ μέγαν,
ἔχοντα μικροὺς πέντε πινακίσκους ἐν οἷ·
τούτων ὁ μὲν ἔχει σκόροδον, ὁ δ' ἐχίνους δύο,
ὁ δὲ θρυμματίδα γλυκεῖαν, ὁ δὲ κόγχας δέκα,
ὁ δ' ἀντακαίου μικρόν. ἐν ὅσῳ δ' ἐσθίω,
ἕτερος ἐκεῖν', ἐν ὅσῳ δ' ἐκεῖνος, τοῦτ' ἐγὼ
ἠφάνισα. βούλομαι δέ γ', ὦ βέλτιστε, σὺ
κἀκεῖνο καὶ τοῦτ', ἀλλ' ἀδύνατα βούλομαι·
οὔτε στόματα γὰρ οὔτε χείλη πέντ' ἔχω.
ὄψιν μὲν οὖν ἔχει τὰ τοιαῦτα ποικιλην,
ἀλλ' οὐδέν ἐστι τοῦτο πρὸς τὴν γαστέρα,
κατέπλησα γὰρ τὸ χεῖλος οὐκ ἐνέπλησα δέ.

room to move round it. It is therefore evident that some accidental illustrations, used to give a notion of size to ignorant persons, had been caught up as a serious exposition of a scientific truth. Bigger than Peloponnesus the sun undoubtedly was, and so far, therefore, he was leading them right. How much larger it was probably useless to demonstrate to persons who could not stretch their imagination to anything of greater magnitude.

The example which I have represented him as giving of the nature of the ὁμοιομέρειαι is not anywhere particularly recorded, but it is one of the most obvious, for the rhomboidal carbonate of lime splits into minute particles of a like form very easily, and in a mountainous country it was likely to be common. I selected this, therefore, as the illustration most likely to occur to a person wishing to explain this doctrine by ocular demonstration. The arguments founded on this and on the meteoric stone are also unrecorded, but, the premises and conclusion being given, the intermediate reasoning could hardly be other than I have assumed it to be. He asserted that meteoric stones became incandescent from their rapid movement. Have we yet arrived at any better account of them? He made the same assertion with regard to the stars, say his reporters,—probably of falling stars, as they were then called; and it seems probable that the meteoric stone was the foundation of his reasoning with regard to these, at any rate; and perhaps also of his opinion respecting the more stationary of the heavenly bodies.

"The Greek natural philosophers," says Alexander Von Humboldt, in his Kosmos, "have left views

behind them on shooting stars and meteoric stones, which chime in most remarkably with those at present so commonly entertained of the cosmic nature of the phænomenon. "Shooting stars," says Plutarch, in the Life of Lysander, "according to the opinion of some naturalists, are not excretions and emanations of the ethereal fire quenched in the air immediately after their ignition . . . They are rather a fall of celestial bodies, occasioned by a certain abatement of the centrifugal force, and the impulse of an irregular motion, and are cast down not only upon the inhabited earth, but also beyond it into the ocean, on which account they are not then found." Diogenes of Apollonia speaks still more clearly on the subject. According to his view, "along with the visible stars others move that are invisible, and, therefore, are unnamed. These last frequently fall to the earth and are extinguished, as was the case with the stony star which descended in fire at Ægos Potamos." The Apollonian, who also regards all the other stars (the luminous ones) as pumice-like bodies, probably founded his opinions of the nature of shooting stars and meteoric masses upon the doctrines of Anaxagoras of Clazomene. . . . In the Ionic school, according to the statement of Diogenes of Apollonia, and as it has come down to us, aerolites and the heavenly bodies were placed in one and the same class; both are alike terrestrial in their original production, but only in the same sense that the earth, as the central body, had formerly fashioned all around her, in the same way as our present ideas lead us to conceive that the planets of a system arise from the extended atmosphere of another central body, i. e.

the sun." It may even be questioned whether they did not consider the *sun* as the central body, for this was certainly the opinion of Pythagoras, and it is told of Parmenides that *he* was the *first* who taught that the earth was in the centre, held there firmly by the equal attraction on all sides. (*V. Diog. Laert.* lix. § 21.)

There are two other opinions recorded to have been held by this philosopher; the first reported by Aristoteles, the other the subject of one of the criminal charges made against him, which would almost lead to the notion that the use of the telescope was not unknown to him, or perhaps to the masters of the Ionian School from whom he derived his instruction. The milky way, he said, was the united light of innumerable small stars; we can hardly suppose this notion to have even suggested itself, unless he had at some period been able to resolve a portion of it into its component stars, or had heard that others had done so. The moon, too, he said, had hills and valleys like our earth,—another opinion not likely to have been promulgated by a man not wont to deal in gratuitous assertions, unlesss he had had a better view of our satellite than the naked eye affords. If these were conjectures only, the acuteness of the mind that guessed so well has in it something almost supernatural. Bailly, in his Histoire de l'Astronomie ancienne, quotes a passage from Strabo, l. iii., in proof of his own opinion, that telescopes were not unknown to the ancients. "Vapours," says the geographer, "have the same effect as *tubes;* they enlarge objects to appearance." Demokritos, a careful observer and experimentalist, held the opinion of

Anaxagoras respecting the milky way, but reproached that philosopher with giving out as his own discoveries, what he had only received from more ancient writers. (*V. Diog. Laert. Vit. Democ.*)

XCVII.

The tribes into which the Athenians were divided by Solon were only four, and the senate was formed by choosing a hundred from each tribe; but Kleisthenes, after the expulsion of the Peisistratidai, increased the number of tribes to ten, and the senate to five hundred—fifty from every tribe. This election was repeated annually, and after the choice of the senators, officers called Prytaneis were appointed to preside. Every tribe presided in turn, so that the civil year was divided into ten parts, called Prytaneia; and during each Prytaneia the general assembly of the people met four times for dispatch of business on certain fixed days, though it was in the power of the στρατήγοι to convene an extraordinary assembly on any sudden emergency. Commentators say that these assemblies were held ordinarily on the eleventh, twentieth, thirtieth, and thirty-third days of the Prytaneia.

XCVIII.

If the people were slack in attending the public assembly, the Logistai sent some of their police force into the Agora to drive them in, which was done by two of the τοξόται carrying a cord stained with vermilion, which they extended so as to mark whom-

sea, was supplied by his cook with the desired dish by a clever substitution which must for ever mark him as the Ude of his day:—

B: *πῶς δὲ δυνατὸν τοῦτ' ἔστι*; A. *θήλειαν λαβὼν*
γογγυλίδα, ταύτην ἔτεμε λεπτὰ καὶ μακρὰ,
τὴν ὄψιν αὐτῆς τῆς ἀφύης μιμούμενος·
ἀποζέσας, ἔλαιον ἐπιχέας, ἅλας
δοὺς μουσικῶς, μήκωνος ἐπιπάσας ἄνω
κόκκους μελαίνης τὸν ἀριθμὸν δώδεκα.
περὶ τὴν Σκυθίαν ἔλυσε τὴν ἐπιθυμίαν.
καὶ Νικομήδης, γογγυλίδα μασώμενος,
ἀφύης τοτ' ἔλεγε τοῖς φίλοις ἐγκώμιον.
οὐδὲν ὁ μάγειρος τοῦ ποιητοῦ διαφέρει,
ὁ νοῦς γάρ ἐστιν ἑκατέρῳ τούτων τέχνη.

I really am not enough versed in the arts of ancient cookery to be able to frame a good receipt for the dish, even from this elaborate description: it appears, however, that the shape of the fish was cut out of a turnip, and that the sauces were so *harmoniously* arranged, that they did the rest. Professor Bekker doubts whether the aphuæ were anchovies, sardelli, or—"oh lame and impotent conclusion!"—herrings! Those who will take the pains to search Athenæus, will find that the arrangements of the feast in the text are faithfully given.

CXIII.

"It is not easy," says Professor Bekker, "to exhibit any thing like a portrait of the Hetaira-life to which Greek levity gave so peculiar a character, and which tinged so deeply the manners of the whole

people, and of the young men especially, without overstepping the bounds of decency. We have, indeed, many scenes in the writings of the ancients which might be interesting; but were I to attempt to give an accurate picture of that wildly licentious life, with the tone and language which then prevailed, it would be too offensive to be borne. The less secrecy there was in these love affairs, the less public opinion condemned them; and the less it was in consequence necessary to throw a half veil of sentimentality over them, so much the more open was the mere sensuality of such connections; and in suppers where courtezans took a part, scenes occurred which my pen refuses to portray. The number of courtezans, or Hetairai, appears to have been the most considerable in Corinth; for it was natural enough that the wealth and splendour of this city, which in consequence of its commerce was constantly full of strangers, should attract thither many who hoped to make their fortune in this manner. . . . It may be worth while to quote the passages in which this very problematic advantage of Corinth is especially noticed. To these belongs the passage in Plato's *Repub.* iii p. 404., where, condemning all luxury, he notices, Συρακουσία τράπεζα, Ἀττικὰ πέμματα, &c.; and then he adds, ψέγεις ἄρα καὶ Κορινθίαν κόρην φίλην εἶναι ἀνδράσι μέλλουσιν εὖ σώματος ἕξειν. (Aristoph. *Plut.* 149.)

> καὶ τάς γ' ἑταίρας φασὶ τὰς Κορινθίας,
> ὅταν μὲν αὐτάς τις πένης πειρῶν τύχῃ,
> οὐδὲ προσέχειν τὸν νοῦν. κ. τ. λ.

"Strabo (l. viii. 6. 20.) relates that the temple of

Aphrodite had counted more than a thousand Hetairai as its servants, and describes it as the ruin of strangers; hence the proverb—

Οὐ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς ἐς Κόρινθόν ἐσθ' ὁ πλοῦς, &c."
(*Bekker, Charik.* vol. i. p. 119.)

Those who wish for farther information on this point, may consult Bekker's work. It is a subject which it is neither pleasant nor profitable to dwell upon.

CXIV.

I have not exaggerated the effect sometimes produced by the discourses of the philosophers. The story of Polemon, given Note XXVII., is an instance; and the preaching of Pythagoras in Crotona is reported to have produced a most extraordinary reform of manners in that city.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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